

Body Politic

A MAGAZINE FOR GAY LIBERATION

COMING OUT AGAIN

A BIG-CITY LESBIAN DISCOVERS THE IMPORTANCE OF DOING IT OVER IN A SMALL TOWN



THE FISTING TRIAL

WHOSE STANDARDS ARE "COMMUNITY" STANDARDS?

A SPECIAL TEN-PAGE FEATURE
•
THE NEW DISEASES AMONG US:

THE CASE AGAINST PANIC

GETTING THE INFORMATION WE NEED TO MAKE CHOICES ABOUT SEX, RISKS AND BEING ILL

FILMFEST

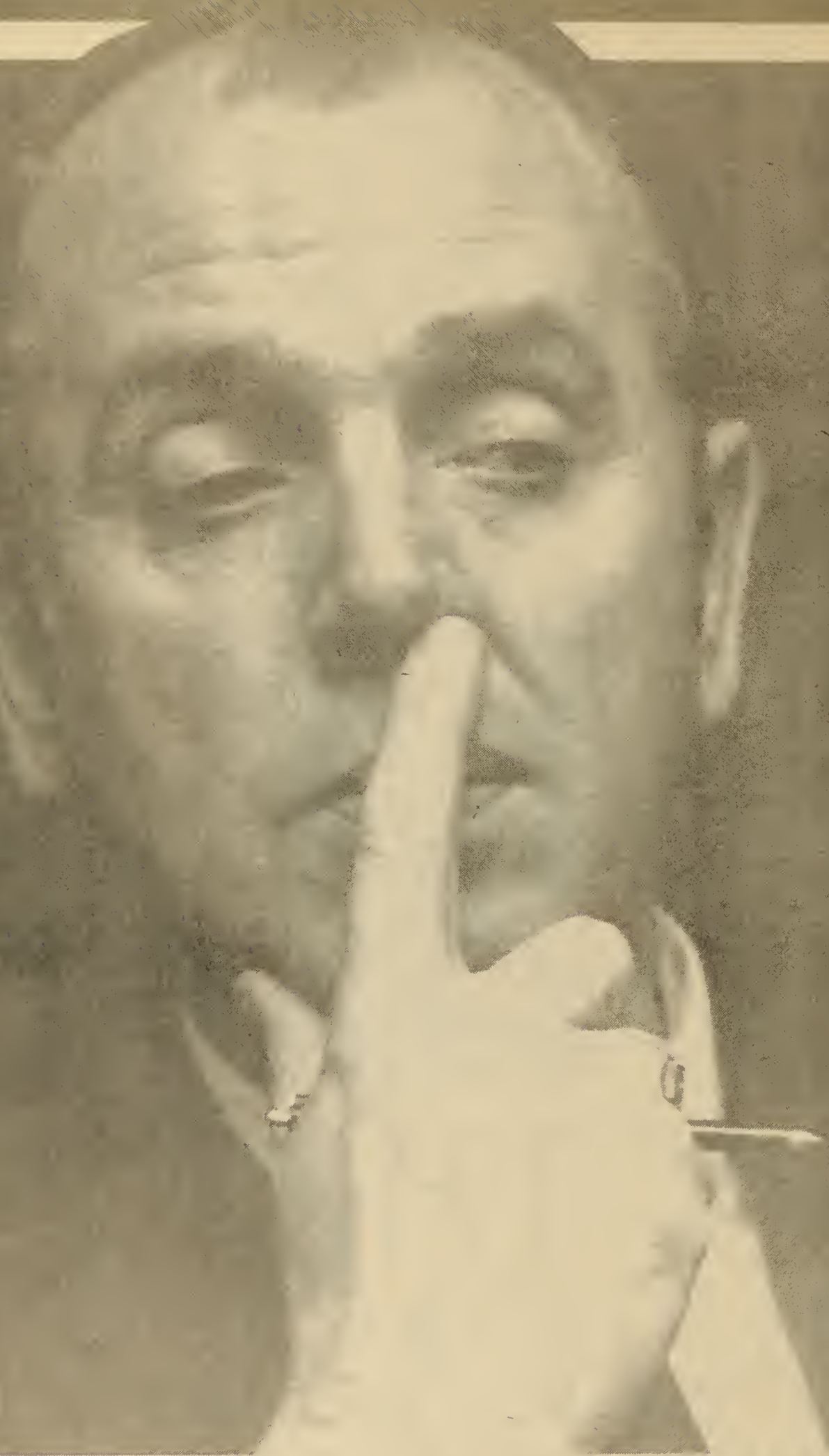


FASSBINDER'S FINAL WORK, LOTS OF LOTHAR LAMBERT AND MUCH MORE FROM THE MONTREAL & TORONTO FESTIVALS

MICHAEL LYNCH
•
LIVING WITH KAPOSIS'S SARCOMA

BILL LEWIS
•
THE REAL EPIDEMIC: PARANOIA

THIS MAN AND HIS FRIENDS WANT TO GET INTO YOUR PANTS.



With a chastity belt.

This is Staff Inspector Don Banks of the Metropolitan Toronto Police Intelligence Bureau.

Intelligence (sic) was in charge of the February 5, 1981 Toronto bath raids. In the hundreds of court cases that resulted from those raids, the Crown, assisted by police witnesses, has been trying to prove that what went on in the baths is indecent — and therefore illegal.

But Inspector Banks has a few friends who are even more ambitious. On May 10, 1982, the Metro Police Morality Bureau laid charges against all nine members of the Body Politic collective, not because they'd *performed* a sexual act that exceeded police standards of tolerance (though they undoubtedly had; it's so easy to), but because they'd *published an article* about one: fist-fucking.

On November 1, those nine collective members will be in court to defend themselves against the charge of producing such "obscene" material. Like the defendants in the bath trials, they'll be fighting for more than a simple acquittal: they'll be fighting for the right of a community to develop and understand itself.

Does that sound a little grandiose? Perhaps — until you think about how you might define the word "community." We think of it as a group of people who have in common some basic experiences and hopes. Who share some of the same social spaces and manners. And who come to understand each other, and themselves, by talking to each other about who they are, what they care about — and what they do.

Sex is very much a part of what we do. And it must also be very much a part of what we talk about, write about, read about, celebrate and question if we're really to know each other.

To us, that sharing is what building a strong

community is all about. And maybe it's precisely that sharing and that strength which so bothers the likes of Inspector Banks and his friends.

If you're in Toronto on November 1, come to the trial and show your support. Call 923-GAYS for time and location. If you're not, share your strength with the people at *The Body Politic* by making a donation today.

Together, we'll all win again.

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Body Politic

A MAGAZINE FOR GAY LIBERATION

"The liberation of homosexuals can only be the work of homosexuals themselves."
— Kurt Hiller, 1921 —

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Rick Archbold, Paul Baker, Edna Barker, Richard Summerbell, Phil Shaw, Stephen Stuckey

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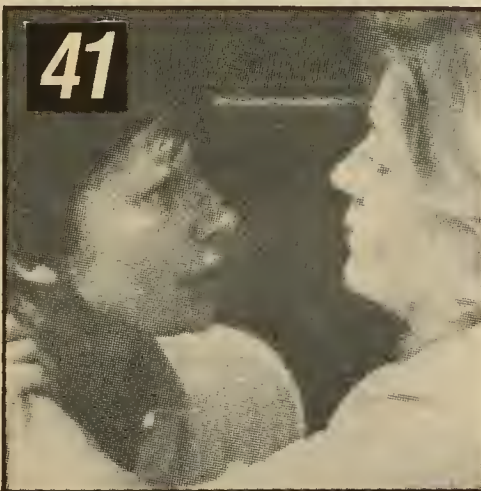
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31

LIVING WITH KAPOSIS'S SARCOMA

THE REAL EPIDEMIC: PARANOIA

41



This Issue

NUMBER 88 • NOVEMBER 1982



55

12



The case against panic 31

There are new and frightening diseases among us, and there is a threat to our community — but it's not primarily a medical one, argues writer Michael Lynch. He traces the ways of living of one man who has Kaposi's Sarcoma, and the ways our community must handle the reality of dying. Cancer researcher Bill Lewis supplies the most up-to-date information on these mysterious new diseases and dissects the real gay epidemic — paranoia.

Filmfest 41

Critic Tom Waugh finds three films to cheer about at the Montreal World Film Festival, including a "miraculous" Hungarian film that "tells it like it is" about lesbians. Phil Shaw says obsession is the theme running through the Toronto Festival of Festivals, and Andrew Britton tracks the haunted vision of German cinema through the "minority complex" of filmmaker Lothar Lambert.

The fisting trial 17

The entire Body Politic collective will face trial by community standards on November 1, but whose standards are they, really? Ken Popert speculates they might belong to a very tiny community indeed — the police.

Gay Games and electoral games 9

You weren't supposed to say the Gay Olympics (but everybody did), and the first-ever San Francisco games attracted a sizeable Canadian contingent that brought back the gold (and the bronze) and a lot of good feeling. The less physically fit are battling it out in civic elections this month, and we cover the front in four Canadian cities. Plus more from across the country.

Bashing at Blue's 21

New York police trash a black gay bar in what one reporter has called the worst case of police violence in twelve years. This and more from around the world.

Take Two at coming out 55

Or how a lesbian from the big city learned all about the importance of coming out — not in the big city, but in a small town full of "right-wing rednecks."

Regular departments

Letters	4
Prison Letters	8
Network	19
Out in the City	24
Shared Ground	48
The Ivory Tunnel	49
Classifieds	50

"Moral" delays; heavy issue

Regular readers who might have sensed that last issue seemed to arrive a week or so late were right. A Toronto bindery refused to handle the issue for "moral reasons" (did they have something against Romance?), causing almost a week's delay before a company with fewer scruples could schedule the job.

Weight-conscious readers will also notice that this is a heavier issue than usual. What were to have been 52 pages were expanded to 56 to accommodate both Michael Lynch's and Bill Lewis's articles on AIDS, which would otherwise have had to run separately. The collective felt the subject was urgent enough to justify the extra cost of getting both pieces into print right away. We think you'll agree.

The cover: Outfront lesbian Linda D'aoust (with salmon), who helped TBP writer Fay Orr come out in Campbell River, BC. Brad Davis (with knife) as Querelle in R W Fassbinder's last film, reviewed on page 41. Design by Rick Bébout

post·er, n. An advertising sheet uniting pictorial image and printed lettering, designed to engage, inform, persuade and be posted on a wall or other surface. Syn.: broadside, proclamation, playbill, streamer, placard, handbill, showcard.

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"Sexual treason," slaves and rebels

When I wrote "Our Right to the World" (*TBP* July/August), I quite consciously avoided writing a polemic in favour of promiscuity and against monogamy. My theme was public and private space, rights and duties. Given the examples I used, such as the raids on Canadian baths, the issue of promiscuity is certainly relevant. But R Woodman misreads me if he thinks I equate monogamy with "sexual treason," as he complains in a recent letter (*TBP* September). Nor do I believe "that the only true and loyal homosexual is a promiscuous homosexual."

Early in the nineteenth century, the utopian Charles Fourier wrote, "Here I am only criticizing civilization which wishes to make an exclusive system out of jealous love. I would be just as critical of a people who made a system out of communal love. A penchant for exclusive systems is one of the radical vices of civilization...." That speaks my mind as well.

I'll say it again: the gay ghetto is not utopia. The owners and managers of many bars and baths exhibit criminal negligence towards the health and safety of gay patrons. It's no secret that alcoholism and sexually transmitted diseases are severe problems in the gay community, yet bar owners advertise "Nickel A Beer" nights, and many baths fail to provide VD testing or information. Only a counterrevolution will force millions of folks to return to the moral maxims of our grandfathers, but if gay people don't buy such moralism then we will have to cultivate comradeship. That is another theme I could not explore at satisfactory length in a fairly short article. Maybe I'll try a book.

As a gay liberationist and a socialist, I have no illusions about the gay rights movement and the left, at least in the US: both movements have become increasingly bureaucratic and slavish. I look forward to a new generation of rebels, and I hope a handful of "elders" will grow more radical as they grow older. Gay, straight, bisexual, celibate, monogamous, promiscuous... these ways of being in the world certainly interest me. But just in case R Woodman or anyone else still mistakes my meaning, I'll say that I am even more deeply interested in who will submit to slavery and who will rebel.

Scott Tucker
 Philadelphia

Myth and reality

Hurrah for the articles on Romance in the October issue. For those of us trying to create long term relationships based on a mutually evolving love, the Romantic Myth is a lethal legacy.

My own recent experience is all too typical. After nine months of what I thought was an evolving love for each other, my partner fell madly in love with someone else and virtually overnight kicked me out of his bed and ultimately out of his life. Exclusivity, the *sine qua non* of Manic Romantic Love, is much too destructive.

A short time later I was subjected to instant replay. After two weeks, the

young man decided I wasn't providing the requisite magic. No arch-romantic, it seems, will accept that such magic is always self-induced prestidigitation.

So I have come to the following conclusions:

1. Never trust anyone under 40 to understand the crucial difference between evolving into love and falling into love.
2. Never trust anyone over 40 to understand the difference either. Due to bitter experience, however, chances are marginally better.
3. Turn Blanche Dubois right side up: "I don't want magic, I want reality!"
4. Use the solution that has always lain at hand: persuade the government to tax the living daylights out of Falling-In-Love.

Yours in reality,
 Clarence Barnes
 Toronto

Congratulations, *TBP*, on your fine collection of features on Romance. I found October '82, a very absorbing issue of *The Body Politic* because of this group of articles, essays and reviews.

On laying down my copy of the paper, however, I realized that I had very definitely missed something. Now I know what *TBP*'s collective and friends think about the topic: but I wonder what the rest of the community is thinking. Do gays and lesbians emerging from the closet in groups like Toronto Area Gays still thrill to the pulp romances of Gordon Merrick and Victoria Ramsletter? Are the people at Gay AA so sure that romance doesn't cure an alcoholic? How do gay fathers, lesbian mothers, gay Asians, softball players, bowling league enthusiasts, crisis line workers, pot-luck supper hostesses — all of us — live and breathe romance in our daily lives?

You did a great job of dissecting the mythology of love, but you overlooked the reality of it. You should be a little more curious about the community you serve — and a little less eager to tell us just what you think.

Dan Healey
 Toronto

Support and strength

In your September issue, you invited people to write regarding the legal harassment by Ontario Attorney General Roy McMurtry and your continued determination to resist. Well, you have my moral and financial support.

So long as there remains any vehicle of articulation for gay people, they will continue to attack it. To plead guilty and pay a fine would not make the anti-gay, pro-family bigots pull back at all. To fold up the legal entity of Pink Triangle Press would only give them a silent group of individuals to harass and intimidate. I need the voice of *TBP* in my life. I read every issue, and have never once put it down without feeling my own self-image supported and strengthened, if by nothing else than the knowledge that I can remain integrated by print into a cultural overview that is vital and vibrant.

I sympathize with the individuals who

"...the young man decided I wasn't providing the requisite magic. No arch-romantic, it seems, will accept that such magic is always self-induced prestidigitation."

personally must suffer the vicious harassment of these politically motivated legal actions. Like it or not, they are genuine heroes. They may not have chosen their position, but I venture to suggest that the myth of the hero has nearly always been created about relatively ordinary individuals who did their best to respond to being thrust into extraordinary situations.

It is only on the level of personal relief to individuals who have already contributed so greatly to the establishment of real gay awareness in Canada that I would understand any type of capitulation to these perverse legal actions. I can give money to the Press, but only cheap expressions of my personal support to the people who must daily face this vicious madness. Please accept them both.

*Philip Hartwick
Ottawa*

I've recently finished reading the September issue, and your statements on the second page, which culminate in the invitation, "Write us," have prompted me to do just that.

I hope there are many more of us out there who are willing to show our support for our magazine — our voice — for the first time, just as I am doing now. I'm sure that I can't be the only one who has watched from the sidelines, so to speak, as the gay community rallied behind *The Body Politic*, marvelling at the support but not getting involved personally or contributing financially.

I am not politically active or even particularly politically aware, nor am I really involved in the gay community in Toronto, but neither am I still "in the closet;" I am, along with possibly thousands of others, a "fringe" member of the gay community. Perhaps I'm a typically apathetic (but gay) young Canadian, content to sit back safely and comfortably, while the dedicated minority fights for my rights.

Got a dollar?

Mount Saint Vincent University, the only women's university in Canada, has raised \$2.5 million of the \$3.5 million they need, some of which is contingent on their raising the last million in the next few months. With no endowment funds, with no "old boys' network," this money is badly needed not only for the plant but for scholarships, for developing new courses. Margaret Fulton, the university's president, is soliciting \$1.00 from every woman in Canada (donations over \$5.00 are tax deductible). It's a goofy way to raise a million dollars, but we can't let this university down. If not only every woman who reads this but every man who supports the feminist cause will donate what s/he can, power in numbers may actually achieve the goal. I urge you to send a cheque today to Mount Saint Vincent University, 166 Bedford Highway, Halifax, Nova Scotia B3M 2J6.

*Jane Rule
Galiano, BC*

Well, *this* fringe member is tired of sitting silently in the wings, doing nothing to help myself or others like me in the fight for gay liberation. It's time to start getting involved, even if, initially, involvement is simply financial support. Financial support is the *least* we can all do to help, and it should be a first step toward greater involvement. I'd like to take that first step.

Keep publishing!

*A Baldwin
Toronto*

Heterophobia

It should be known that the Outpost bar in the Hotel California, Toronto, continues its policy of excluding women. As I entered and was buying a drink there about 10:00 pm on Sunday, October 3rd, I became involved in the following exchange:

Woman: Do you need an escort?

Me (surprised): No.

She (taking my arm): Well, I do. He says I can't stay without one.

Bouncer: OK, lady, I told you. Out!

She: Look, I didn't know what kind of bar it was. I just want a beer. I can pay for it.

He (menacing): OUT!

She: You can't do this. I'll complain to the Human Rights Commission.

He: You can phone from upstairs, if you've got a dime. (He comes from behind the bar and leads her upstairs, telling her as he does that there is another bar down the street.)

The management of the Outpost should be made to understand that it may not seek commercial success by denying individual rights and subjecting women to abuse and humiliation. Such a policy dehumanizes us all and erodes our claim to equality before the law.

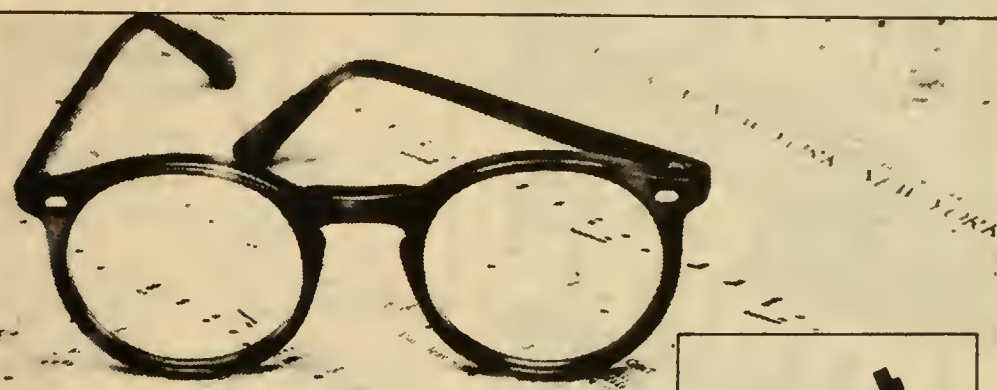
It is time to test the Outpost's policy and to help its management to realize that it need not demean anyone to run a successful gay bar.

*Thom Greenfield
Toronto*

Bravo to the Toronto bar manager who refused to admit a het woman to a gay men's bar (see above, and Letters, *TBP*, September). In a world where gay men are surrounded by a bombardment of hetero propaganda and hetero mentality most of their lives, the most important function of a gay bar can ever serve for the gay man is unlearning such behaviour and learning how to be themselves. This is a type of learning which can take place only in the presence of other gay men; the presence of but one woman in a group of men produces changes in behaviour which are both profound and subtle: language alters, cruising becomes more restrained and the bar itself loses its appeal as a special meeting place.

The final result is that the bar begins to attract more and more women and straights, until male homosexuals have no place at all to go. In Italy, all bars and clubs are mixed, and male homosexuals have no place to cruise but the streets and parks. Is this the fate desired by *The Body Politic* for male homosexuals in North America? One American

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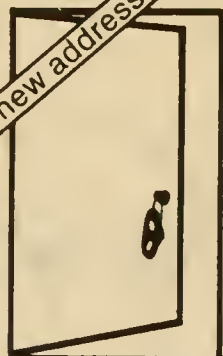
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"We find it ironic that you choose to dress as nuns. Why nuns? Why not dress as priests or cardinals? Why not make a mockery of the oppressor?"

gay bar with a mentality that is totally heterosexual even posted large signs to the effect that the conduct of their gay patrons was to be in keeping with the expectations of their het patrons. Such an action is of course designed to deny the very existence of homosexuality. To take a woman to a men's bar is an act of anti-homosexuality that displays hatred for homosexuality.

The Body Politic in its editorial decision to quote from this letter in large type did so to the detriment and at the expense of male homosexuals. This action was nothing less than deplorable, particularly in view of the fact that the majority of *The Body Politic's* subscribers and advertisers are male. Women are anti-sexual and anti-male, gay men are pro-sexual, and pro-male, the twain will never meet. In the final analysis, homosexuality is not about men and women, it never has been, and it never will be.

Walter J Phillips, Vice President
 Homosexuals Intransigent!
 New York

Werewolves?

Might I draw *TBP's* and the readers renewed attention to a news item in the October issue?

This item informed us that a right-wing "paramilitary" outfit called the Werewolves has distributed flyers claiming responsibility for the burning of the *GCN/Fag Rag/Glad Day* building in Boston.

It seems obvious that the flyer is a fake, and a rather crude one. It is highly unlikely that a real ultra-right group would refer politely to "draft resisters" rather than "draft dodgers," "feminists" rather than "women's libbers" and "gays" rather than "fags."

Who then produced the flyers, if not a gang of maniacal neo-nasties? One of the numerous crypto-Marxist sects trying to scare everyone into precipitate Bolshevism? The real arsonist(s), to throw people off the trail?

TBP, for one, appears to have been led down the garden path. Werewolves indeed!

Ian Young
 for Scarborough Vampires,
 Househusbands Tuesday Bridge
 & Stamp Club

Nasty habits

An Open Letter to the Sisters of Perpetual Indulgence:

Over the last year, Lesbians Against the Right has heard numerous complaints from other politically aware lesbians concerning the Sisters of Perpetual Indulgence. We are writing this open letter to explain our objections and protest your presence.

Prior to Lesbian and Gay Pride Day 1981, where you (as gay men dressed in nuns' habits) made your first public appearance, the decision was made not to permit you to perform or speak in an official capacity. Many lesbians would not have participated in the day had you been given a more active role.

This type of drag is misogynous, di-

verts attention from political issues and is a misunderstanding of political theatre. Misogyny is the term used for hatred of women. Dressing as nuns is the epitome of women-hating.

We are all nuns, nuns being women independent from men, or virgins (as derived from pre-Christian Egyptian language). However, nuns are the most oppressed sector of the Roman Catholic Church. In the middle ages, the only freedom from the confines of heterosexual society was to enter the convent. (Here women escaped sexual exploitation from men.) However, they lived under the direction of the Mother Superior who, in turn, received direction from the parish priest and higher patriarchy. Priests were not held to vows of celibacy, while often nuns were raped as a mockery of their vows of celibacy. Nuns are still being raped and murdered today. Their virginity is a challenge to men; their clothing presents a mystique to be violated (a challenge to certain men to violate what is beneath).

Your presence at demonstrations and other events takes away from the serious nature of the gathering and diverts attention from the issues. Your motto, "Get rid of the guilt," and your dedication to the "joy" of sexual liberation and sexual pleasures, your concern over artificial sex roles and (your concern over) a sexist church, as well as the pre-Christian societies which you have called "sex-positive," are all serious issues that should be dealt with in a serious manner.

In at least two instances in the past, the Sisters got the only press coverage the Lesbian and Gay community received from the national media. Would it not have been better to have received news coverage over the issues with which we were concerned? In demonstrations, we are there to express our anger accordingly, not with pom-poms but with fists in the air.

We find it ironic that you choose to dress as nuns to make your point about sexual liberation in view of the ancient definition and current practice. Dressing as nuns is a negative and ineffective way of expressing your inability to reveal the female side of your personality in a traditionally Roman Catholic family. Why nuns? Why not dress as priests or cardinals? Why not make a mockery of the oppressor?

Because it is entertaining as well as educational, political theatre is an effective way of pointing out issues to persons who may not be politically aware. If you wish, indeed, to bring "joy" back into sex within the gay movement, then practice political theatre which is not offensive to lesbians as women.

Aline Burke, Lyn Freese and Pat Leslie
 for Lesbians Against the Right
 Toronto

The Sisters respond:

The Sisters of Perpetual Indulgence, Toronto chapter, thank you for your thoughtful and reasoned letter. You have raised issues which are very important to our Order, and we hope that you will find this response useful.

The interrelationship of misogyny and homophobia is self-evident to most les-

"The most important reason for our identification as nuns is personal: the ethos of gay male 'sisterhood.' This is something most gay men can relate to."

Our mistakes

Apologies are owed to Stephen Stuckey, whose "R U Romantic" quiz in the October issue appeared not only without his byline, but with one section repeated and another left out.

The fumble-fingered layout artist (who ranked slightly above a tree frog on the quiz) offers an apology to Stephen, and to the Quinlan Sisters (below) whose photo appeared without an identifying caption on page 24 of the same issue.



discourages affection between men.

We stand accused of diverting attention from "serious" political issues — an unfair charge. We are effective in attacking the attitudes responsible for our oppression, our intent being to complement the efforts of those working in a more conventional mode. We have reached many people who would have otherwise remained apolitical out of a disdain or distrust of "politicos." Not all community demonstrations are angry events; take for example the High Holy Day of Lesbian and Gay Pride. Even so, the Sisters play a constructive role in the recognition and expression of anger, as witnessed by the enthusiastic reactions of onlookers as we "hexed" Stew Newton and 52 Division and engaged in verbal confrontation with police officers. There's brimstone beneath the buffoonery!

It is regrettable that on some occasions the only coverage of a gay/lesbian event in the news media has been images of us. We were dismayed and outraged by the *only* newspaper coverage accorded Lesbian and Gay Pride Day 1981 — a photo in the *Toronto Sun* of some of the Sisters, accompanied by a cutline riddled with inaccuracies — not in any way representative of the event or of our community. However, the tendency of the media to concentrate on glamorous types like us is well known and not our responsibility. Also, it is hoped, even though our primary mission is to gay people, that the hets who encounter such iconoclastic messages will rethink their conception of the gay liberation movement, which is dominated in North America by the masculinist-faggot gay rights movement, to a large extent an implicitly separatist constituency.

Finally, we cannot accept your contention that we misunderstand political theatre. We have, in fact, expanded its scope and pertinence beyond that of most other agitprop groups. Since we do not *play* nuns, but *are* nuns (albeit self-ordained; why not?) we perform our political work continuously, not in discrete "pieces." And, after more than a year of public manifestations, sharing warmth and joy with others, risking (and suffering) verbal and physical attack, and growing as loving, androgynous, nun-identified nuns, both within our community and in our extra-convent relationships, we live as our convictions dictate.

We hope this exchange will be the beginning of a fruitful relationship between LAR and OPI, as we have many similar aims. Would you be interested, perhaps, in a jointly-sponsored Bingo Nite?

In love and struggle,
Basil Latham, Bill Dwyer, Billy Sutherland, Chris Davis, Sr Appassionata della Bawdyhouse, OPI, Harold B Desmarais, Hugh English, Nito Marquez, Paul Rees, and Ron V A Bennett,
The Sisters of The Order of Perpetual Indulgence,
Toronto

The Body Politic welcomes your letters. Send them to us at: Letters, TBP, Box 7289, Station A, Toronto, ON M5W 1X9.

bians but not to many gay men. High on our list of souls to save are the gay men unaware of their stake in feminism and the need for fundamental change in society; men self-oppressed by the ideologic byproducts of male privilege. However, it is necessary to mention that images traditionally associated with women are neither their exclusive property nor sacrosanct. If Dora Dyke can wear plaid shirts and work boots, then Freddie Faggot can wear slinky dresses. Do you protest the presence of Ladies Against Women, doing in various American cities essentially what the Sisters do? That is, exposing and denouncing the patriarchal, sexist and homophobic Christian Right.

It is because of the extreme sexual and political oppression of Christian nuns, among other reasons, that we have adopted this image. Our impact as priests, which you've suggested we portray, would be insignificant by comparison. (It would be shocking and enlightening, though, to run into a flock of lezzies in Roman collars.) This point is clear to the hundreds of people, gay/lesbian or het, politically astute or naïve, with whom we've enjoyed dialogue, and we cannot understand why it is lost on the writers.

We are proud to revive the ancient tradition of gay shamans who cross-dressed as one aspect of their spiritual leadership, and our habits identify us as a community of individuals committed to a bona fide spiritual/political mission. The dynamics of our internal community are characterized by conscientious nurturing of loving relationships and decisions taken by consensus, qualities largely absent from most political organizations. Perhaps the most important reason for our identification as nuns is personal: the ethos of gay male "sisterhood." This is something most gay men can relate to: not a tendency to transsexuality, but the most accessible definition for the tender relationships we have stolen for ourselves from a heterosexist society which

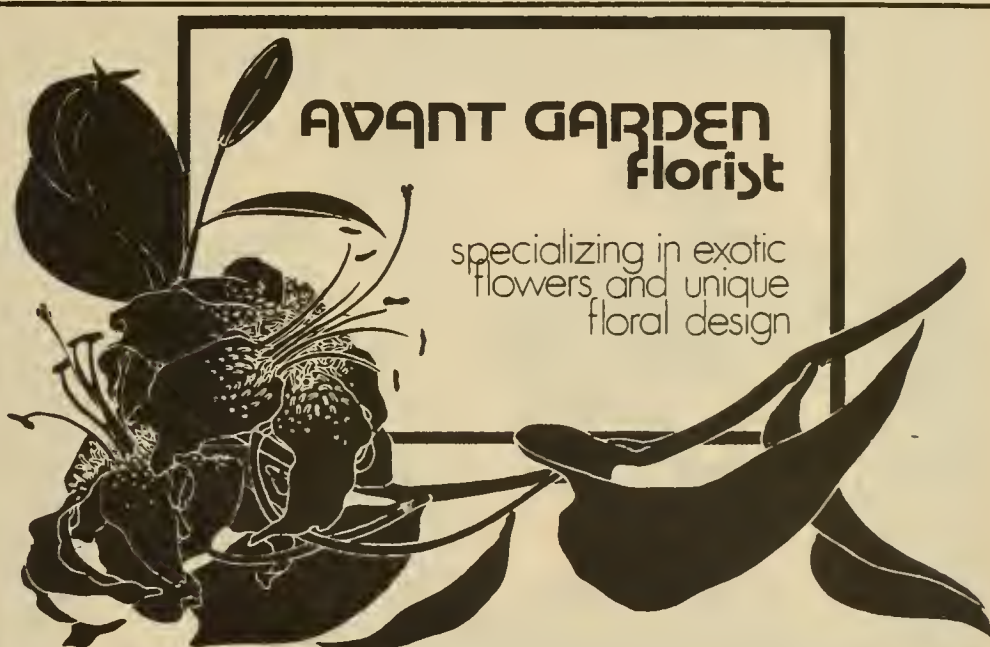

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Paying for it

The opinions expressed in this column are solely those of the writer, and in no way reflect the official view of the Correctional Service of Canada.

"Prison Letters" is supposed to be about what it is like to be Gay in prison. What I'm about to write may or may not have a thing to do with that, depending on your point of view.

The Body Politic is in a jam, legally and financially. They need your help. That's why, after having written another column for this month, I decided to scrap it and write this instead: to ask for your help.

Now, does this have anything to do with being Gay in prison? You bet it does. In fact, it has more to do with it than anything else I could write about.

For seventeen years, I have been Gay in name only. By that I mean that not once have I picked up a banner, not once have I spoken out about Gay rights issues, not once have I said, "I'm Gay and I'm proud of it." I have sat back and let everyone else do all the pushing, all the marching, all the fighting.

In December, I was asked to write these columns. The administration here said no. I don't really know why, but for some reason this time there was a difference. I fought back — and won. It was a good feeling.

I fought back because writing these columns was something I really did want to do and that I knew I could do, and I thought that maybe it might contribute in some small way to the progress that Gays are making in society.

But I also fought back because I had the support of at least one guy at *TBP*, maybe more. Regular readers will recall the series of letters printed in the July/August issue about my fight to be able to write these columns. I was afraid. I admit it. For one of the few times in my life as an inmate, I stood up and actually challenged the authority of the administration. Without the support of *TBP* I would not have won.

I recently wrote my editor and explained that had *TBP* not suggested in the first place that I write these articles, I probably wouldn't have started fighting for the things I'm fighting for. They got me going and they supported me. I owe them for showing me that I was capable of being not only an open Gay, but a Gay who is willing to stand up and be counted.

TBP is fighting, legally and financially, to survive. They can only make it if you support them, if you put your money where your mouth is and back them, just as they backed me. Every step we take forward is one more leap towards the absolute equality that we should all be striving for.

We speak often about freedom. It's freedom of this, freedom of that, freedom of something else. You don't quite realize what it really is until you're in here. Then it's too bloody late, unless you're willing to fight and pay the price. I'm reminded of a song that goes:

*Freedom isn't free,
 Freedom isn't free,
 You've got to pay the price,
 You've got to sacrifice
 For your liberty.
 Freedom is a word
 Often heard today,*

*But if you want to keep it,
 There's a price to pay.
 Each generation's got
 To win it anew,
 'Cuz it's not something
 Handed down to you.*

It is one thing to talk about the various fights for freedom of the press, freedom of expression and all that, but it's another thing to have to pay for it, or to pay for fighting for it. I'm paying for it in here, putting up with minor and major periods of harassment because I spoke up and I fought and I won — and I'm still speaking up, I'm still fighting and I'm still trying to win.

Now, it's your turn. If your whole idea of freedom is to talk about it but do nothing to earn it, then you don't damn well deserve it.

TBP is our forum. You may not always agree with it or its stands or policies — you may not even agree with the idea of them letting me write this column. But for now, it's the best we have — it's all we have.

The Crown wants to close *TBP* down, the same way the administration here wants to close its eyes to the existence of Gay inmates. They call us obscene, but what they are really saying is that they don't want to have to come to grips with reality, to face the fact that we are as entitled to our rights, our basic freedoms, as the guy with six kids and a wife.

If they close *TBP* down, it'll be another ten years before somebody gets up the nerve to try something like it again. If I give up the fight for my basic rights, the next Gay inmate who walks into this place and starts asking to be considered in the same light as any other inmate is going to be shot down in a second — because they'll have won their argument, and every future Gay inmate will have lost. I can't let that happen any more than you out there can let it happen to *TBP*.

Remember:

*They came for the Jews,
 And I didn't speak...
 Then they came for the Catholics,
 But I still didn't speak...
 Finally, they came for me —
 And there was no one left to speak.*

Fundraisers often use the phrase, "give until it hurts." If you don't give, it's going to hurt a lot worse, for a lot longer.

For those of you who expected another column that talked about being Gay in prison — you were supposed to get one, but I couldn't let this dwell on my mind any longer. I can't contribute money to help out, but you can — for me, for yourself and for the future Gays who won't have to go through what we have.

Freedom of expression and freedom of the press are what caused this column to exist in the first place. To deny those freedoms is to deny our equality. To fail to contribute, somehow, some way, be it with time or money, is to deny yourself the potential opportunity to be heard. Can you, in all honesty, do that?

Contribute money, contribute time, write letters. Stand up and be counted.

Next month I'll be back in form. I'm sorry if this wasn't what you expected, but it was worth writing.

Love,
 Mac

A pre-election check-up on the issues in five municipal campaigns

Courting the urban gay vote

MONTREAL

CIVIC CIRCUS & THE CANDIDATE FOR 40

Although municipal voters here haven't had a hotly contested election in decades, the Municipal Action Group and Montreal Citizens Movement are once again trying to generate enough interest before November 14 to topple Jean Drapeau, who has reigned as mayor for the past 24 years.

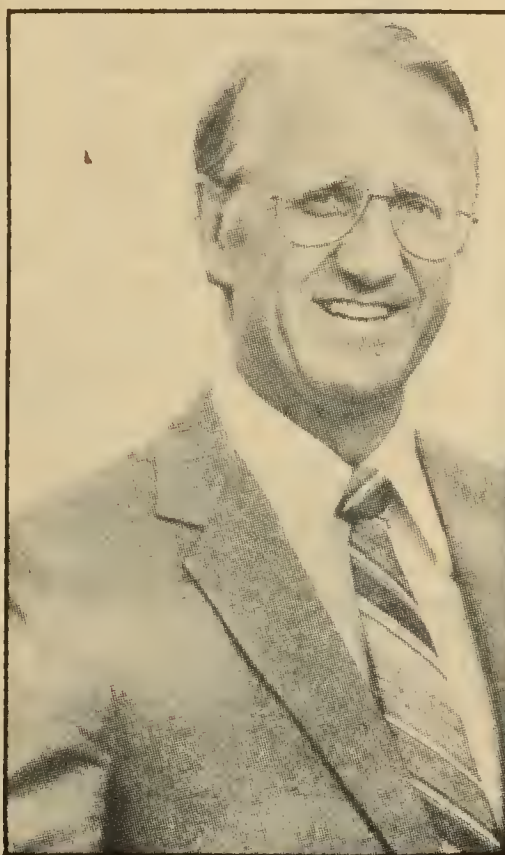
Non-establishment candidates have been frustrated in their quest for identifiable voting groups. No "special interest" groups except business people have had access to city hall under Drapeau and at election time the excluded groups seem numb from having been ignored over the years.

Montreal's gay community, which is less cohesive geographically and less organized politically than its counterparts in many North American cities, is one such undeveloped constituency. During this election campaign, however, the Association pour les droits des gais et lesbiennes du Québec (ADGLQ — Quebec lesbian and gay rights association) stole the show September 21 when Municipal Action Group's (MAG) mayoral candidate, Henri-Paul Vignola, invited a number of community groups to a meeting. The *Gazette* said the following day that Vignola "will not harass homosexuals" if elected, and that "this had been his policy in his five years as chief of the Montreal Urban Community police." This despite the fact that it was under Vignola that police raided Truax and Le Mystique bars in 1977 and laid more than 200 found-in charges.

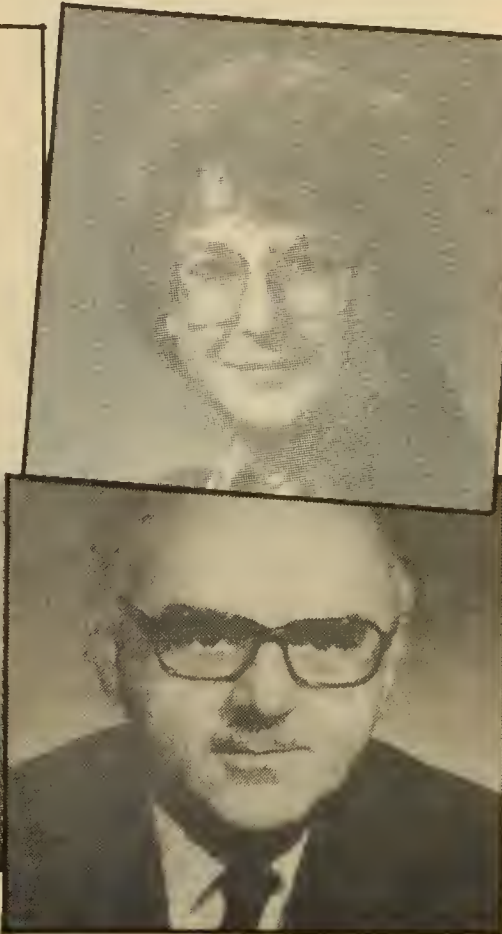
According to Ron Dayman, who attended the meeting on behalf of ADGLQ, Vignola "was as polite as possible without being supportive." Dayman also claims Vignola's campaign organizers "weren't too happy with the way things turned out" in media reports, which gave most of their coverage to ADGLQ's presence and little to the non-gay community organizations.

ADGLQ is planning a demonstration October 23 to commemorate the fifth anniversary of the Truax raid. As well, they have scheduled a debate for October 25 among municipal council candidates in District 40, a downtown area which is home to a sizeable gay population and a dozen gay businesses.

Traditionally, organized community support falls to the opposition party known as the Montreal Citizens' Movement, whose mayoral candidate Jean Doré has been involved with the Quebec Civil Rights Union. So far no concrete move has been made to associate Vignola with the Truax raid and to discourage gay voters from supporting him. Now that Vignola and Drapeau are run-



Choices: Henri-Paul Vignola (left), Mona Forrest and incumbent mayor Jean Drapeau



ning against each other it has become difficult for gay activists to paint the enemy with a common brush. And as Vignola shows "his pre-election liberal colours," as Dayman puts it, the potential exists for lesbians and gay men to disperse their vote.

At the district level, the candidate who is most actively seeking the gay vote is Mona Forrest, director of the Women's Information and Referral Centre and candidate for Vignola's Municipal Action Group in District 40. Forrest was approached by MAG in early September to run as a high-profile feminist, and accepted "after evaluating the party and the leader." She contends that MAG is "a plurality in which there's room for everybody to bring their issues," and the MCM has "a certain political line on the left" which can be almost as constricting as the lack of dissent within Drapeau's Civic Party.

"Vignola is a good man," she says. "We've had a much less repressive police regime than in other cities, and it was Vignola who opened up the police academy to women. He isn't a stereotypical cop; he's much more tolerant."

She got MAG to promise voters an office on the status of women for Montreal, a program called *Femmes secours* to help victims of family violence and an affirmative action program for the city which, she says, should be "all across the line" and include lesbians and gay men among other minorities, as well as women. As well, she wants a shelter for young prostitutes, male and female, of whom she estimates there are between 1,000 and 5,000 in Montreal, many in her district.

"I'm willing to do my part," she says. "I'm a guarantee. I can go there, within my party, by myself, and present these issues. But it involves lobbying and being prepared, and I haven't seen the organization of the gay community as a voting power block in Quebec, and then

the gay community has to make coalitions with other communities."

During her 10 years of involvement with the Women's Information and Referral Centre, she has supported gay issues that have come up. She gave support to lesbian groups who needed the resources of the centre and she helped organize one of the first lesbian conferences, held in January 1974.

Before she accepted the nomination for MAG, she asked for a private meeting with Nick Auf der Maur, MAG's only incumbent city councillor, who wrote an anti-lesbian column in the *Gazette* on September 1 (see *TBP*, October). She says that she took him to task on the distortions and inaccuracies in the column, and she thinks she had an effect. She presents this as an example of how MAG functions as a "plurality."

"I have gay people working on my

campaign," she says. "I have heard that gay organizations or people who are organizing are going for the MCM, and I think they're doing themselves harm to not support candidates who have a sympathy for the gay community."

It's generally felt that Drapeau will once again be elected mayor, and that any dent opposition parties might make won't be enough to cripple his huge majority on city council (50 of the 52 seats are now held by his Civic Party). The two opposition parties may make a valiant effort, but it seems that special interest constituencies will continue to go unheard at city hall. Gays will have to wait until such time as Drapeau is no longer willing, or physically able, to run for office.

Kevin Orr □

VANCOUVER

LACKLUSTRE SHOW IN LOTUSLAND

Voters go to the civic polls here Saturday, November 20 to elect a mayor, 10 aldermen, a nine-member school board and a seven-person parks board. As well, electors will be asked to decide on a number of referenda, the most important of which is a plebiscite on whether the city should shift from its present at-large method of election to the neighbourhood-based ward system used in most other Canadian cities.

Two years ago, in 1980, gay voters made a difference in Vancouver. From a gay-sponsored all-candidates meeting to informal vote-hustling in the thump-thump of bars and discos, an effort to "get out the gay vote" met with surprising success. Gays, along with other constituencies, combined to tip the balance. The result: New Democrat Mike Har-

Just a sidestep away: Vancouver incumbent mayor Michael Harcourt runs again



court (running as an independent) narrowly upset two-time incumbent mayor-and-moralist Jack Volrich, and two Bible-thumping openly anti-gay aldermen were bounced from city hall.

In addition, the labour-leftist Committee of Progressive Electors (COPE) made unprecedented inroads into the long-standing rule of the Non-Partisan Association (NPA), the business-oriented civic party that has run Vancouver political institutions with few interruptions since the mid-1930s. COPE gained two first-ever parks board seats, secured an outright majority on the school board, and garnered three of 10 aldermanic slots. The three COPE aldermen, plus two from the middle-of-the-road Electors' Action Movement (TEAM), and independent Harcourt added up to a 6-5 makeshift majority on city council.

In 1982, however, gay voters may well spend election night in the bars and baths and read about the results in the morning paper, rather than sweating it out at various campaign headquarters.

The Society for Political Action for Gay People (SPAG), which hosted last election's successful all-candidates meeting in the heavily gay-populated West End neighbourhood, is about to declare itself defunct, according to SPAG spokesman Vince Manis. "There doesn't appear to be any great interest in this year's civic contest," Manis says.

SPAG's likely successor, the recently-formed Gay Rights Union (GRU), has been embroiled in the case of gay job-placement counsellor Rob Joyce, who was fired from a social service project for young prostitutes last February (see page 12). GRU has yet to decide how much effort to commit to the forthcoming city election, although at a press conference on October 9 it did call on city council to pass an anti-discrimination ordinance.

Current gay indifference to civic politics can be traced to Mayor Harcourt's performance once in office and to the famous "Lotus-land factor." For many gays, recently arrived from Edmonton and other outposts, the lush West Coast city looks like paradise. They snuggle into West End highrises, lunch at Benjamin's and other Denman Street gay eateries, take in the uncut version of *Taxi Zum Klo* at a community moviehouse, and head off to Buddy's and John Barley's (the most recently fashionable of a burgeoning array of clubs and bars). The notion of civic politics seems superfluous.

For gay activists, Harcourt's uneven record is the issue. Previously an alderman, he had established a credible pro-gay stance, protesting police harassment of gay establishments and sponsoring a Gay Unity Week resolution (which was defeated). As mayor, Harcourt issued a Gay Unity Week proclamation in 1981, hand-delivered by his executive assistant, Jane MacDonald. She added a few fiery supportive words of her own to the Gay Unity Week rally, giving the impression that gay concerns were well-attended to in city hall.

However, in 1982, Harcourt contented himself with sending a letter of support to Gay Unity Week organizers, rather than officially proclaiming the event. Activists in the gay community saw the move as a distinctly sideways step, and muttered that Harcourt had acted with an eye to his upcoming re-election bid. "The whole schmozzle of the Gay Unity Week non-proclamation," says SPAG's Manis, "has left a lot of people feeling that Harcourt believes he's already got the gay vote, so why should he bother. Of course, a lot of gay people may

decide not to bother either."

Furthermore, during the past two-year period, city council didn't enact any anti-discrimination legislation that might benefit gays, nor did it appear anxious to pass out civic grant money to gay community groups. In addition, Harcourt and the police enthusiastically enforced a legally dubious anti-street-prostitution ordinance passed by city council, a move that raised the hackles of local civil libertarians (many of whom are gay). As GRU's Richard Banner puts it, "A lot of us perceive Harcourt as a limp liberal."

As a result, potentially active gay groups have found themselves bogged down debating Harcourt's performance and half-wondering whether they ought to court his rival, NPA lawyer-developer Jonathon Baker. Most have opted for tending to their own overbooked schedules rather than determining the lesser of two evils (or the greater of two faint goods).

Gay rights spokesman Banner, however, notes that 200 people showed up for a GRU-sponsored forum on "Which Way Gay Liberation?" held during last August's Gay Unity festivities. He concedes that "the majority of Vancouver gays are not highly politicized and, unlike the situation in Toronto, there have been no big conflicts to animate them." Nonetheless, Banner believes that the success of the gay political forum demonstrates that "a core of people are out there who are potentially interested in civic issues."

Certainly, there is no shortage of issues. The ward question is clearly a gay-related issue, given that a ward system would give the West End gay community additional political clout. The Joyce case has sparked some interest in a civic anti-discrimination ordinance as a practical matter, although gay organizers would have to ally with other constituencies to seek a general by-law containing a sexual orientation provision in order to have any hope of success. Finally, the need for a gay community centre (currently the Vancouver Gay Community Centre is simply a group working out of an office) becomes increasingly obvious. Together, it would be reasonably easy for a group like GRU to hammer out the planks of a gay election platform for 1982. Rather than simply asking candidates how they feel about gays (which inevitably leads to considerable mealy-mouthedness), potential vote-seekers could be measured by their support for the gay election platform. Whether GRU or a similar group will take on such a task won't be known until early November. **Stan Persky** □

TORONTO HUSTLING IN A NO-CONTEST RAT RACE

Metro voters face a bleak prospect when they go to the polls this year. On November 8 they will be confronted with a wishy-washy Toronto mayor who, though unopposed, manages to collect thousands of dollars at the drop of a single fund-raising dinner. They face a city council with an Old Guard of aldermen who just seem to stay on... and on. And a Metro council dominated by suburban politicians who distrust, above all, change.

Gay voters in particular will find it difficult to locate candidates worth going to the polls for. The "gay issue" will not assume the central role it did in the election of 1980. There is no openly gay candidate, no discussion of "gay power politics" at city hall, no pressure on candidates to repudiate a flood of anti-gay hate literature.

But among the more than 200 council and school trustee seats to be decided in the city of Toronto and its surrounding five boroughs, there are a few friends to be supported and allies to be saved. All of them are in the city proper.

Art Eggleton has no serious competition this election but still raised \$100,000 at a recent \$150-a-plate dinner. Middle managers from all of the major development companies were well represented at the fund-raiser, and Ward 3 alderman Richard Gilbert has taken to calling Eggleton the "mayor of all the corporations" in parody of the "mayor of all the people" label given to Nathan Phillips, a one-time occupant of the office. Meanwhile, John Sewell, whom every-



John Sewell: aiming for the Metro seat

one expected would try again for the mayoralty, has decided to stay in Ward 6.

Several fringe candidates are running against Eggleton but none has the kind of backing it would take to be a serious challenge. If nothing else, they will provide a chance for people to register a protest vote.

One of those candidates is Michael Armstrong, a city clerk who has been active in the black community. He is running on a platform of equal opportunity and affirmative action programmes. His campaign flyer is one of the few in this election that mentions "the unjust harassment of gays."

John Kellerman is a 38-year-old disabled activist whose campaign slogan is "If I can do it, you can do it." Kellerman is a familiar sight scooting about the city on his motorized cart. Sexual orientation, Kellerman says, should "be specified in Metro equal opportunity policies and not be glossed over."

Also running for mayor is a performance art group known as the Hummer Sisters, who see the race as a piece of performance art. They are billing their campaign "Art versus Art."

In 1980 many gay people who had not previously participated in municipal politics were attracted to George Hislop's Ward 6 aldermanic and John Sewell's mayoral campaigns. But interest this time is much lower, and electoral organizing within the gay community remains underdeveloped.

A joint committee of the Right to Privacy Committee, Lesbians Against the Right and Gay Liberation Against the Right Everywhere has sent a questionnaire to Toronto aldermanic and school trustee candidates to determine their stands on control of the police, access to city parks by gay groups and the "appropriateness" of the bath raids. The



Art Eggleton: a shoo-in for Toronto mayor

committee intends to distribute a report on the results before election day.

In this election, significant battles seem to be shaping up in three wards: 1, 6 and 7. It is also in these wards that politically active gay people are most noticeable. They are particularly active in the campaigns of Jack Layton (Ward 6), Ken Bhagan (Ward 7) and David White (Ward 1).

Ward 1: NDP incumbent David White faces a serious challenge from Rev Derwyn Shea, a member of the Toronto Planning Board who is backed by Tory notables such as Metro Chairman Paul Godfrey and MP David Crombie. Observers feel the soft-spoken White, who was one of the founders of the Citizens' Independent Review of Police Activities (CIRPA) and has opened his office for use by CIRPA and other citizens' groups, has been targeted for defeat by the Tories.

Gay activist Bob Gallagher is one of more than 30 gay people working in White's campaign. Most have become involved through connections in CIRPA and RTPC. None live in the ward.

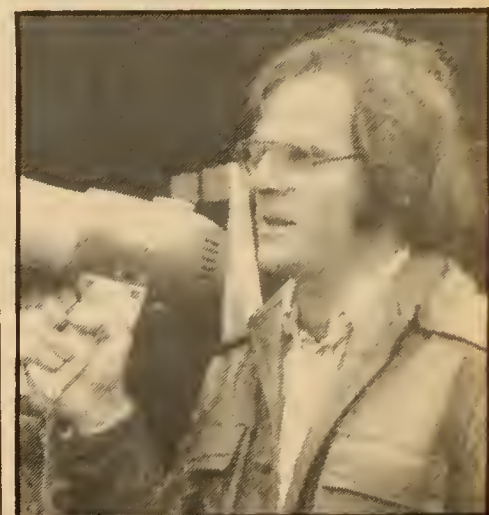
"We owe White a lot," said Gallagher, explaining why he and others have been coming to the west end to knock on doors and put up signs. "He's a good contact at city hall and was our strongest friend following the bath raids. He goes out of his way. To lose that would be a disaster for the gay community."

Also running in Ward 1 are NDP maverick and former provincial member Ed Ziemba, and Bill Boytchuk, incumbent member of the Prehistoric Guard.

Ward 7: Sherbourne Street, the western boundary of this downtown riding, slices through one of the city's most gay areas. The withdrawal of popular alderman Gordon Cressy to head the United Way has left David Reville as the potential senior alderman. His running mate is Joanne Campbell, Cressy's former administrative assistant. Some gay observers feel that both are extremely conscious of losing votes through being too gay-supportive.

Reville and Campbell also think it is risky to play up their NDP connection.

David White: police critic in Ward 1

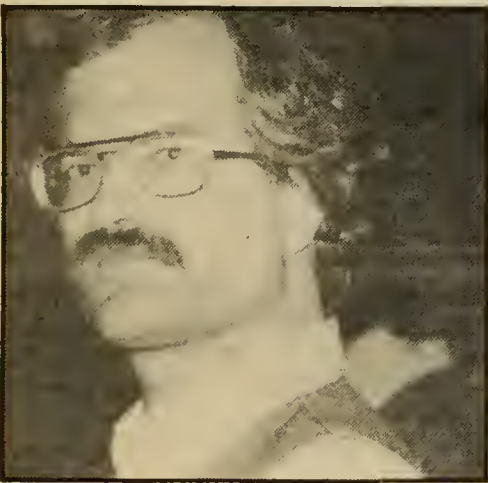


Although the area is known as NDP territory (NDPer Lynn MacDonald was recently elected in the overlapping federal riding of Broadview-Greenwood), Reville and Campbell are only being endorsed by the party. The characteristic orange and brown NDP posters are conspicuously absent from the ward.

Another candidate, Ken Bhagan, has been praised by RTPC members for his strong stands on minority rights and community control of the police.

Bhagan (who says he's "not a shout-and-yell kind of guy") is an independent progressive, a member of a group called Religious Leaders Concerned about Racism and Human Rights, and a founding member of CIRPA. Some NDPers have called Bhagan a "one-issue candidate" who will split the left vote. Bhagan replies: "Who says the NDP exclusively represents the left?" Even Mayor Eggleton attended the recent opening of his campaign headquarters on Carlton Street which — delicious irony — once housed the offices of *The Body Politic*.

Ward 6: This ward will provide the 1982 election's most interesting race. John Sewell is running against incumbent Gordon Chong. Also putting up a strong fight is urban politics teacher Jack Layton, who has the backing of both the NDP and the Ward 6 Community Organization. In 1980, the W6CO provided gay candidate George Hislop's base of support, while the NDP maintained an uneasy distance. Layton has staked a lot on



Jack Layton: NDP candidate in Ward 6

healing the rift that developed between the two organizations. The W6CO has also endorsed Sewell.

The major goal of the Sewell campaign is to seize the senior aldermanic seat from Chong, whose scramble up the ladder has been rapid and uninterrupted. He is a member of the city executive committee and chairman of the Metro community services and housing committee. Sewell's decision to stay in Ward 6 may mean "downward mobility" for Chong.

An added complication is the candidacy of lawyer Oscar Wong, who will certainly take away votes from Chong in the Chinese community.

Gordon Chong is a Tory. His voting record over the past two years, as Layton's campaign literature points out, indicates that he "has supported increased transit fares, STOL business flights from the Toronto Islands, condominium conversion and special exemptions and upzonings for developers." Fond of issuing frequent press releases on every topic, Chong often berates Sewell for being "the voice of destruction and confrontation," as well as "continuing his campaign of vilification and harassment against the police."

Chong says he plans to seek a seat on the police commission if re-elected. He is a personal friend of Chief Jack Ackroyd as well as of Paul Walter, head of the powerful police union. Chong has worked hard to gain the trust of the

police, but he may have much greater trouble maintaining the trust of minority groups.

In February 1981, Chong voted against an independent inquiry into the bath raids. He now says: "I may have been in error. If certain sources have not been honest with me, I may have been led to the wrong conclusion."

Chong has been anxious to play a go-between role. "I've tried to heal the rift between the gay community and the police," he claims. "At least I got the police chief and the police commission off their behinds to talk to the gay community." Chong realizes that the Gay Community Council was not completely happy with his diplomatic efforts. "I can sense that the gay vote is going to go to John and Jack because I didn't go far enough," he observes. "I may pay for it. But I would still do the same."

Jack Layton has seized every opportunity in the last year to speak out for the gay community. He has frequently addressed gay demonstrations and strongly deplored the appeal of *The Body Politic's* most recent acquittal.

According to Dan Fast, his campaign manager, the Layton campaign has made special efforts to attract gay people as workers. All of the George Hislop 1980 supporters from W6CO have been contacted and Hislop has endorsed Layton. This endorsement has been circulated widely in the community, and also appears in the first piece of campaign literature.

Since the defeat of Hislop and Sewell, there has been a nagging fear in many quarters that overt support of gays will harm a candidate's chances. The 1980 campaign was marred in some wards by the distribution of anti-gay hate literature aimed at smearing candidates.

Does Layton anticipate such smear tactics this election? "We're prepared to meet the issue head on," said Fast. If it erupts, canvassers have been instructed to say that "Jack isn't backing off."

At the Sewell campaign, however, there is a certain amount of uneasiness with the question. Sewell himself says, "I don't think the issue will be raised." Jeremy Carver, his campaign manager, says, "We're keeping as low a profile as possible on the gay issue. We're trying to avoid hanging a lot of red flags around. The media really beat John unfairly, unjustly on the issue. We're trying to avoid precipitating the same set of reactions."

Predictably, the Sewell literature makes no mention of the gay community ("I haven't done any terrific things for the gay community during the last year," Sewell explains).

One of the few gay canvassers around the Sewell campaign office says he gets

the impression workers believe "the gay issue did Sewell in last time and they now bear a grudge against the gays."

In Ward 6 particularly, both the fears and the grudges may be groundless. Despite the bad publicity he got in 1980, Sewell picked up nearly 13,000 votes for mayor in Ward 6, almost 4000 more than Chong got for top aldermanic spot.

Ward 6 will be a tight three-way race among politicians who have each made efforts to court the gay vote. Chong now thinks he's lost that vote, Sewell isn't going out of his way to keep it and Layton is trying his best to sound as if he deserves it. And in every candidate's back-room strategy meetings lurks the quiet fear of a last-minute smear campaign.

Whether it comes or not, gay votes in Ward 6 could make the crucial difference. **Ed Jackson** □



DEWAR: RUNNING TO STAY IN PLACE

Ottawa gays are worried that Mayor Marion Dewar, a strong supporter of gay rights during her four years in office, may not be able to hold off a right-wing contender in the November 8 municipal elections.

One-term alderman Darrel Kent has been campaigning about the need for more fiscal responsibility at city hall and the pitch may be working.

Kent has focussed his criticism on a \$10,000 municipal grant to Gays of Ottawa (GO) to enable them to hire a full-time coordinator.

John Duggan, who was hired for the position after GO received the grant, says the campaign has turned ideological. "Dewar's opponents think city government should only concern itself with sewers and roads, not social services." Duggan says many gays have been canvassing for Dewar but are careful not to be overly vocal for fear their help will be used against her.

Dewar is up against a well-financed Kent campaign that has money for splashy newspaper advertisements and bus posters. "Maybe I'm being cynical but I'm worried that Kent will finish the campaign with a TV blitz," Duggan says. "Nothing nasty. Just subtle and effective. I don't know if Dewar can match that by going door to door."

Ottawa gays credit Dewar, a member

Vulnerable: Ottawa incumbent mayor Marion Dewar criticized for her pro-gay stance



of the New Democratic Party, with creating a healthy atmosphere for gays in the national capital. Good relations between gays and Ottawa police are "due in large part to the progressives at city council, and in particular to Mayor Dewar... who is one of three city police commissioners," *GO Info* said in a recent endorsement of Dewar. "The Ottawa police know that attempts to harass the gay community will not meet with favour at city hall."

The mayor is not the only one worried about having a job on November 9. Joe Cassey, alderman for the downtown Wellington ward, is also facing a tough fight, but from the left wing. Cassey, an outspoken supporter of the city's gays, has been criticized by fellow progressive Diane Holmes for not supporting plans to convert an old teacher's college into a municipal arts centre.

As vice-president of the Central Canada Exhibition Association in 1979, Cassey was instrumental in vetoing a proposal to have Anita Bryant perform at the exhibition. He said at the time that Bryant was rejected because "it would be offensive to part of the community... just like... the Nazi Party or the Ku Klux Klan."

Cassey also successfully moderated a dispute with the Jack Purcell Community Centre Association, which alleged that a GO dance at the centre had resulted in massive damage.

Wellington contains a high percentage of gay voters. No conservative candidate has yet declared, but gays fear the progressive vote will be split and a less desirable candidate will slip through.

The city of Ottawa has a population of 300,000 but, as in most Canadian cities, turnout in municipal elections has traditionally been low. In 1980, for example, the highest turnout in any ward was 40 per cent.

Glenn Wheeler □



NON-CAMPAIGN; NON-PROTEST

As the nomination deadline approached for what promised to be a ho-hum municipal election, it looked as if a key council seat would go uncontested until local activist Joe Szalai made a last-minute entry into the Centre Ward aldermanic race.

Incumbent Richard Christie is a Tory, Szalai says, who has opposed the nuclear disarmament referendum by "suggesting it's a communist plot." Christie has also said he opposes the city's newly adopted non-discrimination policy as long as it includes sexual orientation. "Besides," said Szalai, "I couldn't stand the thought of Christie representing the ward which is the geographic focus of Kitchener's gay community without a challenge."

"I'm not running as a gay candidate," the long-time member of the Kitchener-Waterloo Gay Media Collective told *TBP*. "I don't expect to win — I'm not soliciting votes and I don't expect to spend a cent." Szalai does expect to have the satisfaction of forcing his opponent to spend a little money and effort, however, "and maybe to embarrass him. I guess you could call me a protest candidate." **CB** □

Youth retracts; worker not officially cleared

VANCOUVER — A 16-year-old youth has retracted allegations he made against openly gay counsellor Rob Joyce, in a statement before a police officer and other witnesses October 1. The youth now states that Joyce neither made sexual advances towards him, nor paid him to have sex.

Despite the statement, the BC government has refused to consider a new investigation which could remove Joyce's name from a registry of suspected child abusers.

Joyce was fired last February from his job as an employment counsellor at Senator House, a halfway house for "street kids," when he attempted to defend himself against allegations that he had paid the youth for sex.

The BC Ministry of Human Resources (MHR) Child Abuse Team added Joyce's name to the province's list of suspected child abusers after conducting a secret investigation into the allegations. Joyce only found out that he was being investigated from a Senator House co-worker "through the grapevine." He was later informed that his name was on the list, but that the allegations against him were classified as "unsubstantiated" because the youth had refused to repeat them to police. An "unsubstantiated" accusation, unlike an "unfounded" one, however, is sufficient to cause the accused's name to remain in the registry of suspected abusers.

When Joyce attempted to make a statement to provincial investigators, he was told that his testimony would not be considered. He protested the refusal and was informed by his employers, the BC Corrections Association, that he had been fired.

Subsequent attempts to have his name removed from the list and his job reinstated have been unsuccessful. Furthermore, the BC government has ignored a provincial Ombudsman's report which states that the investigation of Joyce was "unfair" and recommends that the MHR re-investigate the case (See *TBP*, September).

The youth reversed his testimony after approaching Joyce October 1, while the latter was walking in Vancouver's West End. Joyce told *TBP* the youth said he had heard Joyce had been fired, and that he wanted to "make it right." Joyce then hailed a passing police car, whereupon the youth wrote and signed a witnessed statement exonerating him.

The youth informed Joyce and the police officer that he had originally only made the allegation to a worker at Cypress House, a government-funded residence for street youth, and that the worker had added to his statement. He also claimed to have told a provincial investigator that he had only talked to Joyce, and that Joyce had never approached him sexually. Earlier, the youth had told one of Joyce's co-workers that Joyce might not even have been the person who approached him.

The MHR responded to the new developments by stating that the case would remain closed. John Noble, deputy minister of Human Resources, told *TBP* that the ministry was "not involved in (prosecuting) criminal activities," and that the inclusion of Joyce's name on the registry was not like a criminal charge because the list was "kept confidential by law," in accordance with the BC Family and Child Services Act. "All the publi-

city on this has been generated by Mr Joyce," Nobel said, and added that Joyce's firing had "no connection whatsoever" with the MHR's investigation. Despite the retraction, Noble stated that "the child's story has been consistent in this case," and suggested that Joyce apply to the MHR to have his name removed from the list. Under the latest revision of MHR policy, such an application can be made after two years.

In response to Noble's statements, Joyce declared that he had no confidence in the confidentiality of the names on the list. "At one point, everyone on staff at Senator House knew about the investigation except me," he said, adding that "since the case opened up (the MHR) has been telling the press everything they want to know." Joyce stated at the outset of the case that he had been effectively "blacklisted" from his profession as a result of the inclusion of his name on the list.

The new developments prompted the

Ombudsman's office to open a new investigation of Joyce's complaints against the BC government. Previously, the Ombudsman had presented his findings to the government; this time, it is possible that they will be publicly presented to the provincial legislature.

Joyce has also lodged a complaint of "administrative malice" with the Ombudsman's office as a response to statements published in letters by BC government officials. The complaint accuses the Minister of Human Resources, Grace McCarthy, and Attorney General Allan Williams of conducting a "serious attack" on Joyce's reputation. Joyce maintains that the letters contained "deliberate lies."

One such letter received by *TBP* stated that Joyce was "notified of the (original) investigation within three days of the complaint being made." In fact, the Ombudsman has confirmed that Joyce found out about the investigation "quite by accident." The letter also alleges that

Joyce was fired for reasons "unrelated to this incident." Joyce claims to have been fired after he refused to take actions which would have amounted to an admission of guilt.

Joyce also plans to launch a civil suit against the provincial government and the Corrections Association, and has prepared writs alleging defamation, conspiracy and wrongful dismissal. However, he needs "about \$5,000" before the writs can be filed.

Local support for Joyce's case has surged since the new revelations became known. Emery Barnes, an NDP member of the legislature who had earlier been among the first to publicly support Joyce's claims, was jubilant. "You don't put an innocent person's name on a blacklist of criminal offenders and say you haven't convicted him," he told *TBP*. "It's a flagrant example of how the system can truly offend the rights of human beings. Rob has been brutalized legally." Barnes recently appeared for 90 minutes with Joyce on an open-line radio show, and has received "all positive" response from his constituents.

Joyce himself says the case has "destroyed my personal and professional life. But I know now that we'll win it in the end." **Richard Summerbell** □

SPORTS

Gay Olympic games: sweat and fun, despite injunction

SAN FRANCISCO — "We're here today not to celebrate homosexuality, but to celebrate and affirm individual freedom," remarked author Rita Mae Brown in her opening address at the first-ever Gay Olympic Games on August 28. Brown and fellow author Armistead Maupin were the MCs of perhaps the most spectacular gay event ever held, and an enthusiastic crowd of 12,000 were at Kezar Stadium to participate.

About 1,500 athletes from Peru, Canada, Australia, New Zealand, France, Belgium, West Germany, England, Scotland, Ireland, and 32 US states participated.

Both Brown and Maupin carefully avoided using the word "Olympic" in their remarks. A court injunction, the result of actions by the United States Olympic Committee (USOC), denied Games organizers the use of the words "Olympic" and "Olympiad." The name "Gay Olympic Games" became "Gay Games" and the unauthorized word had to be crossed off buttons, posters and T-shirts.

The US Congress granted the USOC

exclusive use of the words in 1978 despite their historic origin. Nevertheless, according to Tom Waddell, chair of the Gay Games, no objections were ever raised to "the Rat Olympics, the Crab Cooking Olympics, the Xerox Olympics and the Armenian Olympics."

Waddell thinks the filing of the injunction was timed "to inflict the maximum amount of damage on these games." The USOC had been aware of the intended use of the word "Olympic" since at least January when a letter had been sent to Waddell on behalf of the USOC asking him to stop using the word "Olympic." Although he refused, it was not until August 9 that the court injunction was issued.

Despite the injunction, Congressman Philip Burton welcomed the crowd at the opening ceremony "to the first Gay Olympics" while acting mayor Doris Ward proclaimed "the Gay Olympic Games." Games attorney Mary C Dunlap promised to fight the USOC's homophobic attack on gays "in a way they will never forget." The crowd of course loved it.

Paula Pick, a Vancouver athlete and gold medalist, said the Olympic issue "was the big joke and the big issue of the games and we exploited it to no end." Rob Steven of the Vancouver Men's Chorus agreed that "The attempt by the USOC to destroy the games only added to their success."

Transforming the notion of failure to mean "not trying" rather than "not winning" was the key to the success of the Gay Olympic Games. The "ability to compete in an atmosphere where there was no intimidation" allowed this trans-

Bronze medal: Montreal's Damian duPlessis



Canadian contingent: eagerly anticipating the '86 games — and increased participation





formation, explained Vancouver athlete Jon Congdon.

Ross Armstrong, a silver medalist from Edmonton, described the Games this way: "There were no losers. The first and the last were cheered equally. Friendship and participation were the keynotes of the games."

The participation of both lesbians and gay men was a part of this success. "I think sports is an excellent way for gay men and lesbians to talk with each other and to organize and to have fun together and I saw a lot of that. And that made me very happy," said Paula Pick. About half of the athletes were women.

Ross Armstrong would like to see more Canadian participation at the 1986 Gay Olympic Games being planned for San Francisco. Discussing this year's Games, Ross says, "At times I felt strangely alone. I wondered why I was the only person from Alberta and one of only a few from all of Canada. How could Australia or Minneapolis have such large contingents? I realize now that it's organization combined with a political commitment that produces mass awareness and supported action."

For information about Gaymes 86 write or phone: Gay Games, c/o Pride Centre, 890 Hayes Street, San Francisco (415) 861-8282. **Danny Cockerline** □



Prizes and panache: Vancouver's Paula Pick (above) receives the gold medal for the 10,000 metres. Gay torch (right), lit by former gold medalists George Frenn and Susan McGrievy. Kezar Stadium (below): 12,000 spectators and as many balloons. All photos (unless otherwise indicated) by Alain Menard of Montreal.



Birds of a feather

TORONTO — County Court Judge P T Matlow has ruled that using loitering charges as “a blanket weapon” to combat prostitution “is an abuse of the pro-

cess and should be discontinued.”

“If the various law-making bodies choose not to legislate against this type of conduct expressly, then the public and the law-enforcement agencies will simply have to learn to tolerate it,” wrote Matlow in his six-page judgment delivered October 13.

A woman who was approaching men in the basement of the Royal York Hotel

was arrested by Metro Toronto police and charged with loitering when she held the arm of a passing man. No evidence of a complaint from the man was presented at her trial.

According to Matlow’s six-page judgment released October 13, “This type of purposeful activity, regardless of how one may view its moral and social merit, does not, in my view, constitute

loitering.” He added, “It is of some interest to compare the conduct of (the woman) with that of many political candidates who stand in public places before elections and approach pedestrians to solicit their support.” Matlow said there was no significant difference between the two.

Metro police, however, will continue to use the loitering charge against prostitutes, said Deputy Chief Jack Marks in an interview in *The Globe and Mail*. A 1978 Supreme Court of Canada ruling that soliciting must be “pressing and persistent” to be illegal has rendered this charge ineffective.

Danny Cockerline □

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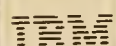
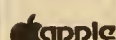


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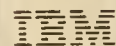
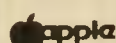
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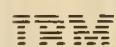
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Found-in wins appeal but new trial ordered

TORONTO — A county court has ordered a retrial in the case of a man appealing his conviction as a found-in at the Barracks, following the February 1981 bath raids.

In his October 1 judgment on the appeal of Regina vs McLaren, Judge Keith Gibson overruled Judge P Baker's lower court decision, but ordered a new trial rather than substituting a not guilty verdict.

Defence lawyer Michael Code based his appeal on three arguments crucial to a found-in defence. He argued that Judge Baker erred because: 1) he did not apply the Canadian standard of public decency test, but merely asserted that the Barracks was a common bawdy house; 2) he did not address the issue of whether or not the accused had knowledge of the kinds of acts taking place, did not require that the Crown prove such knowledge, and simply assumed the accused was aware; 3) he did not address the issue of lawful excuse (McLaren had argued he had been at the Barracks merely to socialize).

Despite the added time and expense involved in a retrial, Judge Gibson's decision is a positive one which will undoubtedly be used as a precedent in future found-in cases.

Found-in trial tally as of October 13:
Total charged: 304
Total trials conducted: 266
Total wins: 230
Total losses: 36
(Of the losses, two are under appeal).

Robert Trow □

Charge dismissed in washroom bust

MONTREAL — The September 16 trial of a student who pleaded not guilty to a charge of committing an indecent act in a men's room at Concordia University has resulted in a dismissal of the charge. Two other men charged in the incident had pleaded guilty at a preliminary hearing in May, were convicted and were given small fines.

The men were arrested last spring after a security guard locked them in the washroom, claiming he had observed them committing indecent acts. The guard then phoned Montreal police who laid charges based on the guard's allegations.

The university's complicity with police in the incident caused an uproar among students and faculty (See *TBP*, July/August).

A committee headed by the chairman of the English department approached the vice-rector in charge of administration who indicated that, if the Septem-

ber 16 trial resulted in an acquittal, Concordia would compensate the student for legal costs. The Concordia Students Association has said it will take the issue to the university's board of governors if the administration reneges on its promise.

The acquitted student is convinced that if the other two men had also pleaded not guilty, their charges would also have been dismissed. He says the evidence of guilt was equally flimsy in all three cases. **Jim Bartley** □

Truxx found-ins tried five years after raid

MONTREAL — On October 27, 1977, Montreal police swooped down on Truxx and Le Mystique, two of this city's most popular gay bars, and arrested more than 146 people on bawdyhouse charges.

As this issue of *TBP* goes to press, almost five years to the day after that raid, the first found-in case is about to come to trial.

Lawyer Joe Muskatel, who will represent approximately 80 of the found-ins, appears in court on October 25. A defence fund organized by the Comité de soutien aux accusés de Truxx will pay Muskatel's fees.

Muskatel says he plans to "sensitize the Crown" with an outline of the results of bath raid trials in Toronto, where nearly 85% of the found-ins have been acquitted or have had their charges dismissed. Dennis Findlay, legal coordinator for the Right to Privacy Committee, has provided Muskatel with transcripts of the Toronto trials.

The Regroupement des associations gaies et lesbiennes à Montréal has organized a demonstration to mark the fifth anniversary of the Truxx raid. The October 23 event will begin at Parc Lafontaine. **Jim Bartley** □

"Together trial" adjourned again

TORONTO — "I thought the guy was a maniac; my first instinct was to help the woman," testified Pam Gawn at the "Together trial" which continued September 23 and 24. The case involves charges laid after a scuffle between several people and two undercover policemen outside the lesbian bar Together last winter.

The incident began when Diane Shea kicked the side of a moving vehicle on Church Street. Police Constables Kenneth Brown and David Brown, who were driving an unmarked car behind the vehicle, stopped to charge her with mischief. Not believing they were police officers, she ran into Together for protection, but only made it up the stairs. Four witnesses saw one of the officers attack her, and tried to intervene. Before it was all over, seven arrests were made, mostly for assaulting and obstructing police.

Andrew Mullen, one of the witnesses, was cross-examined by Crown Attorney Kerry Evans for four hours, and asked why he contacted *TBP* when he got home. "Because it happened outside a lesbian bar" was the reply. Evans's last question (rhetorical) was, "You came here today because it's your feeling that the gay community is being harassed by the police?"

The trial continues January 10, just ten days short of a year since the bizarre incident occurred. **Philip Fotheringham** □

VIOLENCE

Groups tackling "fringe issue"

Homophobic attacks, known as queer-bashings until someone invents a less oppressive term, have always been a fringe issue in the gay community. Everyone knows they happen, and will acknowledge that they are an especially



Solutions: self-defence and street patrolling

savage symptom of our overall oppression. But few have seemed willing or able to tackle the problem in a way which seriously deters the perpetrators.

Attacks are often seen as isolated and unpredictable, the action of a few rabid homophobes. The common response is to deny that queer-bashing exists as a social phenomenon, or worse to attempt to modify one's behaviour in hopes of avoiding the attention of potential attackers. Thus the common admonition to "stay out of the parks" or to "tighten up those wrists" when walking down the street. What's operative here is the old cliché of "blaming the victim" for his own misfortune.

Gays in a number of Ontario cities have organized to encourage their communities to take an active part in combatting queer-bashing. Both Toronto and Ottawa have seen productive community meetings on violence against gays, as well as an unprecedented interest in self-defence training as a positive response to violence.

Thanks largely to Dean Haynes of Toronto's Gay Self Defence Group (GSDG), there are self-defence courses operating in Toronto, Windsor, Guelph and, shortly, in Ottawa as well (see *TBP*, October).

The GSDG defines self-defence as "assertiveness training...learning to say 'no' and meaning it." At an October 2 "Speak-out on violence" at Toronto's Church Street Community Centre, Haynes and Liz Devine of the Toronto Gay Patrol (TGP) led a two-hour discussion. It ended in agreement on issues ranging from the need for more, and more positive, coverage of street violence by the gay press, to a call for more defence groups, support groups for those who have been attacked, and the establishment of a crisis centre or phone line.

In Ottawa, a meeting organized by Gays of Ottawa (GO) pointed up the similarities between incidents of queer-bashing and rape attacks against women, prompting Gabriella Fried in *GO Info* to ponder the parallels between misogyny and homophobia, and the violence which can result from an individual's perceived inability to live up to the "inhuman macho ideal." The meeting found a need for more self-defence training and a more effective liaison with unresponsive police.

While most policemen have a dismal record in dealing with anti-gay attacks, a recent Toronto incident shows that officers can, in some cases, be surprisingly cooperative and efficient.

Don Briggs, a Toronto physician, was attacked while walking with a friend on Yonge Street early one weekday evening in September. The pattern of the attack was typical. Verbal abuse by two youths escalated to a physical assault, and shortly Don found himself on the ground being battered with his own umbrella.

What was not typical was the reaction of passers-by, who helped by phoning police and an ambulance and offering themselves as witnesses. Police arrived within minutes and were polite and efficient. While Briggs was being treated at Wellesley Hospital, police arrived at least twice with progress reports on their investigation.

Later, police from 52 Division called Briggs at home and asked him to identify two suspects. They turned out to be the bashers and police laid charges the same evening. Detectives even appeared pleased that Briggs was going to testify

in court as an openly gay man.

The solution to street violence is still up to us. Haynes says Toronto aldermanic candidate Jack Layton and city aldermen John Sewell and Gordon Chong were invited to the October 2 "Speak-out on violence." Sewell was the only one who promised to attend. None showed up.

Jim Bartley and Alex Duncan □

Killer gets life

TORONTO — A 26-year-old man who pleaded guilty to the murder last May of three Toronto men after one of them "made a pass" at him has been sentenced to life in prison.

In handing down the sentence September 17, Chief Justice Gregory Evans of the Ontario Supreme Court ordered that Joseph Norbert Courville must serve a minimum of 15 years before being considered for parole.

Courville told police that he met one of the victims, Darryl Turner, in a bar and accompanied him home in the hope of getting money. "Faggots, they help you if you ask them," he said. He said he hated homosexuals and, when Turner made a pass at him, "everything went crazy." He attacked Turner and tied him up, doing the same to Charles Roy Tanti, a roomer in the Turner home. When Joseph Isaac, another roomer, tried to intervene, Courville killed him by stabbing him no less than nine times.

Both Turner and Tanti were found by police with their wrists and ankles tied to their necks in such a fashion that their efforts to free themselves caused their bonds to tighten until they strangled.

Justice Evans declared the killings "totally unnecessary and completely senseless." Courville "could have handled" the situation without resorting to murder, he said. **Bill Loos** □

THE RIGHT

Falwell brings crusade to Canada

TORONTO — A coalition of gay and other activists have planned a demonstration to protest the October 24 appearance by American television evangelist Jerry Falwell.

Falwell, who founded the Moral Majority and lists abortion, disarmament and gay rights among the things he opposes, is to speak at a "Christ or Chaos in Confederation" rally.

The rally, to be held just north of Toronto in Willowdale, is part of a crusade which is to go to different parts of the country in late October and early

November under the auspices of the Ken Campbell Evangelistic Association.

Campbell, who lives in Milton, Ontario, is president of Renaissance Canada Inc, an organization of fundamentalist Christian business people.

The protest against Falwell's appearance was initiated by Fight the Right, a coalition of feminists, socialists and lesbian and gay activists.

Falwell's many critics say, for example, that his moral outpourings are prompted more by greed than religious belief. His Old Time Gospel Hour attracts 18 million viewers a week and grossed \$63 million last year.

And though Falwell has built Liberty Baptist College in his home town, Lynchburg, Virginia, he also owns one of the city's shopping centres. That shopping centre contains a bar called Cruikshank's, an embarrassment to many of Falwell's followers.

But the discrepancy apparently does not bother Ken Campbell, who likes to boast about his friendship with Falwell.

During the 1980 Toronto municipal elections, Renaissance International published a newspaper advertisement warning of Toronto's "horribly menacing gay lobby" and the danger of "Toronto the good" becoming "San Francisco north."

Coincidentally or otherwise, Renaissance's latest Toronto rally is taking place just two weeks before municipal elections on November 8.

Glenn Wheeler □



Falwell: Moral Majority profit in Canada

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BARS

Katrina's excludes younger patrons

TORONTO — According to some members of Lesbian and Gay Youth Toronto, a go-drink-your-milk-elsewhere attitude has developed at Katrina's. Management of the popular downtown bar has instituted a policy barring customers under the age of 19 despite being legally able to allow them entry.

The four gay men accusing the management of discrimination first ran into problems one night in early September when they were asked to produce identification immediately after being served non-alcoholic beverages. Only one of them was able to comply, so they were asked to leave. Katrina's has a dining lounge licence and is therefore permitted to serve food and non-alcoholic drink to anyone under the legal drinking age.

According to the four who were turned out, manager Roy LaRose told them, "If you're not drinking, then we don't want your business."

"It's ridiculous," says Graham Haig, one of the four. "We'd been going there for months, and all of a sudden they started to ask."

The four decided to persist and tried to gain entry on several subsequent occasions. Each time they were refused and were given what they felt to be an insufficient explanation. On one occasion they were even told by a staff member that Katrina's has two licences, with the one in effect after 10 pm barring patrons under 19.

However, when contacted by *TBP*, LaRose gave a straightforward answer. "It creates too much confusion. They won't buy anything, but their friends will buy it for them. If the police walk in and they're drinking (liquor), what do I do?"

According to Haig and the other three men, LaRose is simply giving them feeble excuses while they are being kept out of one of the few local gay establishments that they can legally enter.

But LaRose is adamant: "The owner or manager can refuse entry to anyone," he says, "even if they don't like the colour of their eyes." **Kevin Orr** □

Outpost turfs out U of T group party

TORONTO — The fall bar hop for Gays and Lesbians at the University of Toronto (GLAUT) ended on a sour note this year when a group of about 20 gay men and lesbians was refused admission to The Outpost, a popular denim and leather bar at Jarvis and Gerrard Streets.

Brian Pronger, organizer of the yearly tour of local bars, reports that the group was stopped at the door October 15 by an employee, apparently the bouncer, who said they would all have to show age of majority cards. Several in the group began to reach for their cards when the employee suddenly called them "a bunch of rowdies" and asked why they wanted "to go to a gay bar."

Pronger says he was "aghast" to realize that the man thought they were straight: "I told him that we were most certainly gay and to prove it I showed him my Club Bath card." The employee, however, remained intransigent and went on to say that if members of the group objected to being turned away they should "phone *The Body Politic*."



Katrina's: go drink your milk elsewhere

He finally suggested they should all "go back to Buddy's" (a bar popular with collegiate and post-collegiate types).

Acting manager Bob Saunders told *TBP* the bar is concerned about crowds of straight kids coming into the bar. He felt the bouncer must have mistaken the GLAUT members for "a bunch of rowdy straights."

Pronger notes that the primary purpose of the GLAUT bar hop is to introduce members to the Toronto bar scene. "I don't think many of them will go back to The Outpost," he said.

The bar has also been criticized for its policy of excluding women. Two local gay men wrote to *TBP* recently reporting two incidents in which women were told to leave the bar. In both cases, the management refused to discuss the policy, and the women met with a response similar to what the GLAUT members experienced. **Jim Bartley** □

Cops entrapping to make drug busts

TORONTO — According to a number of reports, several arrests have been made outside three bars, the St. Charles, the Parkside and the Gasworks, after young and attractive men have lured individuals into locating and buying illegal drugs. The men are undercover policemen who are apparently looking for more information on dealers.

One arrested man, who has retained Paul Trollope as counsel, explained that the officers gave him their work number and the number for their pagers, and told him to call anytime if he wanted to provide information on dealers, thereby making it possible that the charges against him would be dropped.

Trollope warns that trafficking charges are serious, and usually lead to a jail sentence. He also says that providing information would only make the situation worse.

The officers work in pairs, offer their money first, and are described as having a "calculated long-hair look," and they carry pagers. **PF** □

LOTTO CGRO

The Coalition for Gay Rights in Ontario drew winners for Ontario's first gay lottery during a conference held in London. Jerry Totten of Windsor won a trip for two to New York. Andy Smith and R L Goossens of London won second and third prizes. □

photo: Jim Bartley

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Testing tolerance: but for what community?

As *The Body Politic* has attempted in recent years to address issues of interest to our readers, we have found ourselves charged with publishing matter that is said to be immoral, indecent, scurrilous or obscene. These charges, as most of you know, have arisen from the publication of articles about boy-lovers and fist-fucking.

Some may wonder why a gay liberation magazine should devote a significant number of its pages to such apparently peripheral subjects, when the more populated centre of our lives remains largely unexplored.

That there is a centre, that there is a periphery — those self-evident "truths" are themselves merely matters of established opinion.

It seems likely that, as long as there have been gay men and lesbians, there have been attempts by individuals among us to declare independence of established opinion. But in recent times it has only been with the emergence of a gay press and a gay public for that press that this motion towards self-definition has engaged large numbers of us in a debate of increasing depth, sophistication and consequence.

The redefinition of gay people entails the redefinition of sex and love — more precisely, the reconsideration of the jumble of affection, desire, self-esteem and power that lies hidden under those two labels. And so the gay press has a primary obligation to examine them. Further, to do its job properly, it has to take up what some consider exotic or perverse manifestations, like boy-love or fist-fucking, because these have been relegated to the category of marginal or kinky by the very set of externally imposed definitions which we need to question.

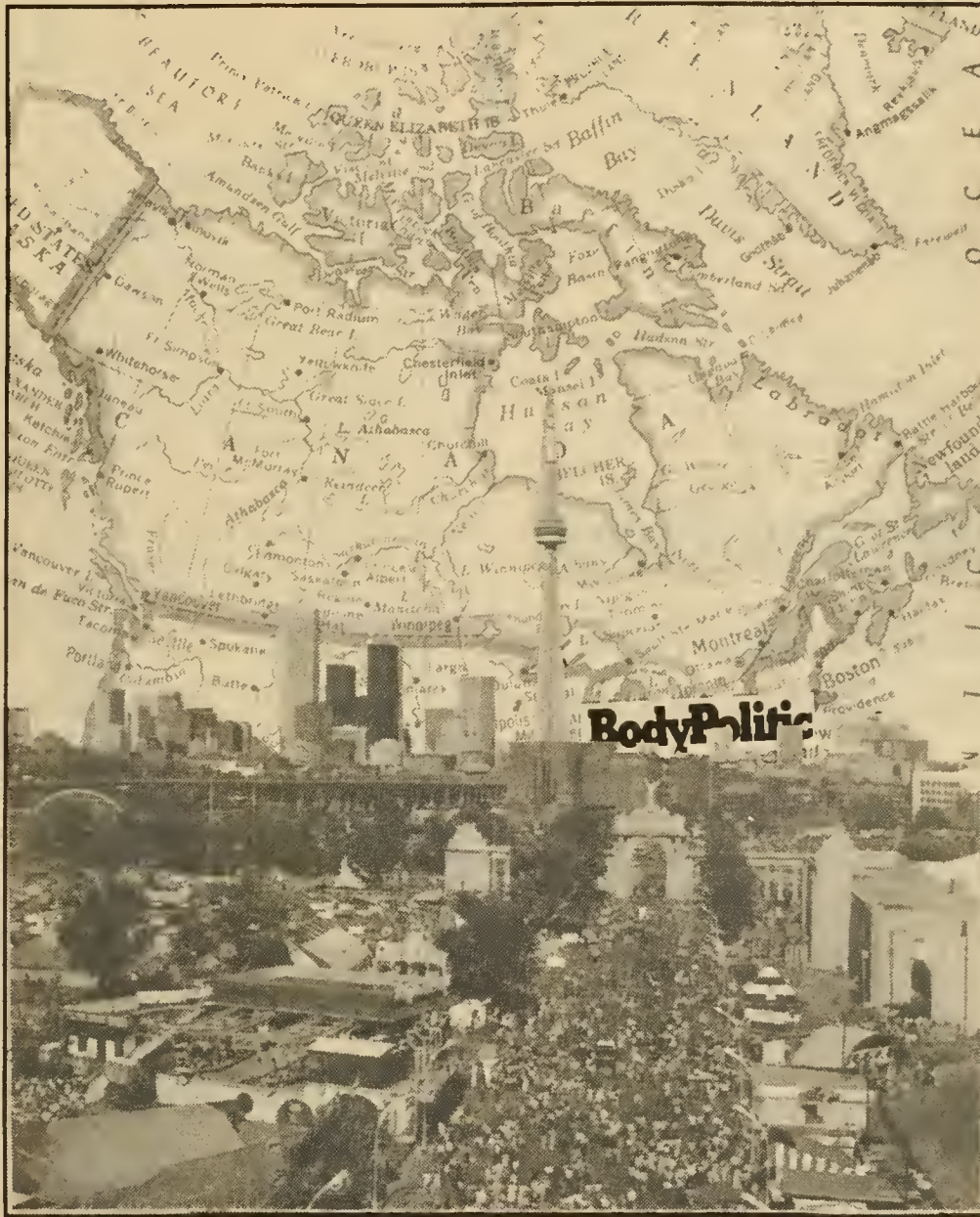
To undertake a fresh look at sex with the established frame of reference as a guide would be self-defeating. An honest and rigorous approach requires a critical eye toward the prescribed and an open mind toward the proscribed.

The value of discussing the unconventional is not a self-serving doctrine devised by the gay press to boost its circulation. It is a democratic principle long recognized in western societies and embodied in our traditional freedoms of speech and the press. Laws which would limit what can be spoken or printed to what an authority says the majority wishes to hear or read are ordinarily seen for what they are: subversions of traditional liberties.

But when the subject is sex, the very matter which is at the core of our fight for freedom, the curtain comes down on civilization and the barbarian hordes rush in to despatch discussion before it leads to change.

The approved method of stifling discussion is through recourse to the courts. Now, the courts are ordinarily used to determine whether someone, the accused, has committed a particular act which all agree has taken place and which society has designated as a crime. In the area of morals, however, the court must determine first of all whether a crime has occurred, by appealing to what has become known as the community standard of tolerance.

The community standard of tolerance, the current judicial test for obscenity, sounds almost liberal. The majority does not have to agree with what you



say, only be willing to tolerate your saying it. But, as elaborated — or, more accurately, reduced to absurdity — by Canadian courts, the standard has become the expression of a totalitarian philosophy, prescribing a society which is both homogeneous and of one opinion on all questions.

The courts have held that the community referred to in the standard is the national community. Even in very cohesive countries like France, such an interpretation might give pause. Any modern industrial society is composed of thousands of special communities, defined by any number of criteria, from skin col-

our to occupation. How reasonable is it to expect such a complex social structure to have a consensus on what is tolerable?

The idea of a single national community is all the more ridiculous in this country, where we're not even sure what "national" means: at the very least, we have two distinct national communities. What can be made of a court ruling that there is a single standard shared by these two communities when the fact of their disagreement on almost everything is the one inescapable fact of Canadian life?

Like other advanced societies, ours is a delicate constellation of minorities. A legal doctrine which restricts freedom in the name of the majority is a tyrant's charter, allowing authorities to invoke the fictitious majority against the whole population, minority by minority.

And, lately, in rulings arising out of the prosecution of *The Body Politic*, the courts have decided that no evidence is necessary for a judge to determine the community standard of tolerance in any given case. The judicial wisdom is that the national level of tolerance need not be determined by investigation; rather, it can reside already determined in the mind of the presiding judge, like the Holy Ghost in a bit of bread.

In effect, the courts have refused to say what the community standard is. By default, the job of making that determination has fallen to the police. The latest charge laid against *The Body Politic*, for example, was *not*, the police said, the result of a citizen's complaint. The police and the Crown were guided by their own personal standards of tolerance, which, we assume, they hope the courts will uphold. If, in the end, we must restrict our discussion of ourselves among ourselves to what any cop on the beat is willing to let us say, we might as well call it quits right now.

But I doubt that most of us are willing to do that. *The Body Politic* must fight the charges brought against it because our community must contest the power of the police to define obscenity ever more widely, because we must prevent their forcing us to talk about ourselves ever more narrowly.

We can't let them regain the power to define us. **Ken Popert** □

Non-player's guide to TBP trials

The Body Politic's nine-member editorial collective will appear in provincial court November 1 to face a charge of "publishing obscene written material." Charge two, trial one.

Last June, Pink Triangle Press and three of its corporate officers were acquitted — for a second time — of trans-

Clay Ruby: guiding TBP through a legal maze



mitting "immoral and indecent" material through the mails. Charge one, trial two.

In July the Ontario attorney general's office appealed the June acquittal. Charge one, appeal two.

On January 6 and 7 this appeal will be argued in county court. Charge one, trial three may not be far off.

As if all of this were not confusing enough, the straight media have referred to both charge one and charge two as obscenity charges. Inaccurate.

Charge one was laid in 1978 under section 164 of the Criminal Code: using the mails "for the purpose of transmitting or delivering any thing that is... indecent, immoral or scurrilous." Although the word "obscene" occurs in the Code's description of this offence, the Crown chose not to include it in the charge.

Charge two, arising from the article "Lust with a very proper stranger," published in *TBP's* April 1982 issue, was laid under section 159 of the Criminal Code. It is an obscenity charge.

According to section 159, a publication may be considered obscene if its "dominant characteristic" is "the undue exploitation of sex, or of sex and any one or more of the following subjects, namely,

crime, horror, cruelty and violence."

The words "undue" and "exploitation" are not defined, but there are judgments on record which suggest what they could mean. Further, as *TBP* lawyer Clayton Ruby puts it, the wording of the section "implies that *due* exploitation is acceptable."

An important difference between the two charges is that serving the public good can be used as a defence against an obscenity charge. Ruby plans to show in court that information in "Lust with a very proper stranger" in fact serves the public by providing information.

In both charges the judge must apply his own understanding of standards of public decency and tolerance held by "the community" — all of Canada, not just the intended audience.

In both charges the Crown is not obliged to produce any evidence other than the offending item. In charge one, trial one (January 1979) the Crown produced evidence of community standards from "expert" witnesses. In trial two on that charge (June 1982) the Crown's only evidence was a copy of the December 1977/January 1978 issue which contained "Men loving boys loving men." Ruby has tried to determine whether the Crown will call expert witnesses at charge two, trial one, but "they won't tell."

Debbie Bloomfield □

Ontario board censors real thing

TORONTO — Ontario's film censors refused to permit the uncut screening of two films this fall at the city's seventh annual international film festival. In one of the films, *I Berlin-Harlem*, a West German production directed by Lothar Lambert (reviewed on page 43), the censor board objected to a 90-second fellatio scene involving a black man and a white man.

Censor board chair Mary Brown claimed that the scene in question "violated community standards" because it involved "a very explicit full frontal genitalia shot. It wouldn't have mattered if the scene involved homosexuals or heterosexuals," she added. Brown also said she felt that if *I Berlin-Harlem* were screened, the offending sequence would leave the film's exhibitors open to prosecution by the police.

In appealing the censor board's decision, festival organizers argued that *I Berlin-Harlem* did not contravene community standards. According to festival director Wayne Clarkson, the appeal made the following points: that *I Berlin-Harlem* was to be screened only once in a theatre which had 189 seats; that it was unlikely *I Berlin-Harlem* would be distributed throughout the province because of its limited commercial appeal and because there was just one print of the film; and that the film was to leave the country the day following its scheduled screening. The censor board rejected the appeal.

When asked to respond to the arguments in the appeal, Mary Brown stated that "the censor board was only operating within a mandate which was set by the government of Ontario. The board simply exercises that mandate."

Rather than sacrifice artistic integrity, both Clarkson and Lambert, who was in Toronto for the screening of his film, refused to follow the board's demands. The film was not screened publicly.

Asked whether or not she thought the disputed scene was integral to the theme of the film, Brown said that she didn't know. "I'm not an artist. If it was simulated it would have been acceptable."

For next year's festival Clarkson said that he will "make every effort within

the existing political reality" to obtain special status for the festival. Referring to last summer's International Monetary Fund conference in Toronto, Clarkson said that if the Ontario government allowed stringently enforced liquor laws to be suspended for the occasion at a number of bars in the city, it logically follows that censorship should be temporarily suspended for an international film festival.

However, it is questionable how favourable that political reality will be for the festival in the future. The Theatres Act will be amended this fall, but it is unlikely that special consideration will be given to film festivals.

John Balatka □

GROWING

Visibility Day draws 650 lesbians to fete

MONTREAL — Five months ago, when three women began planning Lesbian Visibility and Solidarity Day, held October 2, they couldn't have guessed the meeting would eventually require the energy of more than 100 volunteers and draw 650 participants.

"There were 250 of us at the lesbian visibility day last March," explained organizer Marie Michèle. "We thought if we worked really hard we could maybe double that number. We've been in all kinds of groups, and isolated in our own lives — we need now to take care of ourselves as lesbians. For many women it was the first time they'd been to such a gathering."

Women who'd never been to workshops before and didn't know what to expect of them (as well as women who'd been active in the community for years) were treated to a day of discussions about lesbian daily life and politics, to video tapes by and about lesbians and to a potluck dinner that turned into a feast for 100. The lesbian journal *Ca s'attrape!* was officially launched as was a Montreal lesbian mothers' defence fund. A working class lesbians discus-



Outstanding: Toronto lawyer Harvey Hamburg was chosen to receive the 1982 John Damien award for outstanding contribution to the gay community. Hamburg founded Toronto Area Gays, the Gay Community Appeal, 923-GAYS and 530-GAYS phonelines, and was also involved with the founding of the Gay Community Dance Committee.

The presentation was made in London during the October 9-12 conference of the Coalition for Gay Rights in Ontario.

sion group and a Jewish lesbians group have been meeting since the event. The local women's health centre has begun holding Tuesday evening clinics for lesbians and the Quebec feminist magazine *La vie en rose*, which had declined to announce the day in advance, has decided to make lesbian news a priority. Plans were made for increased lesbian presence next International Women's Day, and for next year's Lesbian Visibility and Solidarity Day to be held the first Saturday in October.

This year's celebration ended with a dance featuring a new local women's rock group, Lulu's Band, which had just returned from its first public performance at the September 17 Take-Back-the-Night march in Quebec City.

"Imagine 600 lesbians in one place and a full moon in Aries," laughed Marie Michèle. "I was afraid we'd start getting aggressive. But it went really smoothly all day." CB □

New bookstore aims at lesbian reader too

OTTAWA — Three fairy godmothers, including one in leather/punk drag, and the mayor were on hand September 11 for the opening of the national capital's

first feminist bookstore. Mayor Marion Dewar cut the pink ribbon while wings rustled and three (secret) wishes were granted.

If one of those wishes had anything to do with the first week's operation at 380 Elgin Street, it has surely come true. Reports from a tired but happy Lee Fleming indicate that she and co-founder Peggy Harris are pleased with the brisk business. The store carries 3,000 titles — what it doesn't carry it will order — and is open six days a week.

The two women, who spent almost three years planning and preparing for the venture, say that while feminist theory makes up the backbone of their stock, they carry a range of material with an emphasis on practical titles dealing with everything from alternative child rearing to sports. "We feel Ottawa women, especially lesbians, have needs that are not being met by other stores. That's why we're here," says Fleming.

Ottawa Women's Bookstore/Librairie des femmes d'Ottawa, as it is officially called, also sells prints, leather, jewelry, records and stained glass. Future plans include a mail-order service.

Ottawa Women's Bookstore, 380 Elgin Street (at Gladstone), phone (613) 230-1156. Open 10-6 Monday to Thursday and Saturday, and 10-9 Friday.

CB □

Queen's Homo Assn celebrates 10 years

KINGSTON — Gay by Day, a day-long conference held October 2 at Queen's University, marked the tenth anniversary of the Queen's Homophile Association and, the organizers hope, the beginning of increased visibility for the group.

About 45 women and men participated in the day which began with a capsule history of gay activism on campus. They heard presentations from legal and medical experts on the status of gay couples and parents, and on health issues of special interest to gay men. York University film professor Robin Wood spoke about gay images in film and Kingston lesbian activist Jo'Ellen Walker examined women's music. The Kingston Men's Group for Non-sexist Social Action addressed the phenomenon of homophobia and local activist François Lachance closed the day with a talk on the symbols of gay liberation entitled "From Triangle to Lambda."

Inspired by the national gathering, Doing it! Lesbian and gay liberation in the '80s, held in Toronto last July, organizers hope Gay by Day's ramifications will continue to be felt in their community for months to come. Plans are underway for the formation of a gay youth group and women have been busy transforming a room at Sappho-Wilde House into lesbian space containing books, artwork and women's music.

Sappho-Wilde is itself a novelty for Kingston. A new six-person cooperative household located near the university campus, it has received support in the form of donations of furnishings, energy and technical advice from local lesbians and gay men.

François Lachance, a resident of Sappho-Wilde, believes a sense of gay pride and community is emerging in Kingston. "The conference was a local affair precisely for that reason," he noted. "The links forged with allies will help support future projects and hopefully will help foster a more pro-gay atmosphere here." CB □

photo: Kevin Orr

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No arrests, but "the worst case of police violence in twelve years"

Cops trash New York gay bar

NEW YORK — Twenty to thirty uniformed policemen marched into Blue's, a bar catering to black gays and transvestites, at 10 pm on Wednesday, September 29 and savagely attacked the patrons.

The police were reportedly out to avenge the beating of a police officer that had occurred nearby the night before. According to witnesses, the officer in charge of the operation locked the front door of the bar after the police had entered, pulled out his .38 calibre revolver and said, "Let's have a party. All you niggers to the back, hands up, face the wall."

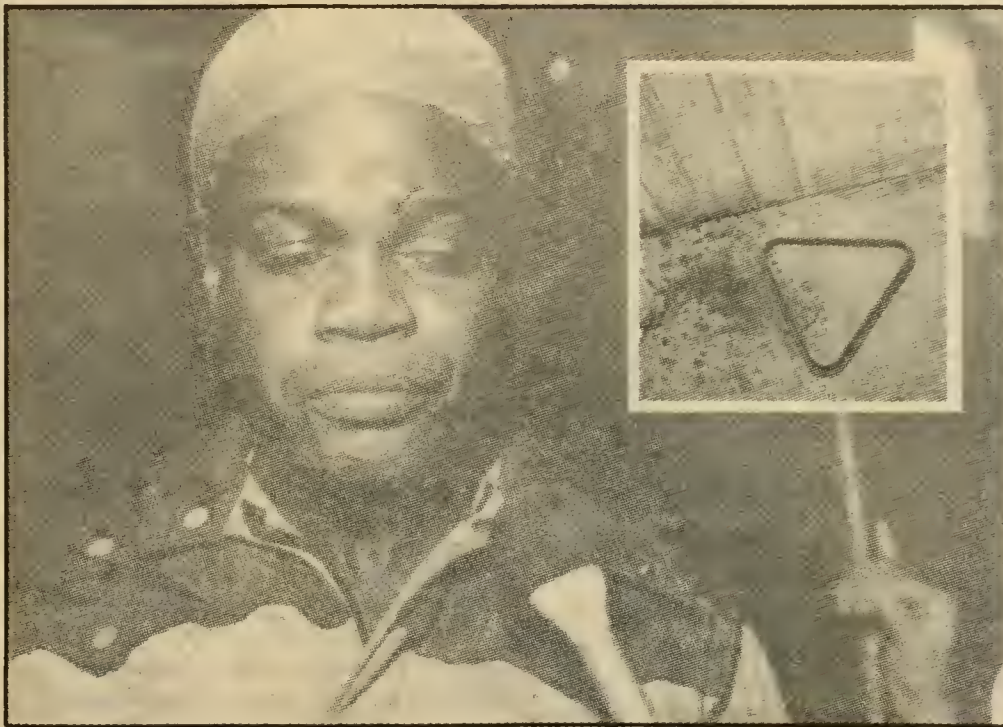
The policemen, who outnumbered patrons, then started beating both male and female customers with their nightsticks. "They called us 'black nigger faggots' and said, 'we should shoot a couple of you,'" reported James Wilson, a customer. "They beat us indiscriminately for nearly an hour."

An undisclosed number of people, including one handicapped person who was unable to raise his hands to the wall when ordered to do so, were hospitalized after the beating. Police made no arrests.

Village Voice reporter Arthur Bell visited the bar the morning after the attack. "The place was a total shambles. Mirrors behind the bar were broken. Practically all the liquor had been dumped, liquor bottles and glasses smashed, the pool table overturned, juke box battered, pinball machine destroyed. There were blood stains on the walls and small pools of blood coagulating on the floor," he reported. Bell called it the worst case of police violence he had seen in 12 years of reporting.

Ironically, the attack came as many of the city's gay leaders were attending a \$150-a-plate dinner to hear former US vice-president Walter Mondale deliver a speech on human rights.

A meeting to plan a response to the raid was held October 5 and a protest demonstration was held in Times Square,



Bloody aftermath: Blue's DJ Doreen after fifteen stitches; bloodstains on the walls and floor

near Blue's, on Friday, October 15.

The attack took place in an atmosphere of increasing harassment of the gay community in the New York area. More than 1,200 men were arrested over the summer for nude sunbathing in Gateway National Park, a federal recreation area comprising most of Jamaica Bay in Brooklyn and Queens. Both of Greenwich Village's two lesbian bars had their liquor licences cancelled by the State Liquor Authority in September, on the grounds that the bars discriminated against men. One bar, the Duchess, was raided by police September 8. Two employees were handcuffed and arrested and cash registers, receipts and telephone books were impounded.

Sexpo 82, advertised as "the first world's fair of sex," and featuring displays of both straight and gay pornography and sex toys, was raided and closed by police Saturday, October 9, just one day after it opened. The fair had been scheduled to run for four days.

There are also reports that police have begun to move against distributors of X-rated video tapes, who have previously operated without running afoul of the law. □

Reagan veto fails; AIDS funds approved

WASHINGTON DC — The US House of Representatives and the Senate have voted to override President Reagan's veto of a funding bill containing \$500,000 for research into Acquired Immune Deficiency Syndrome (AIDS), the source of the so-called "gay cancer" outbreak.

Reagan claimed the billion-dollar bill was a "budget buster" and tried to block its passage.

Congressman Phillip Burton called Reagan's August 20 veto "heartless. It condemns us to the tragic situation in which there is inadequate funding for

AIDS research," he said. Burton voted with other congressmen to achieve the necessary two-thirds majority to override the veto. Congress voted to cut \$2.1 billion from Reagan's military budget and provided nearly \$1 billion more for domestic programmes. □

PIE exec infiltrated; members face attack

LONDON — Conservative MP for Huddersfield West, Geoffrey Dickens, will seek to introduce a bill in the next session of the British Parliament to "outlaw" the Paedophile Information Exchange (PIE) and any similar organization.

Dickens spoke to the press in the wake of the infiltration of the PIE executive by Charles Oxley, deputy chairman of Mary Whitehouse's National Viewers and Listeners' Association (NVLA). Oxley attended two PIE executive committee meetings over the past year and then peddled his story to the British gutter press in August.

The NVLA, dedicated to cleaning up immorality in British theatre and media, was founded by Whitehouse, who was responsible for the laying of a successful "blasphemy" charge against the London paper *Gay News* in 1976. PIE spokespersons have denied several allegations made by the press in Oxley's story.

"What is there of substance in these newspaper stories? Despite the presence of an informant at our meetings they weren't able to say that porno mags were passed around or that there were exchanges about sexual exploits, or that children were present. They needed inuendo," said a PIE statement.

As the result of the stories, several PIE members who were named have been harassed in their neighbourhoods, and one man whose house was pictured in one of the articles had several windows smashed. A friend of PIE member Steve Adrian was beaten up after leaving Adrian's home and several other visitors have been threatened. A petition has been circulated among neighbours to have Adrian leave his home, and his landlord is apparently trying to have him evicted.

PIE was formed in 1975 in Edinburgh as a "campaigning self-help group which exists to promote a wider understanding and acceptance of paedophilia and the rights of young people." □

Iran officially bans homosexual activity

TEHRAN — The Iranian *Majlis* (parliament) has officially outlawed a list of moral offences including sensual kissing, homosexuality and drinking alcohol.

Under the new law passed in mid-September, first offenders can receive 100 lashes, with stricter punishment for repeat offenders. Tehran newspapers reported that persistent homosexuality will be punishable by execution.

Punishment for moral offences has

Amnesty: jailed gays still not 'prisoners of conscience'

RIMINI, ITALY — The international council of Amnesty International (AI), meeting from September 9 to 12, again defeated a motion to broaden its definition of a "prisoner of conscience" to include people imprisoned for homosexual activity.

The proposal came from the French section of AI after a two-year study of discrimination against lesbians and gay men conducted by the organization's Luxembourg section, which found widespread existence of discriminatory laws. The motion was supported by the Dutch, Indian and US sections, but was opposed by delegates from other European countries, and by Africa, Asia and Latin America.

Many sections of Amnesty's 40-nation international council, which had previously voted to support the inclusion of lesbians and gay men, withdrew their support this year. "It seemed they were trying to be more sensitive to the prob-

lems the change would cause in Third World sections," said David Hinkley, director of Amnesty's western-US section. "There was talk about cultural imperialism and that recognition of sexual orientation as a human right is a Western notion."

According to Larry Cox, deputy director of communications for the US section, those who opposed the change argued "if Amnesty were to actively oppose persecution based on sexual rights, that's not only the right to be gay, but the right to be a prostitute, or to violate adultery laws. This would significantly broaden its workload when it's overburdened already."

Hinkley said he felt the biggest barrier to the recognition of gay prisoners is the absence of international laws prohibiting anti-gay discrimination and the lack of documented cases of people imprisoned. "With all the discussion going on among gay rights organizations in the US and

Europe, it's time to have a law drafted by a committee of the general assembly. This would generate a legal basis and a mechanism to enforce non-discrimination — a committee watching out for sexual rights, like the committee on refugees. The only thing that will renew the struggle is the presentation of cases of actual flesh-and-blood persons sitting in prison. Amnesty responds to that much better than abstract arguments."

The counsel did reaffirm its 1979 commitment to adopt as prisoners of conscience people imprisoned for advocating homosexual equality or those who had been charged with homosexuality as a pretext to imprison them for political or religious beliefs. The council also added that it would oppose forced medical treatment intended to modifying sexual orientation, and called the detention of people because of their sexual preference "a violation of human rights." □

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become increasingly common since fundamentalist Moslem forces led by the Ayatollah Khomani consolidated their control on post-revolutionary Iran. Left-wing groups and newspapers have been banned and progressive sectors of the revolutionary forces, those with a more "liberal" moral attitude, have been brutally purged. There have been continuing reports of executions of prostitutes and homosexuals at the hands of Khomani's "revolutionary guards."

Ironically, the new law, based on practices in force 14 centuries ago during the time of Mohammed, may help curtail some of the ad hoc justice handed out by the guards and the Islamic courts. Sex offenders can now only be convicted if four men are brought in as witnesses. In the absence of a male witness, the courts can give equal weight to the testimony of two women. □

New mag published for Indonesian gays

JAKARTA — Indonesian gays have published the first issue of *G, gaya hidup ceria*, the country's first newspaper for lesbians and gay men.

The typeset, 16-page tabloid is written in the Indonesian language and features an introduction to Lambda Indonesia (the country's gay organization founded last March), a regular column designed to answer questions on homosexuality, a short story, poems, a contact page and national and international news.

The lead editorial is entitled "Wiping Off the Charcoal Mark on Our Forehead." "Same-sex love has been given a bad name, which we regard as an injustice. Inspired by traditions of institutionalized homosexuality in Indonesian cultures and by movements in the West, Indonesia's gays and lesbians are trying to remove the stigma imposed unwillingly upon us," says the English-language summary.

According to *G*, Amen Budiman, author of the country's first book on homosexuality, is preparing a second volume on Indonesian gay life. Apparently *The Joy of Gay Sex* is also being translated into Indonesian, notwithstanding the fact that *The Joy of Sex* (hetero) is still not available in the language. □

Lucia Valeska resigns after NGTF dispute

NEW YORK — Lucia Valeska, executive director of the National Gay Task Force (NGTF), has agreed to resign her post effective December 1, after a bitter emergency board meeting over the Labour Day weekend.

The special board meeting was called after Valeska gave the keynote speech last August at the Dallas leadership conference. Her performance was called "disastrous." "We just wanted to slide under the table in embarrassment," commented board member Bill Rogers.

Valeska had been under criticism for some time because of NGTF management problems, failure to provide organizational leadership and complaints that the NGTF was insensitive to the concerns of New York activists.

An attempt to fire Valeska at the Labour Day meeting failed when four NGTF board members declared themselves "absent" and eliminated the quorum necessary for taking action. The four board members, all women, claimed that the board's attempt to fire



Valeska: "under the table in embarrassment"

Valeska was a violation of due process and feminist principles. The fight did not take place completely along gender lines, however. The board's five-member Third World Caucus, which includes two women, unanimously called for Valeska's firing.

Valeska finally agreed to resign after further negotiations that guaranteed the continuation of her \$34,000 annual salary for six months after December 1, and other concessions.

"I'm shocked by recent events," said Dr Bruce Voeller, an NGTF founding member and former executive director. "I call on everyone at the NGTF to remember their responsibility. The board must move purposefully to end this tragic lapse in leadership and not permit it to destroy the NGTF and damage our cause." □

Teacher wins suit against Briggs & co.

SAN FRANCISCO — Larry Berner, a gay primary school teacher, won a \$10,000 judgment September 2 in his libel suit against former California Senator John Briggs and his organization, Defend our Children.

Briggs launched the now-notorious "Briggs Initiative," or Proposition 6, in 1978. The proposition sought to fire all gay teachers in California. Berner infiltrated the Briggs campaign and wrote an exposé for a local gay paper. From then on Briggs and his group began to single out Berner as an example of a gay man who shouldn't be allowed to teach, and insinuated that Berner had sex with his students.

California voters defeated Proposition 6 by a five-to-three margin, putting an end to the series of anti-gay referendums that began with Anita Bryant's successful Save Our Children campaign in Dade County, Florida.

"I filed the suit because I think it's really important for gay people to fight back whether we're attacked physically or verbally," said Berner. "Going through the legal process is so tedious and frustrating, I feel really good to have it over with and to have won." □

International camp launches new mag

BARI, ITALY — Hundreds of gay men from Italy, Germany, France, Denmark and Sweden participated in the Fourth Annual International Gay Camp in southern Italy from August 22 to September 5.

The two-week event was organized at a campground in Vieste, near Bari, by the Italian gay monthly, *Lambda*, published in Turin. The event included a press conference, a marathon, disco-

theque parties, a fashion parade, sporting activities, a masked ball, poetry readings, theatre and debates on various themes. Special areas were reserved for nude camping and sunbathing.

The camp was also used to launch a new paper, *Babilonia*, which hopes to become Italy's first nationally distributed gay monthly. The first issue, with a press run of 30,000 copies, is planned for January 1983.

The first International Camp was held in Greece in 1978 to protest anti-gay legislation then being considered by the Greek government. Subsequent camps have taken place in different parts of Italy, and the event has begun to attract photographers, journalists and television crews.

Reaction was mixed among straight campers, and some pulled up stakes to go elsewhere. After initially expressing fears that the camp might drive away regular business from the small tourist town, local entrepreneurs seemed happy with the booming business generated by the gay influx. □

MP raps Labour move at Brits' summer fest

SHEFFIELD — Labour Member of Parliament Allan Roberts told an audience of 100 at this year's "Gayfest" that he is bisexual, and went on to condemn the recent decision of the Labour Party's national executive to endorse 18 rather than 16 as the age of consent for homosexual activity.

Gayfest is an annual summer gathering of British lesbians and gays, organized around the annual conference of the Campaign for Homosexual Equality (CHE), Britain's largest gay-rights organization.

The British movement has been fighting to have the age of consent lowered from 21 to 16 years to achieve equality with heterosexuals. Roberts cautioned against an inflexible strategy. "Although you are 100 per cent right to campaign against this amendment and to lobby for 16, I don't actually believe that it's better — as some people suggest — to stay at 21 if you can't get 16 right away."

For the first time, the Labour Party is adopting a manifesto on gay rights that would prohibit discrimination on the basis of sexual orientation. But the draft under consideration, approved by the executive, does not call for full equality in age of consent; nor does it extend to the armed forces, where any homosexual activity can lead to court-martial.

Gayfest participants were enthusiastic about CHE's conference, and chairperson Mike Jarrett called it "one of the most positive for some time." CHE has been reorganizing since it decided to divide its social and political activities at last year's conference.

Delegates agreed on a "Charter for Gay Rights" to guide the group's future political activity. "Instead of bickering, there's been a far greater desire to get on with the job, to use our energy to fight the common enemy," said Jarrett.

One sour note in the festival was friction between CHE and the Gay Youth Movement (GYM), which was holding its

summer camp in Sheffield to coincide with Gayfest. CHE failed to adopt the GYM charter with its commitment to the liberation of pedophiles, and many of the young campers felt they were not accepted by older gays.

CHE did pass an emergency motion reaffirming its support for the aims of the GYM and affirming that the groups should see each other as mutually supporting and autonomous. □

ILIS, IGA postpone gay year until 1984

SHEFFIELD — The International Lesbian Information Service (ILIS) conference has agreed to postpone International Lesbian Year, originally scheduled for 1983, to 1984. This means that 1984 will become International Lesbian and Gay Year, proclaimed by the International Gay Association.

Delegates to the IGA conference in Washington last July felt there had been insufficient preparation to make 1983 an international year, and voted to postpone the celebration until 1984. Since ILIS had already proposed 1983 as international lesbian year, the decision to postpone was made contingent on the agreement of the ILIS conference held at the end of August.

ILIS members had planned to meet in Paris, but French lesbians who were to host the gathering backed out at the last minute. The conference was finally coordinated by Linda Semple, office manager of London's *Gay News*, and held to coincide with Gayfest and the annual conference of the Campaign for Homosexual Equality, held in Sheffield, England.

Some 30 women from Holland, West Germany, Finland, France, Austria, Spain, Belgium, Norway and Britain finally attended the hastily organized meeting. Workshops focused on issues of concern to lesbians and feminists, and on the structure of the organization.

The next ILIS conference will be held in Paris in the spring of 1983. □

Paraguayan police round up city's gays

ASUNCION — Police in the Paraguayan capital launched a massive round-up of gay men early in April, when more than 200 people were arrested and detained for five to fifteen days.

The pretext for the repression was the kidnapping and subsequent murder of the son of a local businessman.

One French resident reported being locked in a stifling cell measuring 15 feet by 20 feet with more than 50 others before his embassy finally obtained his release. Many prisoners were badly beaten during interrogation and were forced to reveal names of others they knew to be gay. Those named were subsequently arrested as well.

The government-controlled press played down the wave of arrests and failed to report that those detained were largely gay men, but the news spread rapidly through the community, and many potential victims escaped across the nearby Argentinian border.

Paraguay has one of the most consistently bad human rights records in South America, and there are continuing reports of atrocities committed against indigenous peoples and political prisoners. Said one mother whose son escaped to Argentina before he could be detained, "This won't be the last time." □



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**GAY
COUNSELLING
CENTRE OF
TORONTO**

We've Moved!

The Gay Counselling Centre of Toronto has a new downtown location. From now on you'll find us at

105 Carlton Street (near Jarvis)
Top floor
Toronto M5B 1M2
Telephone (416) 977-2153

The Centre's hours are:
Tuesdays, Wednesdays and Thursdays
6:30pm-9:30pm

Bulletin:

The GCCT urgently needs volunteers to work at our reception desk! If you have a few free evening hours every week, call us at 977-2153 for more information.

If you're interested in participating in the GCCT's success here are four ways you can help:

- ★ Become a member of the Centre by making a minimum \$5 contribution
- ★ Share your professional skills with the lesbian and gay community by volunteering as a counsellor
- ★ Make a (tax deductible) donation
- ★ Tell your friends & colleagues about the GCCT!

DO YOU LIVE IN TORONTO?

Then The Body Politic is right where you are. Check the list below for the location of the outlet nearest you, and get your copy of TBP hot off the press.

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- Glad Day Bookshop, 648A Yonge
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Romans II Health Spa, 742 Bay
Min-A-Mart, 557 Church
Together, 457 Church
Atalanta Variety, 368 Church
Outpost, Hotel California, 321 Jarvis
Parliament Smoke and Gift, 609 Parliament
Fairway Variety, 520 Parliament
The Manatee, 11 St Joseph
Boots at the Selby, 592 Sherbourne
The Back Door Gym, 12 1/2 Elm
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Pages Book Store, 256 Queen W
This Ain't the Rosedale Library, 110 Queen E
Lichtman's News, 34 Adelaide W
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W H Smith, Hudson's Bay Centre, Bloor & Yonge
Book Cellar, 142 Yorkville
Lovecraft, 63 Yorkville
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University Bookroom, U of T Campus
Toronto Women's Book Store, 85 Harbord
Bob Miller Book Room, 180 Bloor W
Reader's Den, 208 Bloor W
SCM Book Room, 333 Bloor W
Book City, 501 Bloor W
Bloor Discount Variety, 610 Bloor W

East

- Cambridge Tuck Shop, 50 Cambridge
Cameo Club, 95 Trinity St
Beaches Bookshop, 299 Queen E

North

- Rosedale Smoke & Gift Shop, 1118 Yonge
Lichtman's News, 1430 Yonge
Book Cellar, 1560 Yonge
The Book Nook, 2481 Yonge

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- Nu-Claire's Cigar Store, 1636 Bayview
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World News credits

Gay Community News (Boston); New York Native (New York); Philadelphia Gay News (Philadelphia); Gay Life (Chicago); The Washington Blade (Washington, DC); The Sentinel (San Francisco); Bay Area Reporter (San Francisco); The Advocate (San Mateo); Gay News (London); Gai Pied (Paris); G (Solo, Indonesia); The Village Voice (New York); WBAI (New York).

Out in the City

TBP'S GUIDE TO WHAT'S GOING ON IN TORONTO THIS MONTH

Music Andrew Zealley

□ **Heather Bishop and Charlie King.** The popular bluesy singer and guitarist from Manitoba in concert with folk singer King. Proceeds to Alliance for Non-Violent Action. Free childcare; interpreted for the hearing-impaired. Tickets \$5 (students \$4) available from SCM Bookroom (333 Bloor St W), Toronto Women's Bookstore (85 Harbord St) or DEC (427 Bloor St W). Nov 4, 8 pm. Convocation Hall, U of T. 532-6720.

□ **Anna Russell.** The arch-enemy of all that is pompous in classical vocal music returns to Toronto to demonstrate how *you too* can perform German lieder after one easy lesson! Acclaimed as "the world's funniest woman" by the *London Times*. Nov 15, 8 pm. Roy Thomson Hall (King & Simcoe). 593-4828.

□ **Spoons and TBA.** Smooth electro-pop from Burlington-based Spoons, plus opening act by TBA, celebrating the release of their debut single "Love Across the Nation." Non-stop dancing. Tickets at Record Peddler and BASS. Oct 29. Concert Hall (888 Yonge).

□ **Angel Staccato and the White Rebels.** All-woman rock band, performing as part of the Hummer Sisters' Video Cabaret. Oct 29, 10 pm. Cameron Hotel, 408 Queen St W.

□ **Liberace.** Scandal and tragedy strike "Mr Showmanship" and America's scorn is heaped upon this once-proud man, a former pillar of rectitude and decency. It's intolerable — when he pounds out *Memories Are Made of This*, it's enough to make a parrot sick. Shed a tear for one of society's victims, appearing Oct 25-31 at the O'Keefe Centre (Front & Yonge). 698-2626.

□ **Charlie Murphy.** Of his last album, *TBP* wrote that "gay male music is beginning to realize its potential." Nov. 3. U of Waterloo. For info, call Gay Liberation of Waterloo, 519-884-GLOW.

□ **Iggy Pop.** The master of primitive pop/punk delivering another sermon on complete debauchery. Renowned for his contortionistic acrobatics. Tickets at Record Peddler and BASS. Oct 28. Concert Hall (888 Yonge).

□ **Simple Minds.** Outstanding performance guaranteed by this Scottish band. The best electro/techno dance music around. Very groovy. Tickets at BASS. Nov 7. Concert Hall (888 Yonge St).



TBA: (from left) Diane Bos, Andrew Zealley, Glenn Schellenberg, Brian Skol and Glen Binmore.

TV/Radio Stephen Stuckey

□ **You Cannot Judge a Pumpkin's Happiness by the Smile Upon His Face.** A reading of a story written by Jane Rule, frequent *Body Politic* contributor and inhabitant of Galiano Island, BC. *Anthology*, CBC Radio. Oct 30, 10:10 pm.

□ **David Bowie.** In 1972 he released an album called *The Rise and Fall of Ziggy Stardust* and became a star. This hour-long programme includes material from *Ziggy* as well as a look at Bowie himself. *25 Years of Rock*, CBC Radio. Oct 30, 11:05 pm.

□ **Die Walküre.** Broadcast of Wagner's opera from San Francisco, with glorious warhorses Birgit Nilsson, Leonie Rysanek and James King. If you last three hours, you'll get to hear "The Ride of the Helicopters" from *Apocalypse Now*. *Saturday Afternoon at the*

Opera, CBC Stereo. Nov 20, 1:05 pm.

□ **Psychedelic Drugs Reconsidered.** *The Pure White Light*, second of two programmes on psychedelic drugs, looks at the role of hallucinogens in mystical experience and psychotherapy. Included will be examples of musical and literary work inspired by drugs.

Ideas Presents, CBC Radio. Oct 31, 9:05 pm.

Stage Jon Kaplan

□ **Rhubarb.** Buddies in Bad Times and Nightwood Theatre present their annual workshops of new works, many of them nontraditional theatre pieces. Each week of the three-week run features a different programme, with the first week hosted by Ský Gilbert and David Roche. Performers/writers during the run include Douglas Durand, Allan Risdill, Cheryl Cashman and Jan Kudelka. Nov 4-21, Thurs-Sun. Theatre Centre, 666 King St W. 862-0659.

□ **Green Dolphin.** A play about the "boys" in Parkdale, trapped by their environment. Opens Nov 11. Theatre Passe Muraille, 16 Ryerson Ave. 363-2416.

□ **The Anne Canada/Carole Toronto Show.** Marci Cannon as her two favourite heroines, with simultaneous video. Part of the Hummer Sisters' campaign for mayor. Oct 28. Cameron House, 408 Queen St W. 947-0901.

□ **Cullberg Ballet.** The Canadian premiere of Birgit Cullberg's justly famous Swedish company, bringing such works as *Romeo and Juliet* and *St George and the Dragon*. Nov 23-27, 8 pm. Ryerson Theatre, 43 Gerrard St E. 595-5088.

□ **Children of the Night.** Paul Ledoux's look at the aging Bela Lugosi's encounter with his most devoted fan — each is out for his own particular type of fix. Marvelous fun. Through Nov 14. Adelaide Court, 57 Adelaide St E. 363-6401.

□ **Funeral Games and The Ruffian on the Stair.** Two one-act plays by the blackly humorous Joe Orton. The first takes potshots at the church, the second is about a ludicrous crime of passion. Nov 4-7, 8:30 pm. Harbourfront Studio Theatre, 235 Queens Quay W. 869-8412.

□ **San Francisco Mime Troupe.** Political theatre by one of the most established counter-culture groups in North America. Nov

11-14, 8 pm. Harbour front, 235 Queen's Quay W. 869-8412.

□ **In the Jungle of Cities.** Chicago, 1912 — the story of a fight to the death between two men, seen through the eyes of the young Bertolt Brecht as part sexual struggle, part B-movie. Previews Nov 18, opens Nov 25; through Dec 19. Toronto Free Theatre, 26 Berkeley St. 368-7601.

□ **The Silver Veil.** A feminist spectacle by The 1982 Theatre Company, a British troupe devoted to the collision of sexual ideologies. The play, originally in Latvian, focuses on a woman's passions. Nov 23-Dec 5. Theatre Centre, 666 King St W. 862-0659.

□ **The Little Foxes.** Lillian Hellman's story of a scheming Southern family. Nov 25-Dec 11. Alumnae, 70 Berkeley St. 364-4170.

□ **Decameron.** A *commedia dell'arte* adaptation of Boccaccio's randy, erotic tales of ten travellers trying to escape the plague in 14th-century Italy. No, it's not depressing, but a work in the vein of *Canterbury Tales*. Presented by Stage and TPM Inc. Tues-Sat, 8 pm; Sun, 2:30 pm. Bathurst Street Theatre, 736 Bathurst St. 595-5088 or Ticketron.

□ **Blithe Spirit.** Noel Coward's comedy about a man's troubles with both his present living wife and his past ghostly wife. Directed by and starring Brian Bedford, with Carole Shelley and Tammy Grimes. The two women are wonderful, especially Shelley, all archness and purple body dust. Mon-Sat, 8:30 pm; Wed and Sat, 2:30 pm. Royal Alex, 260 King St W. 593-4211.

□ **Oh! Calcutta!** The world's longest-running erotic stage musical (as it bills itself). There's some female and male nudity... and even less theatrical entertainment. Mon-Thurs, 9 pm; Fri-Sat, 8 and 10:30 pm. Variety Dinner Theatre, 2335 Yonge St. 489-7777.

□ **Cabaret.** The Kander-Ebb musical, starring Jan Kudelka and Tom Kneebone. Mon-Sat, 6 pm; Wed and Sat, 12 noon (meal and show in each case). Limelight Dinner Theatre, 2026 Yonge St. 482-5200.

□ **Let My People Come.** A musical about sex, including some lesbian and gay material. Basin St Cabaret, 180 Queen St W. Mon-Thurs, 8 pm; Fri-Sat, 8 and 11 pm. 598-3013. Unlimited run.

□ **Satin Thigh.** (See review page 26.)

□ **Noon.** (See review page 26.)

Art Nicholas Jenkins

□ **Photographs of Wilhelm Von Gloeden.** First of five exhibitions on the theme "Sex and Representation." Von Gloeden's fame centres on his photographs of young and usually naked boys. Through Oct 28. A Space, 299 Queen St W, Suite 407. 595-0790.

□ **Alex Liros.** Second annual studio show of drawings, sculpture and reliefs ranging from "sweet fellows in leather and pearls" to courtroom drawings at gay trials. Opening Nov 21, 2 pm; through Nov 28, 12-8 pm. 693a Queen St W. 368-9037.

□ **Women Speak Out: Feminist Documentary Video.** A weekend of videotapes by groups pioneering new approaches in covering political actions and social issues. Represented are Vancouver's Amelia Productions (Sat, 3-5 pm), Montreal's Le Groupe d'intervention vidéo (Sat, 8-10 pm) and *Rising Up Strong* by Toronto's Lorna Weir and Linda Briskin (Sun, 3-5 pm). A panel discussion will take place Sun from 8-10 pm (panelists TBA). \$3 per screening, \$7 for all; panel discussion is free. Nov 6-7. ARC, 789 Queen St W. Info: Phyllis Waugh at 466-8840.

□ **Journeys.** Photographic images by psychiatrist Dr Joel Walker, dealing with inner emotions reflected through photography. Through Nov 24. Canadian Centre of Pho-

Children of the Night: Bela Lugosi (Richard Partington) meets Freddie the fan (Neil Clifford).





Heather Bishop: Singing "nope to the nukes" for the Alliance for Non-Violent Action, with folk singer Charlie King at Convocation Hall Nov 4.

tography, 596 Markham St. 536-5400.
 Viv Carson. Black and white character studies of women. 71 Granby St. By appointment only — 593-4413.
 Joyce Hall. An artist specializing in male nudes, including some apparently based on gay male fantasies. She's almost been closed in exhibitions in the west. Nov 13-Dec 2. Gallery Quan, 112 Scollard St.
 ART vs art: Toronto's First Repertory of Political Cabaret. Three weeks of video, performance, music and campaigning — a mass media event organized by the Hummer Sisters, running for mayorship in the upcoming election with the support of the Queen Street West arts community. Through to Nov 8 (election day). Cameron House, 408 Queen St W. Info: 947-0901.
 Jorge Zontal. Drawings by a member of the infamous General Idea. Oct 30-Nov 20. A Space, 507-299 Queen St W. 595-0790.
 Art Inspired by Music. Includes works by Jack Pollock, Richard Plowright and Toller Cranston. Through Nov 6. Saxe Gallery, 100 Simcoe St. 593-1929.
 Pamela Williams. A retrospective of black and white photographs. Through Oct 30, 11 am-1 am. Beach Street Café, 2162 Queen St E. 694-2156.

Liros (top): "Bob"; Walker: "Journeys."



Cinema Stephen Stuckey

Barbara Hammer. The lesbian-feminist filmmaker from San Francisco will be present to show and discuss a selection of her work, including her latest film, *Pond and Waterfall*. Nov 10, 8 pm. The Funnel (507 King St E). 364-7003. \$3.
 Demon Pond. Dir: Masahiro Shinoda. A fable set in 1933, starring Japan's favourite Kabuki *onnagata* (female impersonator), Tamasaburo Bando. Bando plays both a lake demoness and a gentle housewife (represented in Tomita's score by, of all things, Debussy's *The Girl With the Flaxen Hair*). Kind of like *Madama Butterfly* spliced with *Godzilla*. Carlton Cineplex (at Yonge). 396-3456.
 Recorded Live. Premiere screening of the long-awaited "music fantasy feature" about video pirates, starring Natalia Kuzmyn and bands Mama Quilla II, TBA, and Hamburger Patti and the Helpers. Nov 4, 9:30 pm, Bloor Cinema (at Bathurst). 365-1103.
 Lola. Dir: Rainer Fassbinder. A comedy set in the nifty fifties, about dubious German types engaging in various shady dealings while Lola whoops it up at the whorehouse. Cumberland Four (at Avenue Rd). 964-5078.
 Eating Raoul. Dir: Paul Bartel. The heartening story of Paul and Mary Bland, a pair of happy-go-lucky mass murderers who fatally bop sex perverts with frying pans in order to pick their pockets. Their friend Raoul then sells the still-warm stiff to a local dog food company. Generally unfunny, although the scene of hot tub genocide does bring a small, tender tear to the eye. It's too much like three hours of *Love, American Style*. Uptown (Yonge & Bloor). 922-3113.
 Jinxed. They say that Bette Midler, "America's favourite tootsie," is on a roll.... We shall see if this is so. Hollywood (Yonge & St Clair). 924-5511.
 Dressed to Kill. Angie Dickinson is slain in an elevator by her crazed knife-wielding psychotherapist, in reality an ordinary God-fearing transvestite desperately trying to scrape enough money together for a blond wig that's really good value. Supposed to be a tribute to Janet Leigh, or some such rubbish. Oct 27, 7 pm. Fox/Beaches (2236 Queen St E). 691-7330.

EATING OUT

Greg Saint Louis

Special this issue: Carlevalle's. No-attitude dining, personal attention and minimalist Italian elegance. Fresh seasonal wild mushrooms complement their own pastas and carefully selected lamb's liver. Each plate is a dramatic statement of their kitchen's special skills, from antipasto to gorgonzola. Private import wines at reasonable prices, and the staff is knowledgeable and helpful. \$40-75 for 2. 158 Avenue Rd (at Davenport) 922-4787.
 Amsterdam Café. Bargain lunches: soups, sand-

wiches and pastries. Daily specials, licence pending. 485 Church St. 968-3629.
 Barney's. Breakfast and lunch. JUST PLAIN GOOD. \$10 or less for 2. 385 Queen St W.
 Café New Orleans. See/be seen patio packed year 'round. Beer, wine, innocuous fare. Go for the view. 618 Yonge St. 922-2439.
 Crispins. Medium-priced restaurant. 64 Gerrard St E. 977-1919.
 Emilio's. Fine food/sandwich bar. Vegetarian, Italian and oriental style dishes; quality desserts. \$20-30 for 2. 127 Queen St E. 366-3354.
 Fare Exchange. Small neighbourhood café. 4 Irwin Ave. 923-5924.
 The Fat Squirrel Catering Company. Informal, reasonably priced home-cooked meals. Burger, delicatessen and outdoor barbeque menu. 18 Eastern Ave, 368-4040. 158 King St E, 861-1155. 592 Sherbourne St, 921-3142.
 Fiesta. Bright, lively hyper-trend restaurant; unusual specials. 838 Yonge St. 924-1990.
 Figaro Ristorante and Cabaret. Italian food, Las Vegas entertainment. Mixed. 21 Yorkville Ave. 923-3263.
 Jennie's. Casual restaurant with light snacks, fixed-price menu. Fully licensed. 360 Queen St E (at Parliament). 861-1461.
 Les Cavaliers. Continental menu, daily specials. 418 Church St. 977-4702.
 Lipstick. Café-bar with burgers, fixed-price menu. Video diversions, pop rock. Open to 3 or 4 am. 580 Parliament St. 922-6655.
 Major Roberts. Neighbourhood bar upstairs, dining downstairs. Inexpensive lunches; fixed-price Sunday brunch. 124 Harbord St. 968-7000.
 Metropolitan. Snappy Jetson-like space — attracts "advance guard" of fashion. Food unpredictable. Elegant bar quiet on Sunday afternoons. 667 Yonge St. 968-2571.

Mushrooms. Casual basement restaurant. Business/suburban clientele changes to show-biz and gay crowd in late eve. 49 Front St E. 368-1898.
 The Outpost (at Hotel California). Inexpensive menu. 319 Jarvis St. 925-6215.
 Pimblett's. English bistro with dinner menu. 249 Gerrard St E. 929-9525.
 Queen Mother Café. Cosy, informal place with reasonably priced soups, salads, sandwiches and desserts. 206 Queen St W. 598-4719.
 Raclette. Hearty sandwiches, lively salads, fondues and raclettes make for great group scenes. Refined liqueurs plus a truly amazing by-the-glass wine list. \$15-30 for 2. 361 Queen St W. 593-0934.
 The Rivoli. Popular soup, sandwich and dessert spot with Laotian specialities. Cabaret performance space in back room. 334 Queen St W. 596-1908.
 Le Select Bistro. Simple Parisian fare, cheap daily specials and *vins du jour*. Hot jazz/blues tapes, candlelit dinners and smart service. \$15-30 for 2. 328 Queen St W. 596-6405.
 Together. Continental menu, daily specials. 457 Church St. 923-3469.

NIGHTLIFE

Bars

The Albany Tavern. 158 King St E. 861-1155. Lounge, beverage room, dance floor with DJ, patio. Popular Sunday tea-dances.
 The Barn. 83 Granby St. 977-4702. Casual stand-up bar and disco.
 Boots (at the Selby). 592 Sherbourne St. 921-3142. Dance floor, lounge, casual dining room.
 Buddy's Backroom Bar. 370 Church St. 977-9955. Chatty, casual stand-up bar.
 Bud's (at Hotel Selby). 592 Sherbourne St. 921-1035. TV, pool, dance floor.
 Cameo Club. 95 Trinity St. 368-2824. Licensed private dance club for women. Fri and Sat only.
 Dudes. 10 Breadalbane St (laneway behind Parkside Tavern). 923-6136. Stand-up and after-hours bar and restaurant.
 Katrina's. 5 St Joseph St. 961-4740. Stand-up bar with dance floor. Open Fri and Sat to 4 am. Cover charge on weekends. Dining lounge.
 Les Cavaliers. 418 Church St. 977-4702. Piano bar popular with older men.
 The Outpost (at Hotel California). 319 Jarvis St (side entrance). 925-6215. Leather and denim crowd. Dining room, pool room.
 Parkside Tavern. 530 Yonge St. 922-3844. Bar.

Recorded Live: Rock 'n' roll fantasy film with Toronto talent, premiering Nov 4 at Bloor Cinema



Out in the City

Love on the Yonge strip

Satin Thigh by Liberty Jane Carter. Theatre Passe Muraille (16 Ryerson Ave). Tues-Sat, 8:30 pm, Sun (pay-what-you-can), 2:30 pm. Through Oct 31.

Harriet has been around. She's black, rich, sophisticated, older — we don't know how old, she's just "older." Harriet is a Yonge Street hooker. Some of her tricks are men, some are women. But tricks are just tricks and do not involve her heart: her heart belongs to Rebecca, a white teenager from the suburbs who follows her home one night.

"So how did you like it, last night?"

"I was drunk."

"I didn't ask you why you did it, I asked you how you liked it."

That's the way *Satin Thigh* works: that women love women is a given, and the universe evolves from there. The actors are fun to watch, the scenes are tightly directed and well-balanced, and the developing love-affair is captivating.

But the story is not entirely hopeful: the stage is peopled with junkies, hookers, pimps, women on welfare, and many of these people are obviously miserable. Rebecca, christened "Satin Thigh" by her lover, concentrates on emulating Harriet. She says she wants to love Harriet, to be like her, to *be* her. Harriet wants desperately to be happy, and she lets Satin Thigh, her "bit of comfort," be her happiness. But there is a danger in giving your heart: you may lose it. And Harriet does, destroying herself, and Satin Thigh, in the process.

The play has infinitely beautiful scenes of lesbian love, and none of those scenes made the audience uncomfortable — a rare thing indeed in this city. That Rebecca's selfish panegyric to her own broken heart in the final scene doesn't work is unfortunate. But, despite the despair of the play's ending, *Satin Thigh* is good — and the opportunity to see a play about women in love isn't one to miss.

Edna Barker □

Patti 'n' Sam together

Murder/Lover by Sky Gilbert. Buddies in Bad Times Theatre. Sept 10-Oct 24.

In *Murder/Lover*, Gilbert presents a facsimile of Patti Smith who suffers from terminal post-nasal drip of the libido. Smith's poem "RAPE" (gun/phallus penetration — oh, what a bang!) inspired Mr Gilbert "...to think, why would anyone fantasize about being raped with a gun (murdered?). This led me to the various ways in which people are masochistic in their personal relationships and want something negative or destructive from them, rather than positive and life-giving. This led me to the rest of Patti Smith's poetry and I wrote *Murder/Lover* to explore ways in which we all fantasize in our romantic relationships, and the destructiveness of these fantasies." Sam Shepard is also reproduced here as a strutting beer-guzzling post-beat alien, a foil to the neurotic/masochistic Patti. To further illuminate/obfuscate the central conflict, both caricatures are split into two, presumably the light and dark sides of two unnatural natures. This had the advantage of doubling an able and



Satin Thigh: Rebecca (Isabelle Mejias) learns about life and love from Harriet (Barbara Barnes).

athletic cast and the disadvantage of making the dramatic action even more of an abstraction.

The literally torturous nature of love has inspired works by such not unpoetic dramatists as Tremblay, Albee, Pinter, and even old formalists like Ibsen and Strindberg. Perhaps Gilbert felt it necessary to take a more broadly lyrical and satiric approach with his subject matter, but the almost "top 40" sensibility undermines the seriousness of his intent. Self-realization is replaced by a verbal despair, and self-indulgence replaces self-discipline. In one of the more revealing moments, a drunken Shepard assures a frenzied Smith that she need only write down her weird visions to become an artist. Thus a crazy is transformed — lunatic/poet? lover/psychotherapist? Somehow, murder does seem more romantic.

The piece works wonderfully when dramatic exegesis is forsaken altogether and the poetry/lyrics are united with John Tucker's punky percussive music. There are a couple of clever satirical sketches: Patti being interviewed as a duck on a suitably inane TV talk show; Patti and Sam reversing roles with Kate Hepburn and Spencer Tracy in *Madame Curie*. Kim Renders and Mary Hawkins as the two sides of Patti were particularly snotty and sneering — just right.

When it takes itself seriously, *Murder/Lover* slips into a very awkward cynicism. Does Thanatos defeat Eros or does Narcissus win by default? Who knows — the stage was strewn with cardboard, not flesh and blood.

Dayne Ogilvie □

Dayne Ogilvie, a Toronto writer, is reviewing for *TBP* for the first time.

Escaping the cold rain

Elena Dykewoman Reads. Toronto, Sept 14.

The basement of the 519 Church Street Community Centre is not the cosiest place to be on a cold and rainy autumn night, but the sodden jeans and sneezes went unnoticed when Elena Dykewoman (née Nachman) began her reading. The author of *They Will Know Me By My Teeth* and, more recently, *Fragments from Lesbos* opened with a song about women's bodies that made the small audience relax, sprawl out on the upright wooden chairs and share her poetry. The damp basement became warm and homey and for almost two hours the poet read poetry and short fiction that spoke of her love for women, the oppression of being both Jewish and a dyke in small-town Oregon, the self-

anger that women learn for themselves (which the world names madness), and Fat Oppression, a concern less known in Canada, but important in the world of many radical lesbian organizations.

While most readings tend to be rather stilted PR affairs, this poet was skilled in bringing the audience into the circle of her language and was both healing and truthful. Despite the embarrassingly tiny group, this lesbian-only event sponsored by the newly formed Wise Blood Collective proves that there is still a need for women's culture in this city. I hope Wise Blood will bring us more of what we need to hear.

Joy Parks □

Lust at lunchtime

Noon by Terrence McNally. Solar Stage, First Canadian Place. 368-5135. To Oct 29.

Solar Stage's current offering is a bouncily improbable play about a clock-tower full of classified advertisers and respondents come to indulge in their various inclinations. The unusual time (12:12 and 1:11 workday afternoons) and audience (office workers chewing on their lunches) contribute to the pleasant air of unlikelihood that surrounds the production.

The prime mover behind the plot is a man (probably, but possibly a woman) named Dale, who has arranged with a menagerie of people contacted through classified ads to meet at noon in the deserted top room of a clock tower. The correspondents arrive: a closeted gay man looking for a quickie; a virginal straight man looking for love and poetry; a bored suburbanite, inflamed by the porn her "liberal" husband wants her to read, looking for raunch; and a leather-clad upper-middle-class Oakville couple looking for a slave. Dale him(herself) doesn't arrive in the flesh, only making a short telephone appearance late in the play (and what a telephone is doing in such a strange place is only one of the many questions about the plot better left unasked).

Look closely at the above cast of characters and you will note that *no one* wants what any of the others has to offer; it's a kaleidoscope of sexual colours, no two of which match. And the play's message, if I can be pardoned for using so heavy-handed a term on such light material, is that we should acknowledge and respect the differences. There's no put-down, and no condescension — not a minor accomplishment for a play about sexual perverts that is running in a bank building at Bay and King.

Gerry Oxford □

Bars

continued from page 25

- dining room and men's beverage room.
- **The Quest**. 665 Yonge St. 964-8641. Bar, dining room and upstairs disco.
- **The Rendezvous**. 18 Eastern Ave. 368-4040. A brand new women's bar (formerly the male leather 18 East). A stone's throw from Cameo Club.
- **St Charles Tavern**. 488 Yonge St. 925-5517. City's landmark straight-owned gay bar.
- **Together**. 457 Church St. 923-3469. Bar, dining room. Comfortable space for women.

Baths

- **The Backdoor Gym and Sauna**. 12 1/2 Elm St (laneway west of Yonge St 2 blocks south of Gerard St). 977-5997. 24 hours.
- **The Barracks**. 56 Widmer St. 593-0499. Leather and denim. 6 pm to 4 am during week; 24 hours on weekends.
- **The Club**. 231 Mutual St. 977-4629. 24 hours.
- **The Roman's Health and Recreation Spa**. 742 Bay St. 598-2110. 24 hours.

Discos

- **Charly's**. 488 Yonge St, upstairs. 925-5517. Men only. Fri and Sat, 10 pm to 3:30 am.
- **Manatee**. 11A St Joseph St. 922-1898. Men only. Fri, Sat and Sun.
- **Stages**. 530 Yonge St. 928-0492. Mixed. Fri and Sat 12 to 5 am, Sun 10:30 pm-4 am.

Accommodation

- **Catnaps Guesthouse**. 246 Sherbourne St. 968-2323. Fifteen rooms, TV lounge, pool table and game room, laundry and kitchen facilities, sundeck. One or two people: \$20.
- **18 East Hotel**. 18 Eastern Ave. 368-4040. Renovated older hotel with bar and dining room. 22 rooms, TV lounge. One or two people: \$20.
- **Hotel California**. 319 Jarvis St. 925-6215. Renovated, opening Nov 1. 47 rooms, private washrooms, lounge. Bar and dining room. \$35 single, special weekend rates.
- **The Selby Hotel**. 592 Sherbourne St. 921-3142. Victorian-style hotel; bar, dining room. 72 rooms, private baths. No housekeeping. One person: \$23.50; two people: \$29.50.

COMMUNITY

- **Toronto Gay Community Council**. 730 Bathurst St. M5S 2R4. Umbrella organization of Toronto lesbian and gay groups. Forum for sharing information and discussing political strategies.
- **Toronto Lesbian Network**. Monthly meeting for informal exchange of information; purpose of group still evolving. Info: Debbie at 964-7477.

Social/political action

- **Bridges**. Drawer D062, c/o TBP, Box 7289, Stn A, M5W 1X9. Call Lucho Carillo (533-8545 or 537-6085) or Michael Riordon (922-0735). Group connecting lesbian, gay and third world liberation struggles.
- **Chutzpah**. 730 Bathurst St. M5S 2R4. Group for Jewish gay men and lesbians and friends.

continued on page 30

Noon: a fruitless seduction, at Solar Stage



TORONTO'S LOWER EAST SIDE

The Albany



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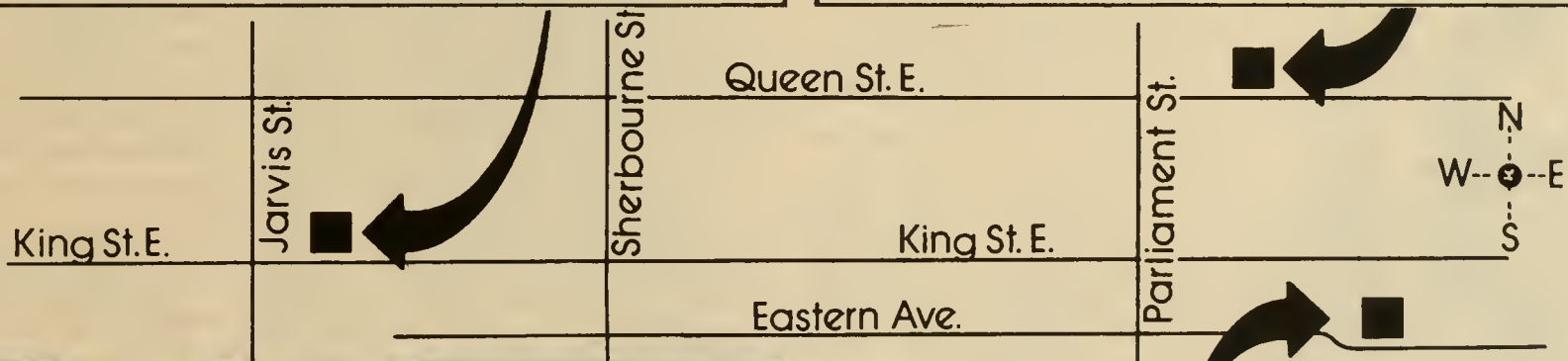
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PULL-OUT AND PUT-UP CALENDAR OF EVENTS IN TORONTO

Body Politic

Wed/Oct 27

- Toronto Gay Community Council.** Community forum for sharing information and debating important issues. 519 Church St, 7:30 pm. Info: 923-GAYS, or leave messages at CGRO, 533-6824.
- Dressed to Kill.** See *Cinema*.

Thurs/Oct 28

- Toronto Lesbian Network.** Informal exchange of info; purpose of group still evolving. Feminist Party of Canada Headquarters, 175 Carlton St, 7:30 pm. Come out for a social meeting.
- Gay Equality Mississauga.** Coffee night with newcomers at 8 pm, Unitarian Hall, 84 South Service Rd, Port Credit.
- Iggy Pop.** See *Music*.

Fri/Oct 29

- TAG Friday Night Group.** Evening of discussion for lesbians and gay men. 519 Church St, 8 pm. Coming out group, open discussion group, women's only group and special topic group meet simultaneously. Info: 964-6600. Topic: Is homosexuality still an issue in civic elections?
- Sylvester's Gala Hallowe'en Disco Masquerade Party** with Sylvester ("Do Ya Wanna Funk?") and rock bands Mannequin and Osiris. \$500 and \$300 prizes for costumes. Mixed. 8:30 pm to early morning. St Lawrence Market, 192 Front St. Tickets \$15 advance, \$17.50 at door, available at Return to Sender (628 Yonge), all BASS outlets, or by Visa/Mastercharge at 698-2277.
- Law Union of Ontario Annual Conference.** Panels on strikebreakers, police priorities, litigation as a political tool. Registration fee adjusted to income. Info: 593-0611. Through Oct 30 at Hart House, U of T.
- Angel Staccato.** See *Music*.
- Judy Garland Memorial Bowling League** boards a 747 rainbow for a tournament in Washington, DC. Consolation prize: a tour of Ronald Reagan's brain for two.
- Gay Equality Mississauga.** Hallowe'en dance, Unitarian Hall, 84 South Service Rd, Port Credit, 8:30 pm. Costumes and prizes. Info: Gayline West, 453-GGCO.
- The Parachute Club.** A rape-consciousness benefit concert with Lorraine Segato's new band, to help pay legal fees for two women charged with painting anti-rape messages on Toronto's sidewalks. Tickets \$5 at door, \$4 advance from Toronto Women's Bookstore and several other locations — call 534-1682 for more info. Horseshoe Tavern (368 Queen St W), 9 pm.
- Spoons and TBA.** See *Music*.

Sat/Oct 30

- MCC Hallowe'en Dance.** 730 Bathurst St, 9 pm. Cash bar, buffet.
- Full Moon Madness.** A Hallowe'en concert and costume ball at The Concert Hall, 888 Yonge St; doors open at 7:30 pm. Music by Taras and KLO; dance performance by the Len Gibson Inner City Dance Company; stage performance by Lywood and Co. Prizes for costumes: return airfare for two to the '83 Trinidad and Tobago Carnival; \$300; \$150. Tickets \$15 at door, \$13 advance from outlets listed in this issue's ad. Reservations 922-3761. Not a gay/lesbian event, but the organizers plan a mixed atmosphere benign to our presence and visibility.
- You Cannot Judge a Pumpkin.** See *TV/Radio*.
- Toronto Rape Crisis Centre Dance.** Come as you are or want to be. Pauline McGibbon Centre, 76 Lombard, 9 pm. \$4. DJ: Debbie.
- "Night Howl."** CGSL Hallowe'en Party at the Albany. Costumes only; will feature some of the extravagant creations of Stephen Searle. \$6.
- Hallowe'en Dance.** "Come as you were or want to be" — dresses optional. Sponsored by the Rape Crisis Centre. Women only. 9 pm, location TBA. Info: 964-7477.
- "Refuse the Cruise" Rally in Ottawa.** GLARE is chartering a bus to join the rally protesting Canadian testing and parts pro-

Trouble with the Police?

Phone 960-6318. 24-hour hotline. Confidentiality guaranteed. Citizens' Independent Review of Police Activities (CIRPA). Call us first!

duction of American cruise missiles. Leaving early morning, returning Sun; accommodation available. Tickets \$35 from Glad Day. Info: Gary at 653-4939. A women's contingent is also participating: call 923-4215.

Nine to Five. Boots (at the Selby) invites you to join hosts Rita, Tracy and Honey for a special Hallowe'en celebration. Punch in at 9 and be prepared to work overtime. Lunch will be served at 12; costume prizes.

Hallowe'en Party at Bud's (at the Selby). Costume parade at midnight with prizes; pumpkin-carving contest. DJ and special guest "Night Hawk."

WEDNESDAY
OCTOBER 27
TO
TUESDAY
NOVEMBER 30

Lesbian Herstory: slide show November 5



MONDAYS

- The Women's Group.** Collectively run support and consciousness-raising group for lesbians. 519 Church St, 8-10 pm. Contact Raechel (926-0527).
- Judy Garland Memorial Bowling League.** 9 pm. For info, ask at Buddies, 18 East, Dudes, Boots or the Albany.
- Lesbian/Lesbienne: the National Lesbian Newsletter.** Meetings at 7:30 pm. Contact Kerry for more info: 367-0589. All lesbians welcome.
- Ryerson Lesbian and Gay Men.** Meetings at 5 pm. Info on location: Ryerson Gayline, 593-4020.

- David Bowie.** See *TV/Radio*.
- Jorge Zontal.** See *Art*.

Sun/Oct 31

- Dignity/Toronto.** Father David M Stanley, a member of the Papal Commission on Ordination of Women who resigned in protest over Pope Paul VI's opposition to their majority decision supporting ordination of women, will speak on "Women in the Church." See *Sundays*.
- Psychedelic Drugs.** See *TV/Radio*.
- Gay Amateur Sport Association.** Deadline to register for the broomball season running from mid-Nov through Feb. 921-2647.

Mon/Nov 1

- TBP Fisting Trial.** For those of you (and us) tired of that old "Men loving boys loving men" case, here's a brand new one.... Charged with obscenity for printing "Lust with a very proper stranger" are the nine members of the *Body Politic* collective. Call 977-6320 for time and place of trial.

Tues, Nov 2

- Women's Cultural Building.** General meeting, 24 Ryerson Ave, 7:30 pm. Beginning to plan Feb 1983 festival, "Building Women's Culture."
- Integrity (Gay Anglicans).** Requiem Eucharist for All Souls' Day. Rev Gregory Lee, celebrant, Rev David Neelands, preacher. See *Tuesdays*.
- Gay Self-Defence Group.** New eight-week course starts at 7 pm. Cost: \$45. Info and registration: 423-4803.
- Gay Equality Mississauga.** General meeting at 8 pm. Unitarian Hall, 84 South Service Rd, Port Credit.

Wed/Nov 3

- Gay Men's Discussion Group at U of T.** Introductory meeting, 7 pm, North Sitting Room, Hart House. Other groups will start later in the year. Sponsored by U of T Sex Ed Centre. Info: 978-3977.
- Lesbian Phonline Collective.** Monthly meeting. 348 College St, 3rd floor, 7 pm. Business and general meeting. Interested women and prospective members welcome. For more info, call 960-3249 Tues evenings.
- Charlie Murphy.** See *Music*.
- Training Session for Litton Protest.** See *Nov 11*.

Thurs/Nov 4

- Gay Fathers of Toronto.** General discussion meeting, 8 pm. Further info: 967-0430 or 967-4203.
- Recorded Live.** See *Cinema*.
- Marie-Claire Blais Reads.** The Quebecoise lesbian author of *Nights in the Underground* reads at U of T Bookroom, 63A St George St. 978-7088.
- Take Back the Night March.** Route not definite: up through Queen's Park and around Victoria University. 8 pm, all welcome. Followed by:
- Women's Dance.** Recorded music. Licensed, childcare provided; admission \$2. GSU gym, 16 Bancroft Ave, U of T, 9:30 pm.
- Rhubarb.** See *Stage*.
- Gay Equality Mississauga.** Coffee night for newcomers at Four Corners Public Library in Brampton, 8 pm. Info: Gayline West, 453-GGCO.
- Funeral Games and The Ruffian on the Stair.** See *Stage*.
- Heather Bishop.** See *Music*.

Fri/Nov 5

- Finding Lesbian Herstory.** A slide show with Frances Rooney at MCC, 730 Bathurst St. 7:30 pm, women only; 9 pm, all welcome. \$4 in advance (Toronto Women's Bookstore, Glad Day Books, or phone 487-8534), \$4.50 at door.
- Gays and Lesbians at U of T.** Coffee house at the International Student Centre, 33 St George St. 7:30 pm, but time still unconfirmed. Call Alexandra at 924-6474.

TUESDAYS

- Lesbians Against the Right.** 7:30 pm. Location: 964-7477. Nov 2 and 16.
- Integrity (Gay Anglicans).** Church of the Redeemer, Avenue Rd at Bloor. 8 pm.
- Lesbian and Gay Youth Toronto.** 7:30 pm. 519 Church St.



Opera buffa: comedienne Anna Russell tackles the classics at Roy Thomson Hall November 15

Sat/Nov 6

- **Rock Against Racism** with L'étranger, Leroy Sibbles, and The Government. Benefit for Toronto Disarmament Network. Tickets from Record Peddler (115 Queen St E) and other locations. St Lawrence Market North (Front & Jarvis). Terry at 537-5448.
- **Women Speak Out.** See Art.

Sun/Nov 7

- **Out and Out Day Hike.** About five hours on the Bruce Trail in the Dundas area, south-west of Toronto. Confirm attendance by Nov 5 by calling 927-0970. Bring lunch and warm clothing to York Mills subway, southernmost exit, at 10 am. Members only.
- **Lesbian Mothers' Defence Fund.** Potluck brunch, 1-4 pm. Share food, friendship and thoughts on raising children. Info on location: 465-6822.
- **Toronto Rainbow Alliance of the Deaf.** 730 Bathurst St, 1 pm.
- **Simple Minds.** See Music.

Mon/Nov 8

- **Exercise Your Franchise.** Today's Toronto municipal elections offer a panoply of candidates ranging from the gay-positive to the ravingly homophobic. Do something about it.
- **Toronto Lambda Business Council.** General meeting open to the public. 7:30 pm at Lipstick (Parliament St).

Tues/Nov 9

- **Integrity (Gay Anglicans).** Pontifical Eucharist with Bishop Arthur Brown. Dia-

Be one of 1,001

The Gay Community Appeal's 1982-83 campaign, **Campaign 1001**, has been launched. Attend a "Support Our Selves" fundraising evening, or better yet, revitalize your social life by hosting one, complete with the Appeal's new audio-visual presentation, "Building a Strong Foundation," on the history of the Toronto lesbian and gay community. Call 869-3036 and leave a message.

WEDNESDAYS

- **Metropolitan Community Church.** Midweek services. 730 Bathurst St. Wheelchair accessible, amplified for the hearing-impaired.
- **Lutherans Concerned/Toronto.** 8 pm in a member's home. Call James or David at 463-7354 for info on location. Nov 3 and 17.
- **No-Name Café.** For people who want an alternative to the bar scene. A place to relax, with coffee, tea and conversation. 519 Church St, 8-10 pm.
- **Toronto Addicted Women's Self-Help Network.** Self-help group for women addicted to alcohol and other drugs. Central Neighbourhood House. 349 Ontario St, 7 pm. Info: 961-7319.
- **International Women's Day Committee.** 7:30 pm. Info: 789-4541.

THURSDAYS

- **Canadian Gay Archives.** Open for research and tours, 7-10 pm, 24 Duncan St, fifth floor. Info: 977-6320.
- **Gay Alliance at York.** Ross Bldg, faculty lounge (S-869).
- **TAG Coming Out Group.** Weekly meeting in a private home. Supportive atmosphere for people coming to terms with their sexuality. 8 pm. Info: 964-6600.
- **Judy Garland Memorial Bowling League.** 9:30 pm. For info, ask at Buddies, 18 East, Dudes, Boots or the Albany.
- **Women Against Violence Against Women (WAVAW).** 519 Church St, 7:30 pm. Nov 4 and 18.

Gays. Regular meeting, 519 Church St, 8 pm. Info: 244-2105.

□ **Toronto Organization of United Church Homosexuals.** 7:30 pm. Location: call 466-1713.

Wed/Nov 17

□ **The Outpost Goes South.** Door prize: trip for two to Florida.

Thurs/Nov 18

□ **Out and Out Annual Meeting and Banquet.** Election of new officers and ratification of constitution. 519 Church St, 6 pm. Banquet follows at Crispins: \$25 includes wine and door prizes.

□ **Gay Equality Mississauga.** Coffee night with newcomers. Youth, women, married men welcome. Unitarian Hall, 84 South Service Rd, Port Credit, 8 pm. Info: Gayline West, 453-GGCO.

□ **Gay Fathers of Toronto.** Discussion of legal issues of separation, access and custody. 8 pm, 519 Church St, Rm 34. Further info: 967-0430 or 967-4203.

□ **Lesbian and Gay Academic Society.** "Snow White and Rose Green, or Some Notes on Racism, Sexism and the Craft of Writing." Suniti Namjoshi, Associate Prof of English, U of T. Rhodes Room, Trinity College, Hoskin Ave, U of T. 8 pm.

Fri/Nov 19

□ **Gay Equality Mississauga.** Licenced dance. 8:30 pm at Unitarian Hall, 84 South Service Rd, Port Credit. Info: Gayline West, 453-GGCO.

Sat/Nov 20

□ **Lanyards Millionaires Night.** Casino; proceeds to Tri-Aid Charitable Foundation. 519 Church St Community Centre, 6 pm-2 am.

□ **U of T Dance.** \$4 at the door. 9 pm-1 am at the Buttery, Devonshire Place. Sponsored by Gays and Lesbians at U of T.

□ **"Fall Frolic" Dance.** Gay and lesbian dance at Ryerson Polytechnical. Oakham House dining room (Church and Gould). \$3 at door. Info: 593-4030.

□ **Die Walküre.** See TV/Radio.

Sun/Nov 21

□ **Dignity.** Eighth anniversary Mass, potluck supper. See Sundays.

□ **Alex Liros.** See Art.

Demon Pond: with female impersonator Bando



Phone counselling lines

- **Gaycare Toronto:** 368-8696. Seven days a week, 7-11 pm
- **Lesbian Helpline:** 960-3249. Tues 7:30-10:30 pm.
- **Lesbian and Gay Youth Toronto:** 533-2867. Mon, Wed, Fri, Sat, 7-10:30 pm.
- **Spouses of Gays:** 967-0597. Wed and Thurs 6:30-8:30 pm
- **Toronto Area Gays (TAG):** 964-6600. Mon-Sat 7-10:30 pm. Counselling and info

Mon/Nov 22

□ **Sexuality Awareness Week at U of T** begins. Sponsored by U of T Sex Ed Centre. "You and Your Sexuality" forums, films, speakers. Through Nov 26. Info: 978-3977.

Tues/Nov 23

□ **Cullberg Ballet.** See Stage.

□ **The Silver Veil.** See Stage.

□ **Integrity (Gay Anglicans).** Evensong; programme and preacher TBA. See Tuesdays.

Wed/Nov 24

□ **Toronto Gay Community Council.** Community forum for sharing information and debating important issues. 519 Church St, 7:30 pm. Info: 923-GAYS. Messages may be left at CGRO, 533-6824.

Thurs/Nov 25

□ **In the Jungle of Cities.** See Stage.

□ **The Little Foxes.** See Stage.

□ **Judy Garland Memorial Bowling League** rolls its balls to the tournament in Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

□ **Gays in Health Care.** Annual general meeting: annual report, election of officers. 519 Church St, 8:30 pm.

□ **Toronto Lesbian Network.** Informal exchange of info; purpose of the group still evolving. Feminist Party of Canada Headquarters, 175 Carlton St, 7:30 pm. Come out for a social meeting.

□ **Sex and Laughter at Innis Town Hall.** Humorous, thought-provoking entertainment conceived as the highlight of Sexuality Awareness Week at U of T. St George St at Sussex Ave, 7:30 pm. Info: 978-3977.

Fri/Nov 26

□ **TAG Friday Night Group.** 519 Church St, 8 pm. See Oct 29. Info: 964-6600.

□ **Gays and Lesbians at U of T.** Tour of *TBP* and the Canadian Gay Archives. Meet at International Student Centre, 33 St George St, 7 pm.

Tues/Nov 30

□ **Integrity (Gay Anglicans).** Eucharist (diocesan prayer book rite). Celebrant Rev David Neelands. Programme TBA. See Tuesdays.

SEND ALL INFORMATION TO
OUT IN THE CITY, THE BODY POLITIC,
BOX 7289, STN A, TORONTO M5W 1X9
DEADLINE FOR THE DECEMBER ISSUE:
WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 10
FOR MORE UP-TO-DATE INFO, CALL
923-GAYS

WEEKENDS

Fridays

- **Gays and Lesbians at the University of Toronto (GLAUT).** International Student Centre, 33 St George St, 7:30 pm.
- **Riverdale Volleyball League.** For info, ask at the gay-owned bars.

Saturdays

- **Gay Amateur Sport Association.** Flag football scrub games at noon at Riverdale Park. Through Nov 13.
- **Gay Asians of Toronto.** 519 Church St, 2 pm. Nov 13 and 27.
- **Lesbian and Gay Youth Toronto.** Informal coming out group, 2-5 pm, 519 Church St.

Sundays

- **Dignity/Toronto.** Worship followed by discussion meeting. Our Lady of Lourdes Church, Sherbourne St, 4 pm. Info: 960-3997.
- **Metropolitan Community Church.** Regular Sunday services. Singspiration at 7:10, worship at 7:30 and fellowship following. 730 Bathurst St. Wheelchair accessible, amplified for the hearing-impaired.
- **Alcoholics Anonymous.** High Noon Gay/Lesbian Group. 12 noon, 730 Bathurst St. Speaker. Meeting open to all.

STAMPEDED BY FEAR,
WE FORGET WE CAN
CHOOSE HOW TO DEAL
WITH ILLNESS
AND DEATH

●
MICHAEL LYNCH
REFLECTS ON HOW
ONE GAY MAN AND AN
ENTIRE GAY MALE
COMMUNITY ARE
MAKING THE MOST
CRITICAL CHOICES OF
THEIR LIVES

Living with Kaposi's

1

During the last sixteen months, American gay men have suffered their roughest communal turbulence since the Anita Bryant assaults of 1977. The occasion has been medical: the appearance of an old form of cancer, Kaposi's Sarcoma, in new populations and breakdowns in the immune systems of a number of self-identified gay men. One part of this turbulence has been christened with many names, the *least* sensationalizing of which is "crisis," particularly in the phrase "gay men's health crisis."

I have followed these developments with growing unease. Probably all of us have. Who could ignore the headlines in the American press, gay and straight? Who doesn't know, or know of (this important distinction blurs in times of "crisis"), someone who has become a medical statistic? The illnesses, deaths and the uncertain prognoses of my gay brothers grieve me deeply. They grieve us all. But my unease comes from another base than grief. I suspect that our response to this "health crisis" has involved a communal self-betrayal of gargantuan proportions and historical significance. Have we wielded, ourselves upon ourselves, a major setback in the cause of what we used to call gay liberation?

Another crisis coexists with the medical one. It has gone largely unexamined, even by the gay press. Like helpless mice we have peremptorily, almost inexplicably, relinquished the one power we so long fought for in constructing our modern gay community: the power to determine our own identity. And to whom have we relinquished it? The very authority we wrested it from in a struggle that occupied us for more than a hundred years: the medical profession.

My New York friend Fred has lived with Kaposi's for over a year now. He, his lover Bruce, his close friend Michael, and his parents graciously gave me the interviews which inform the first part of this article. But it is not just individuals who live with Kaposi's and the whole barely charted field of what is now being referred to as AIDS — Acquired Immune Deficiency Syndrome. The modern gay community must live with it too, and the second part of this article will monitor that communal life through, especially, its media, placing our communal relation to illness in a historical context.

But first, let me introduce you to Fred and his circle by taking you back to the day

most people remember as the beginning of the thing: 3 July 1981, the muggy first day of a crazy holiday weekend on Manhattan and at Fire Island.

The cabin cruisers in the harbour at Fire Island Pines were as tackily decorated as ever for the Fourth, with red-white-and-blue balloons, streamers, bunting, and even christmas tree lights. Some big private parties were planned, one of them with a "Cowboys" theme. "Don't Stop the Train" was establishing itself as the hit of the summer, and people were joking that God in Heaven (sometimes confused with DJ Sharon White in the Pavilion's sound booth) must be hearing it as a repeated supplication, "Don't Stop the Rain." Because rain it did. Only a few breaks in the clouds allowed time on the beach; men booted and spurred for the Cowboys party got their denim and flannels wet. My friend Fred was in his third season at the Pines, sharing a house with seven others including two particularly good friends, a couple.

On that moist Friday, the *New York Times* ran a story headlined, "Rare Cancer Seen in 41 Homosexuals." Most cases, according to the article, "involved homosexual men who have had multiple and frequent sexual encounters with different partners, as many as ten sexual encounters each night up to four times a week." (Read that carefully to spot the lurid misreading allowed by "most," "as many as," and "up to.") Speculation on precipitating factors included recreational drug use (LSD or amyl nitrite), drugs prescribed for treating parasitic infections and, of course, promiscuity. Dr James Curran, of the federal government's Centers for Disease Control, "said there was no apparent danger to nonhomosexuals from contagion," but there was a possibility that homosexuals might catch it from each other.

During the weekend, Fred and his friends discussed the article several times. The couple had a friend, John, who had been diagnosed with Kaposi's some time before, and what struck them now was that this was the first time it had been linked with his sexuality. "It was like reading about a disease you think you'll never get," Fred recalls. "On the train back to the city Monday night I was sitting beside a man whose lover had died of KS. This bothered me because I knew the man and because he was young — not because of the gay connection. It still wasn't gay, gay, gay. What scared the shit out of me was just the fact that this young person, someone my own age, had died of cancer. All we could talk about was that there seemed to be no answers to anything about it. No cures. These people were just suffering."

Born in New York City thirty-four years before, Fred had grown up on Long Island and left the area only to take his BA at the University of Cincinnati and then spend a year and a half in law school in Chicago. At twenty-five he returned to New York, first living with his parents in suburbia, but then moving into Manhattan where, for the first time, he was able to lead a fairly open gay life. For three years he lived with a lover on the Upper East Side, gradually — but only gradually — becoming aware of

the bars and disco culture. "We stayed to ourselves," he says. Even during the mid-Seventies he was oblivious to gay political activities. "Except for one friend, we were isolated homebodies. It wasn't until I moved downtown to Ninth Avenue that I became aware that gay men were being suppressed and had certain rights." Still, today, he doesn't define himself as political. "I don't deny my gayness, but I'm not political." He has made contributions to gay groups, but is member of none, and would not support a politician, gay or straight, "simply on a gay issue."

During the three seasons on the Island, Fred was moderate in the amount of sex he had and drugs he took, being very concerned with fitness and good health. He certainly did not recognize himself as a heavy druggie who'd taxed his system having sex with ten men each night four times a week.

On that same weekend, several boardwalks away, a man named Bruce read the *Times* article and discussed it with his housemates. More political than Fred, whom he did not know at the time, "and definitely more heterophobic," Bruce's reaction was to think, "wait till the Moral Majority gets hold of this!" He vaguely recalled that the MM had made a statement that homosexuality was a cancer on society. "I was really pissed off with the sensationalism in the *Times*," he recalls, "but by the end of the weekend I was pissed off with the attitude of the gay people talking about it. All of a sudden, everyone was going to get it! The whole conversation on the beach was about 'gay cancer,' even though the *Times* had not used that phrase."

On the following weekend, he remembers, he was really shocked. "Some guys had erected a soapbox on the boardwalk, collecting donations for 'gay cancer.' It was surreal — the linking of the words 'gay' and 'cancer' was something we were doing, and I feared what the society would do with that." Bruce was repelled by the continuing presence of the "soapbox" and its programme, which he calls "cocktails for cancer." "Everyone was acting out of a gut reaction, without thinking," he felt. "Something was wrong, yes, and there may be a connection between being gay and getting the cancer, but no one knew that for sure." He thought the connection inspired fear, and he thought the strategy mindless: "the whole reaction was one of 'let's have a bake sale' — yet where was the money they were raising to go?"

These two reactions — one of puzzled fear, the other of fearful anger — lingered over the following weeks. Back in the city, Fred was working as a designer of children's clothes in the midtown garment industry, and Bruce was making his career with a major Manhattan bank.

Their paths finally crossed two weeks after the *Times* article on what Bruce called the most exhilarating day of his life. Six years younger than Fred, with black curly hair instead of Fred's red shock, Bruce had grown up in the New Jersey suburbs. He left, like Fred, for college in the midwest, at the University of Kansas. Then, like Fred, he returned to New York for work: first in the theatre, then with a major corporation, and finally with the bank. "To my surprise, I was enjoying my work there," he says. "It was like continuing my acting career. I just had a role to play every day, with a certain way of moving and a certain costume. It was going really well. When in 1981 I took a share in a house on the Island for the first time, I felt that everything was going perfect. I wanted dates and affairs, not to settle down, but I wanted the affairs to be more than sexual." The summer had been going just so, and on Friday the seventeenth of July it seemed ready to peak.

"I remember that day from eleven in the morning until six-thirty that evening. It was the first weekend of my vacation. I went in for half a day's work, casually dressed in khaki pants, a sports jacket instead of a suit, carrying my duffel bag. I left the office by cab and went straight to the Island. Even splurged on the seaplane. Flying over the bay, I was looking forward to getting to the house with no one there but myself, to going down to the beach alone, to playing with the dogs.

"I was walking down the boardwalk and this guy comes out — all I saw was red and orange: red hair, orange stripes in the swimsuit. *Real* cute. He turned around." And so they met.

Telling me this nine months later in their apartment, Bruce's voice begins to tremble. "Can we do this alone?" he asks. Fred agrees. After he leaves, Bruce recovers his voice. "I realized the part I was coming to," he tells me. "What I remember most about that meeting..." he pauses, "is the sparkle in his eye. I can deal with most of it now, the hair going, the tits going, the face being drawn and tired. *But I do miss that sparkle.*" Another silence in the room. "It's real strange," he continues, "I remember all these details — at first, I didn't even see his face — but I remember best the sparkle. Yeah, that's what it was, that's what's missing now."

Bruce and Fred were barely separable for the rest of the season. In the city during the week they dated, and on the weekends they danced, sunned, and brunched together as happy new Island couples are wont to do. When they moved back to Manhattan at the end of the season, Bruce moved into Fred's apartment with him. "The best thing about Fred at that time was that I could be with him without being

FRED: "IT SEEMED TERRIBLE — I MEAN, CANCER TO ME RELATES TO DEATH. THAT'S ALL I'VE EVER HEARD OF CANCER."

dumbfounded. Finally all I wanted to do was one thing — I wanted to cry. And I could not cry." He went home immediately. "I told Bruce right away, and the two of us broke down and cried together. It seemed terrible — I mean, cancer to me relates to death. That's all I've ever heard of cancer. I didn't know what was really the case, or just how bad I was."

Within a few days, Fred was in the office of Dr Linda Laubenstein, the specialist who would guide his treatment, educate him to the day-by-day research findings in KS and AIDS, and support him throughout his long ordeal. She began a period of extensive testing, which involved three days in the new cooperative care facilities of New York University Hospital on First Avenue. It was soon clear that Fred's general immunity system had broken down.

Affiliated with the hospital, the "co-op" is not itself a nursing unit but rather like an attached Howard Johnson's. A patient checks in with his "care partner," and together they keep regular check on his progress. Although the care partner is usually a parent or spouse, Bruce was able to check in with Fred. Together they could go over to the hospital for the tests, together they could take the elevator to the top floor and eat in a cafeteria overlooking the East River. In short, during this period Bruce and Fred were establishing themselves as a gay couple to the straights in the hospital. Fred's condition was serious though not dire. He had no skin lesions, and it appeared that the cancer was restricted to his ears and his lymph system. He began chemotherapy right away.

Initially the chemo routine was boringly predictable. Once a month, for three days in a row, Fred would go to Dr Laubenstein's office for half an hour and take the chemicals intravenously. He came to expect a slight nausea just afterwards that lasted for a couple of days, and then, as regular as clockwork, his white bloodcell count would drop drastically one and a half to two weeks later. During this period, he would experience enormous fatigue and increased susceptibility to ordinary infections such as colds. In the final week before the next treatment, he could expect to feel strong and well. He lost weight, of course. He lost that brilliant red hair that so lingered in Bruce's mind from their first meeting.

The ten-treatment sequence would have been routine except for the occurrence of one of the diseases that commonly afflicts AIDS patients: pneumocystic pneumonia, or PCP. That put him in the hospital proper for two weeks and required painful daily shots in his legs. Afterwards, he returned to the co-op and his original medication. But the first pill provoked an allergic reaction throughout his body — 104° of fever and swelling all over. "My body was one big hive, head to toe," he says. "They feared my skin would have burn marks all over it as a result, but it didn't — eventually even the redness went away." Selma, his mother, was very frightened and wanted him back in the hospital. Bruce said no. Dr Laubenstein also said no, on the basis — or so his parents now speculate — that it would have been too depressing for him to find himself back in the hospital, where Bruce could not share his room and care for him.

"It was when he had that allergic reaction and was one immense hive that Fred first cried in our presence," Selma and Roger told me. "He was frightened, too, and kept saying 'I don't want to be sick, I don't want to be sick.' He'd thought he was doing so well. This thing is so unpredictable you never know what it will be the next day."

Selma and Roger, both sixty-two, have experienced several major life changes in the past year. Fred locates them in the upper middle class. While he was growing up, his father was a printer and his mother a housewife. "We had a good childhood," he

closed off to everyone else," Bruce says. But there were problems between them, even before leaving the Island. Fred was often too tired to go out, even when he wanted to go, and Bruce is a dancer's dancer. "My autobiography will be titled," he grins, "*All I Want To Do Is Dance.*" Fred could not keep up with Bruce's rather ordinary activity level, to Bruce's occasional impatience. But they enjoyed each other, and weathered out the dissonances.

Fred comes from what his mother calls a "cystic" family. His older brother, straight and with two children, has had fifteen benign cysts over the years, so, as she put it, "cysts mean nothing to us." Late in September Fred found two cysts on his ears and nonchalantly went to his regular internist, Dr Daniel William, to have them removed. The initial report from the biopsy described them as benign, to no one's surprise. But in William's office one afternoon three weeks later, Fred was asked to linger until the last scheduled patient had left. Dr William told him he'd received a further report on the cysts. "You have Kaposi's Sarcoma," he said. "Have you heard of it?" A brief discussion of the disease ensued.

"I was shocked," Fred recalls. "Shocked. It doesn't happen to me — it happens to everybody else. I didn't know whether to cry, scream, or what. I was

recalls, "our parents were very close to us. We never had to do without things. We did lots of things together as a family." Roger has given up the printing business, and Selma now works happily on the editorial staff in an accounting firm. Recently, reluctantly, they moved Selma's mother, who lived with them for many years, to a nursing home. Selma and Roger both like Manhattan, and would like to move there from the suburbs. They come to the city whenever possible, passing hours in its museums, savouring the urban tumult.

"She's a very concerned mother," Fred says of Selma. "She butts in too much sometimes, out of love, but is learning now, especially with Bruce around, to be less overbearing."

Three years ago, Fred came out to his parents, stimulated to do so by taking The Advocate Experience, a gay therapy programme. "I had to tell them," he says. "Gayness was becoming a very important part of my life." Earlier he had come out to his sister-in-law, and Roger had learned it from her, but the family kept it from Selma until Fred told her himself. "They wanted to protect me," she bristles. "Why I'll never know, because I'm stronger than all of them!" In her heart, Selma says, she had long known Fred was gay. "I knew something wasn't quite right — but I didn't want to classify my child." When he told them,

Selma immediately asked if she could attend a therapy meeting with him. Why? "Because the story was for years that the son became gay because of the mother," she recalls. She wanted both to do what she could for Fred and to find out if she was to blame. Fred tried to correct this misconception, but Selma still frets. "To this day, even though Fred and the books now say definitely it's not the mother, there is a little something in me that nudges me — but I don't know what I would have done with Fred that I didn't do with his brother, who's not gay."

In October, Fred did not mention the cysts to Roger and Selma until he had them removed and could report they were benign. But then, Selma recalls, he and Bruce came out to the suburbs for a visit. "The minute Fred walked into the house, Roger and I knew something was not right. Fred was waxen. He'd lost weight." It was the Saturday after his first chemo.

Fred invited his parents into the den, not wanting his grandmother to hear their conversation. "Roger and I looked at each other — we knew something was wrong, we didn't know what."

"Sit down," Fred said. "I want to tell you something. Have you been reading the newspapers?"

"And the irony was," Selma tells me, "that I had seen the article in the *Times* last July. I had seen 'homosexuals' in the headline and I took the page and I said, 'Please God, not my child,' and I read the article very quickly and hid it from myself. I didn't want to dwell on it. I figured if I didn't dwell on it it could never happen."

But now here was Fred, in the den, telling them. It was her child. "Selma," her husband broke in, "don't you think the boys are hungry?" She went into the kitchen and made lunch. "And that," she recalls, "was our reaction. The two of us couldn't even talk to each other. We were in terrible shock. Fred came into the kitchen and kissed me. We cried, yes, and I gave them lunch. Later Roger and I drove them into the city, still without mentioning anything to each other, and kept a date, taking Roger's boss and his wife out to dinner. There we talked about everything in the world except what was on our minds, and when we got home that night, then we cried."

Selma and Roger are still not comfortable with Fred's being gay, at least when it comes to the neighbours. "I guess they may suspect, but they've never asked. I'm not going to say, 'by the way, do you know Fred is gay?'" (It is at their request that I am using pseudonyms in this article.) They don't say "Kaposi's" when talking to friends, just "cancer." "They'd make the equation," she expects. Selma noted that Fred, while in the co-op and hospital, persisted in calling his illness "Kaposi's," which to her was his way of saying to everyone he was gay. Shortly before our interview, she noted that he was saying "cancer" instead. "I felt his changing from "Kaposi's" meant that Fred was no longer thinking of himself as a KS patient, but just as Fred who has cancer." Clearly, it would be easier for Selma if the gay connection were not present in this illness.

If the gay connection was difficult in the language itself, it was also difficult with respect to the new man in her son's life. Who was this Bruce who was living with her son and near him at all times of need? And how could she, as the mother with, surely, primary care responsibility for her son, relate to Bruce when he seemed to be giving the primary care?

The PCP episode brought this uncertainty to a head. It was on a Saturday, 14 November, that Fred told his parents about having KS. On Tuesday, the 17th, Selma and Roger met with Dr Laubenstein. "The one thing she said we had to worry

SELMA:
"WHEN HE LEARNED HOW SICK FRED WAS HE FLEW BACK RIGHT AWAY. BRUCE LEFT HIS OWN FAMILY FOR FRED! WE THOUGHT, 'MY GOD, HE MUST CARE FOR FRED VERY MUCH.'"

about," Selma remembers, is pneumocystic pneumonia. And two days later, on Thursday morning, I got a call from Fred. 'Come, mom, I'm on my way to the hospital; I have pneumocystic pneumonia.'"

When Selma and Roger walked into Fred's apartment, Bruce was there. At that moment, Selma felt something she'd not realized so clearly before. "It was Bruce who'd gone through hell the night before when Fred's temperature shot up; it was Bruce who went through the hell of waiting until we came. We took Fred to the hospital because Bruce had an appointment he couldn't miss, but we knew how much he wanted then to stay with Fred." That weekend Bruce had to go to California for his sister's wedding, and wasn't nearby when Fred was put on the hospital's danger list. On Sunday he called and, in Selma's words, "when he learned how sick Fred was he flew back right away. Bruce left his own family for Fred! We thought, 'My God, he must care for Fred very much.' All along, Bruce hadn't looked the other way, as most people do when someone gets sick." Roger adds: "I saw what Bruce did in times of stress and emergency. I think that without Bruce, Fred might have... I don't know what the story would have been. But whenever Fred was falling apart, Bruce was there."

The parents were taking note.

Throughout the year, Selma has had that small voice within her, incriminating her for Fred's gayness. While we were talking, a second voice spoke up. "I do link Kaposi's with gay," she said. "The first time I saw it was the big article in the *Times*: 'Cancer hits gay men.'" If she was the cause of his being gay, I asked, does she ever think she might be the cause of his getting cancer? "You can't help thinking it," she sobs lightly. "No matter how I say it, it all comes back to me — what did I do wrong?" What a burden, I am thinking. "I'm a clown," she says, "that's why I won't go to a therapist, I'm a clown." I try to assure her that she must not blame herself. "Maybe you helped me," she says, tentatively. But the newly revealed burden lies heavy. "I never said this to anyone before, not even to Roger, did I Roger?" He looks back at her, quietly reassuring — "You've lived with this for quite a while."

Once Roger and Selma accepted the importance of Bruce in their lives, the recurring conflict was over the best mode of caring for Fred. "I have to fight that Jewish mother instinct," Bruce smiles. "I love it, the caring and fussing, sometimes I adopt it myself." But he fears that it leads Fred to atrophy. "So I make the decision that we're going to go ahead and plan things." But Fred resists, holds back, stays home.

"Fred has one goal only," explains their close friend Michael, "and that is to take care of himself. If it means six months or a year indoors, without socializing, it's worth it to him in order to get well."

Bruce's preference for a more active mode of self-caring comes from his experiences with cancer, experiences which, he says, "haven't been frightening." Bruce weighs his words carefully, paces his speech so that each inflection says just what he wants it to say. His mother survived uterine cancer and a hysterectomy. A close friend's grandmother died of lung cancer, but left him with more inspiration than resignation. "I saw her go and I figured, that woman could have said, 'Okay, Doctor, I'll be gone in six months, I'll just sit here and wait.' But she said instead, 'Fuck you,' and she went off fighting with the DAR, building parks — always busy. At the time I didn't think too much of it, but when I visited her in the hospital she was just as bitchy, cranky, energetic as ever."

Fred and Bruce — barely months into a new relationship — found it difficult to reconcile these two modes. But they, and Fred's family, shared an enthusiasm for Dr Laubenstein's work, and an anger about the sensationalistic way the gay community was dealing with KS. Laubenstein impressed Bruce and Fred with her honesty and professionalism. Physically challenged herself, confined to a wheelchair, Laubenstein evokes respect from her colleagues and patients alike. "When Dr Laubenstein doesn't know something, she tells me so," says Fred. He contrasts her caution with the manner of Dr Daniel William, his internist (and not a specialist in KS or AIDS). He has made what Fred and Bruce call "outrageous" statements both to the press and, in private, to his patients. At a gay synagogue forum on the "health crisis" last winter, Fred and Bruce were appalled to hear William concluding that an excess of sexual intimacy with different partners breeds communicable diseases and/or injures the immunological system. But that was not the worst. They recall his saying that "so far we've seen a fifty per cent mortality rate, and in five years we'll see it at one hundred per cent."

"We had just heard Laubenstein on the same panel," Fred says, "saying how little was known about these diseases. And then William stands up and says you're going to die in five years. He had no right to make that statement — they don't have these statistics. How could he do that, when there were people sitting there who were scared

about having the disease, or people like myself who had it? Scare works, yes, but he shouldn't stand there and say you shouldn't even kiss strangers."

"Any intelligent man knows that increased exposure increases the possibility of infection." Bruce adds. "But William is trying to scare us all into not having sex. If we go by his answers, we should all stay in our rooms, not ride in the subway, certainly not move into a crowded city, not be around people."

"William wants to put you in a box," Fred elaborated, "that you should meet one person and have sex with that one person for the rest of your life." (Note: five months after this interview, when a draft of this article is read to Fred, he asks me to qualify his harsh recall of Dr William's statements. "He may not have put it just that way," Fred says. "I was only remembering it that way.")

Bruce prefers to look at it another way, as suggested to him by another New York gay internist, Dr Larry Downs. "It would be the ultimate irony," he reports Downs saying to him, "if, out of all this, those of us who are not contributing to the gene pool should contribute medical knowledge about the structure of the human immunity system." Fred assents — "I have the cancer. It upsets me, but please God that something beneficial is going to come out of it. Maybe because I'm sick we will someday find the cure for cancer. That's a better approach to take than blaming people for being sick."

No one chooses to contract AIDS or KS; but as individuals and as a community we can choose our response to it. According to our response, we may reap beneficial results. Describing the aftermath of her breast cancer and mastectomy, Audre Lorde in *The Cancer Journals* concludes: "I would never have chosen this path, but I am very glad to be who I am, here." Her book might give us all an idea of the ways to shape our responses to the appearance of KS and AIDS among us.

Among the beneficial effects of Fred's choices has been the circle of support that has formed around him and the acceptance of his lover, Bruce, into his parents' family. Another is his new friendship with Michael. I will let Michael tell his side of the story, but first note that Fred and Bruce were initially disturbed by the ways a number of good friends reacted to the news of the illness. "They stopped seeing us, even stopped bothering to call." It seemed to confirm Selma's view that most people, faced with illness, prefer to turn away. In the case of KS, there may have been a particular fear, inspired by the *Times* article or other media stories, of contagion. Perhaps it was a deeper and even more irrational fear of illness itself.

About a year after Fred's diagnosis, one old friend finally called — one whose silence had been a particular sore point for Bruce, since he was fond of this friend. When, finally, he called, it was to share something important — he had just been diagnosed as having KS himself.

Michael works as a graphic designer in advertising; his smart Chelsea apartment is just blocks away from Fred's. I wanted to interview him because the experience of close friends is a part of any individual's experience in our modern gay community. To leave it out falsifies the picture.

Michael:

"I was working in Europe when they found out. When I got back, Bruce called, 'I've got to see you right away.' Fred and Bruce's relationship wasn't too strong at that point. For new lovers they'd had to go through a lot very fast. I thought maybe he was having some trouble with Fred. We met, and he told me. My immediate reaction was, 'Fred's going to die.' I may even have asked when. Bruce was upset. We went to dinner and talked more. But even after Bruce explained all he knew, there was no doubt in my mind that Fred was going to die.

"I first heard of Kaposi's from the article in the *Times*. That story frightened me, because if anyone was more promiscuous or around more drugs than me, I don't know who they are. I'd done a lot of poppers. But it also amused me — it was funny that they would localize it in gay people. The day the article appeared I remember walking with friends along Fire Island Boulevard and joking about it. 'How do you get it?' someone asked. 'By touching greeting cards,' someone replied.

"I had been Bruce's friend first. At New Year's 1981 we met and had a mini-affair, but didn't see each other much again until we were in sister houses in the Pines for the '81 season. I grew close to him then, and when he met Fred I started getting to know Fred too. But until Fred went to the hospital I was mainly supportive of Bruce. I could hold him, but I couldn't make it better. It was a difficult time for Bruce — he had to make some very hard choices, including whether or not to stay with Fred through this thing.

"When Fred had his worst time, in the hospital at Thanksgiving, Bruce was away, and I went to visit him there. He had lost half of his hair because of the chemo, and his skin was all broken out. I was frightened, but didn't say a word. Finally, Fred said,

MICHAEL: "I REALIZED I'D MADE TWO INCREDIBLE FRIENDSHIPS, GOING THROUGH THIS PAIN TOGETHER WITH FRED AND BRUCE."

'Michael, why haven't you said anything about the fact that I'm going bald?' I had to begin confronting some of my evasions.

"When he got back home, he was very reluctant to go out — he's an amazing patient in terms of taking care of himself. This tended to irritate Bruce. But Fred was at that point getting more and more serious about life. The novelty of the illness had worn off. He realized it could go on much longer than he'd thought.

"So Bruce and I went out a lot. He tried to maintain his own life to a degree. Fred was resentful of this. But I was growing closer to both of them. At Christmas they gave me a beautiful clock from Tiffany's — and I realized I'd made two incredible friendships, going through this pain together, with Fred and Bruce. I realized how it allowed me to be honest with them, to feel comfortable with both of them. I had been worried all fall about saying the right thing. I'd never touched Fred a lot — from fear? He was months into the sickness before I kissed him.

"After the hospital, Fred and I were free to talk even about the possibility of his dying. This was a real joy — that I could talk to someone about the thing that was most precious to him. We finally opened up enough that we both realized what was going on — I had had the fear of the disease myself. But talking

with Fred eliminated my fear, even the fear I've had a long time, the fear of dying. We could talk about what would happen with Bruce if he died — and even about what might happen in the relationship if he were to get well.

"At Thanksgiving, Fred was afraid of dying, but now I think he's more afraid of not getting well. That he's going to go on like this forever and ever. And we could talk about these things! It's been real important to me; he's made it real easy for me. There's a part of me that feels guilty that he's given me more than I've given him.

"We even joke about it more freely now. Fred tends to say with reference to any plans for the future, 'I'll be there, God willing.' The other day, I was helping them install a new closet unit in the apartment. It was shaped roughly like a coffin, and Fred stood in it as if he was in a coffin and asked us to choose the right suit and shoes for him. We clowned around with that for a while. Or if he's feisty, I say, 'I'm glad you're going to be in chemo again soon, that will calm you down.'

"If he does die, I'll be pissed off. Really angry. But I don't see it happening. I love Fred a lot. I can't believe he's going to go away. I love him, really deeply, have learned so much from him. If he does die, I'd be scared. What would my responsibility be to Bruce? I'd see myself as having to be real strong. Bruce would be devastated. But Bruce and I will be friends for life now. Nothing we could do to each other could break this. Even though he sometimes resents that Fred and I have become so close.

"I don't think of Fred as having cancer anymore. I don't remember what he looks like with hair! He's here now, and during this process he hasn't been dehumanized. The friendship has become real rich. As to the friends who shut them off, I have a whole lot of compassion for them. They missed a whole lot, for themselves and for Fred. But I guess they did what they had to do.

"You wouldn't believe the panic around here these days. I have one friend who counts the days since he's had sex, like someone trying to stop smoking who's proudly counting the days since his last cigarette.

"Often I think to myself — I wish I could cure cancer rather than just make pretty ads."

And so this small circle bonded together, quarrelling at times, bolstering each other at times. When Fred recovered from the PCP he was able to return to work while continuing his chemo treatments. (His employer has accommodated all his absenteeism; his medical insurance has covered all his bills, running well over \$100,000.)

Not long after Easter, when we did these interviews, Fred reached the end of the chemo treatments and waited for several months until tests could show how damaged his immune system was. The uncertainties were awesome, the tedium hard to bear. He was disheartened to learn that he would have to submit to another round, this time of a different sort of chemotherapy. But before that could begin, in September, he fell very ill again and returned to the hospital once more, this time with tuberculosis — another of the diseases that afflicts people with AIDS. He was told this was "good news" because "we can cure that," but even this takes time — time waiting for the proper medication to arrive, time to be treated, time to assess the results. Since the first round of chemo he has grown back his hair and, a source of great pride, his moustache. But this summer he refused to take a share on the Island, even though Bruce argued it could be a restful and pleasant change from their Ninth Avenue apartment. Bruce has gone out to the Pines for several weekends, in the company of other friends.

The TB is now impairing his vision. When I sent them a draft of this article, Fred

was unable to read the page so Bruce read it to him. Imagining this hushed scene tests me as their friend and writer: so close to our brothers, we in the gay press assume an awesome responsibility in writing about their illness.

Fred, Bruce, Michael, Fred's parents and his doctor are constantly in touch and living from day to day. As their stories convey, the operative word here is the verb: *living*, from day to day.

2

I had to tell them: gayness was becoming a very important part of my life.

Fred, Bruce and Michael share a modern male homosexual sense of identity — very 1980s, very urban. This identity was born in the nineteenth century, midwived into existence largely by what gay historians like to call the “medical model.” Many of our nineteenth-century ancestors had predilections for same-sex love, for passionate friendship rather than courtship, for fraternity rather than marriage. Some of them formulated a new identity in dialogue with the medical psychology of the age. Some were doctors themselves. The medical profession was largely “supportive” of these developing “homosexuals” — as they came to call themselves — especially over against the “criminal model” by which the state defined us. It was the criminal model that sent Oscar Wilde to two years of hard labour, the medical model which made him of interest to psychologists. But even early on, the medical model treated homosexuals as objects, alien creatures to be studied and classified and labelled. In short, under the medical model homosexuals became pathological. As opposed to the harsh criminal model, this wasn't, at times, so bad.

This ambivalent relationship continued into the twentieth century, with many modern homosexuals using medical concepts to explore, develop and define their identity and culture. The first wave of modern gay liberation swept, from 1897, through Germany under the leadership of Dr Magnus Hirschfeld, himself a homosexual — until the Nazis swept it into the streets and then into the detention camps. Hirschfeld's Scientific Humanitarian Committee engaged many medical concepts to argue for liberalizing the German penal code.

The ambivalence ended when exploratory psychology ossified into dogma, especially among the latter-day Freudians. The medical profession replaced the church in collaborating with the state as oppressors of homosexuals. If originally we had been criminal because we were sinful, we now were criminal because we were sick. Then a second wave of gay liberation emerged in the United States not long after the Nazis were crushed. It viewed the medical profession sometimes with suspicion, more often with outright hostility. The enemy was the medical model. While the Mattachine and other organizations looked to professionals for help with self-definition, they chose empirical researchers such as Alfred Kinsey (a biologist, not a physician) over such medical moralists as Dr Irving Bieber. Nevertheless, Bieber's specious theory that male homosexuality is caused by “close-binding-intimate” mothers and “detached” fathers gained wide acceptance in the straight media, and thus with the public.

Since 1969, the post-Stonewall gay movement has unrelentingly scrutinized the medical model and largely rejected all medical definitions of gay people. In the place of these alien labellings, it has burst forward with acts of self-definition, moving well beyond characterizations related to sexual acts (“we are only what we do in bed”) but maintaining that sexual brotherhood of promiscuity as the foundation of our identity. During the 1970s it constructed a remarkably complex community that includes our clubs, arts, press, economic units, recreational sports and political activism. With the rise of neo-conservatism and sexual bigotry in the late '70s, spurred on and symbolized by the Anita Bryant Save Our Children campaign, this newly complex gay identity and community galvanized into a massive defence — and offence — against the moral-medical right. It emerged from the battle with something completely new in gay history: a well-founded pride in its own vigour, breadth, freshness, powers, political legitimacy. The gay community was now on the mainstage of public awareness, arguing its case and developing its possibilities as never before.

And then, 3 July 1981. The *New York Times* article tipped New York's gay populace into a spin which would soon become a darkening vortex. Initial camping in the Pines turned, by the end of the season, to alarm. Back in Manhattan, people began to fear sex itself, and even to feel guilty just for being gay. *I have one friend who counts the days since he's had sex, like someone trying to stop smoking who's proudly counting the days since his last cigarette.* Just how this generalized panic set in can be traced through the media (we have already seen how the original *Times* article cut to the bone for Fred and his circle), but one thing is clear — it could never have set in so quickly and so deeply if within the hearts of gay men there weren't already a persistent, anti-sexual sense of guilt, ready to be tapped.

The *Times*, indeed, did not use the phrase “gay cancer.” Nor did author Larry Kramer, whose novel *Faggots* gave us his view of the gay community as a scene ripe

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for guilt and retribution. (“Don't you know that what you've done,” says Uncle Richard whom his nephew has just sucked off, “correction, that what we've just done is considered by ninety-nine and ninety-nine one hundredths percent people as abnormal, immoral, illegal, dirty, shameful, wretched, that's it *wretched*, oh, oh, *Oh*... Uncle Richard now held his head,” says Kramer, “with both his sinner's hands, expecting, no, bringing upon himself the onslaught of doom.”) In the fall of 1981, there was a small debate over the degree to which Kramer's “gay homophobia and anti-eroticism” shaped New York's way of responding to the KS outbreak.

Deeply moved by the illness and death of several close friends, Kramer was instrumental in setting up that boardwalk booth in the Pines. It was Kramer who garnered bucks there; who, in his lower Fifth Avenue apartment looking out over Washington Square, organized what would become the Gay Men's Health Crisis group; who, as chair of its Medical Jury Board, recently dispersed \$34,786 to four different research projects which he and his Board deemed worthy. Kramer's appeal for funds in the late August *New York Native* provoked a teapot controversy which should have become a serious debate. But Kramer appealed for immediate consensus, not debate. One writer who questioned

Kramer's strategy was dismissed as having the “moral posture of an iguana.” Finally, even those with doubts about his strategy acceded to it in what seemed the urgency for immediate fundraising — never mind, for now, exactly who the funds were for.

By Christmas, the phrase “gay cancer” was on many lips, along with words such as “epidemic” and “opportunistic diseases.” On 21 December, the virulently anti-sexual *Newsweek* slyly introduced a yet more pernicious notion into its headline, “Diseases that Plague Gays.” Eventually *New York* magazine would deal a lower blow. “The Gay Plague,” *New York* called it, the hard-a assonance itself a chilling attack, as if buboes came with our 501 jeans. We have long battled the straight press for its use of a phrase like “gay murder,” but I know of no one who publicly fought the introduction of this new term. Indeed, one member of the Gay Men's Health Crisis (about whom we shall hear more later) publicly praised the *New York* article as a “reasoned, humane accounting of the facts.”

Newsweek, and later *New York* and *Time*, predicated a plague effect by which the homos would infect everyone else, perhaps through the interface of the bisexual population. By July 1982, one year after the *Times* article, even the cautious Dr James Curran (who in the *Times* had foreseen no apparent danger to “nonhomosexuals”), was quoted by the national media on the “gay plague.” The savagery of the straight press coverage has been unmitigated — in a notably grotesque *Us* magazine article, one dying patient was remembered by his nurse as saying, “Phyllis, if I pull through, I promise to find a girlfriend.” Three weeks later, *Us* reports, in the best tradition of moralizing conclusions, he was dead. (No gay man, I rage parenthetically, should ever have to die believing this lie.) The grotesquerie was far less pernicious, however, than the basic linkage, through language and headlines, of gays *as gays* with pathology.

The gay press has shown at best a sad record in dealing with the disease. In a much heralded interview with a KS patient, *New York's Christopher Street* chose a man whose key message was guilt and punishment. He describes a life of parties, discos, “endless functions,” “Island fever,” and concludes with a litany worthy of Uncle Richard:

I wanted more.

I must pay.

I have paid.

Christopher Street gave Philip Lanzaratta's guilt trip its full front page, and, for a title, the bathetic “Why Me?”

Three men have dominated the gay press's handling of this medical and political turbulence. Nathan Fain is a freelance writer living in New York; Dr Larry Mass is a prolific writer for the *New York Native* (ever with the MD after his name: medical mystification assured); and Dr Daniel William, Fred's internist, is an MD who does not write for the popular press but is ever available for interviews. Far more than Larry Kramer, this trio has shaped the way the gay community understands this “crisis.” As we shall see, their editors and publishers have exerted yet more influence over the gay public's perception by the way they market what these men have to say.

It was Nathan Fain who, in defending Kramer, compared a reasonable dissenter's morality to that of an iguana. But Fain's two-part article for the *Advocate* in March 1982 was a cool and sophisticated introduction for the layman to the complex research problems facing medical researchers. Fain is alert to the careerist ego-trips among researchers in such a highly charged field: “It is, says every doctor asked, the most exciting event in their careers: many are mindful of the glory that awaits the

hero of the moment, the Jonas Salk of cancer." Consequently, he sketches the infighting within the medical establishment (especially vicious where large sums of money are to be fought over, as in the cancer-cure industry), and a sharp if understated guide to how that power system works.

But David Goodstein, Fain's publisher, drastically altered the impact of Fain's analysis. "Since the *Advocate* ran Nathan Fain's articles on the gay plague about three months ago, Kaposi's Sarcoma has burrowed its way into the consciousness of everyone I know," a New York restaurateur told Arthur Bell recently in the *Village Voice*. Fain himself, however, had never used the word "gay plague," with its moral overtones. That impression was created by Goodstein, who, in a manner of preface to Fain's analysis, editorialized, "The fact is that aspects of the urban gay lifestyle we have created in the last decade are hazardous to our health. The evidence is overwhelming." If Goodstein had even read Fain's piece, he had not understood it. Goodstein's astonishing, homophobic conclusion: "Our lifestyle" — and wasn't it the *Advocate* that popularized this very word in our vocabulary? — "can become an elaborate suicide ritual."

Even for those readers who skipped Goodstein's editorial or Fain's articles, the *Advocate* forged a link in the minds of anyone who saw the cover drawline: "Is our lifestyle hazardous to our health?" If there is, as I suspect, a residue of guilt among gay men, such a drawline — let's call it the Interrogative Draw — nourished its increase for all but the most diligent reader, who discovers that Fain's answer to the question is *no*. The Interrogative Draw has been a favourite in the *Native* as well, where one article asked boldly "Do poppers cause cancer?" and another, on the "epidemic," "Is there a link to handballing?" (Handballing is a new synonym for fisting.) Deep within the technical language of both articles, author Dr Larry Mass answered *no*, but the damage was done. Fain himself complained, in a letter to the *Native*, about the misleading slant of one of these Draws.

"There is no plague, no 'gay cancer,' nor any god leveling a fiery finger on cities of the plain," Fain wrote in Philadelphia's *Gay News* last July. But again, his editor levelled a finger by headlining his page-one article "Special 'gay cancer' report!" In this piece, Fain, who had earlier praised *New York's* "The Gay Plague," steps from behind his medical reporting to praise the straight press's handling of the issue. "Mainstream publications have told the story with remarkable restraint," he writes, leaving me wondering how carefully he read *New York*, *Time*, and *Newsweek*. "Only the most courageous and responsible news organizations have, so far, addressed the issue."

Dr Mass, like Fain, has covered new developments in medical theories and research. It was Dr Mass, as far as I can determine, who introduced the term "gay cancer" to the media, uncritically except for the inverted commas around the phrase. Unlike Fain, Dr Mass has not explained the politics of the medical establishment — indeed, he has praised them. At an AIDS symposium at New York's Mt Sinai Hospital last July, Dr Mass praised "every physician and researcher in the auditorium" for "extraordinary sensitivity to issue stigma." (Perhaps Fain is just praising his colleagues in journalism, and Dr Mass his in medicine?) I hardly see how he could have done this, given the presence of the panel of Dr Daniel William. Of Dr William, more shortly.

In the cases of Fain and Mass, we can see the limitations of strictly "medical" reporting. Their editors can (and will) use them for whatever moral message they wish, despite the contents. But there is one curious document from Dr Mass that makes me suspect he is supportive of the anti-"lifestyle" use to which his medical writing is being put. In the late August *Native* he interviewed a KS patient who eloquently and passionately pled for extreme caution in keeping medical matters separate from moral matters. This man's argument against the dangers of the "self-hating guilt trap" is close to that which Fred and Bruce have made. But Dr Mass, as the interviewer, seems to be arguing that illness is a moral matter. Because of the interview format, and Mass's rhetorical questions, it is difficult to be sure without an elaborate quotation. But my impression, and the interviewee's impression, is clearly that Dr Mass links illness with morality. "Cancer of the cervix is more commonly observed among the lower socioeconomic classes," he notes:

Does this mean that women from the lower strata of society are, generally speaking, less moral than those from the higher strata? Are the gay males who are getting these diseases, generally speaking, less moral than those who aren't? Does this mean that gay people, generally speaking, are less moral than nongay people?

"The answer," Dr Mass concludes, "to these questions, in my opinion, is not a matter for speculation."

The unabashed forger of links between illness and morality, among the doctors, is Dr Daniel William. William came out as a gay physician in 1974, and in a 1978 *Christopher Street* interview detailed his personal moral commitment to a stable monogamous relationship, replete with rings, talk of a marriage ceremony, and in-

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laws. Predisposed well before 3 July 1981 to blame various illnesses on promiscuity, Dr William went into full gear last fall and has not stopped since. In December he told *Time* that "promiscuous behaviour," as he calls it, "increases the risk of infection." A neutral enough statement — of course it does — but with strong moral overtones.

Dr William has played the media doctor throughout this "health crisis." He is quoted in the gay and straight press alike, and is forever blaming sex with too many partners. In *New York's* "The Gay Plague," he gave the *Advocate's* Interrogative Draw a resounding "yes":

The bottom line is that, yes, part of our lifestyle is a hazard to our health.

For the *Native*, he summoned up a tired former-liberal lament that reminds one of Norman Podhoretz and his fellow neo-cons:

Deep in my heart I'm a civil libertarian, and I take great pains to be consistent in that viewpoint. But I do think the time has come for gay physicians and the public health officials to advise the general public about the health hazards of sexual activity with many anonymous partners.

In *Us*, he moralizes openly:

Promiscuous behaviour can only increase the risk of disease. That's why gay men must turn one-night stands into longer relationships.

In *Gay News*, he makes an elegant comparison between gay men and the heterosexual heroin users who get AIDS:

They're doing with needles what we're doing with dick.

And in *Christopher Street* he intones an ominous ultimatum:

Eventually, some restrictive measures may have to be imposed.

I am certain that Dr William is motivated by care for his patients, but his politics have made him our new Irving Bieber — pushing morality under the guise of medical expertise. Tragically, he goes unchallenged by his colleagues Fain and Mass, and by the organized gay community. The results are easy to measure. A thick brochure from Houston's Kaposi's Sarcoma Committee bears the insidious title, *Towards a Healthier Gay Lifestyle*, and preaches that "gay ghetto mentality" may be "the major contributing factor" to the medical syndrome! Its antidote: eat at least two good meals a day, phone your friends regularly, expand your horizons beyond the "ghetto mentality." A bolder, less insidious result comes from the City Council of Columbia, Missouri, which last June defeated a gay rights ordinance largely because of the argument by a county health official, (one of those public health officials Dr William wants to "impose restrictive measures") that we are regular transmitters of disease.

Perhaps the most damning analysis of Dr William and his anti-sexual pronouncements in the guise of medical expertise comes from his co-worker, Dr Donna Mildvan: "Dan William believes that it has to do with the bombardment, the clustering of a whole range of infectious diseases among these patients which may be exhausting their immunodefensive capacities. But all this — Dan's thinking as well as mine — is still speculative." Would that others were this clear on what is "speculation" and what is not.

Deploying medical threats to control sexual activity is not an invention of that Missouri health official or of Dr William. The threat of venereal disease, even since the development of antibiotics, continues to be used by the medical-moralists. The Church, in opposing birth control, safe abortions and lesbianism, maintains its power over women's sexual activity with the threat of pregnancy and even death. The spectre of cervical cancer, as Susan Sontag shows in *Illness as Metaphor*, has long been used as a threat against women's sexual pleasure.

But now Dr William and his followers are adding a potent new means of control. They seek to rip apart the very promiscuous fabric that knits the gay male community together and that, in its democratic anarchism, defies state regulation of our sexuality. Just as disturbingly, gays are once again allowing the medical profession to define, restrict, pathologize us. What used to be a psychiatric pathology is now, as the Missouri health official indicated, an infectious one. The American Psychiatric Association may have given us all an instant cure in 1974 when they took "homosexuality" off the list of mental diseases, but now the MDs of the land have placed us on their agenda, and no one, so far, seems to be resisting them. A particularly sad commentary on the state of things comes from the recent meeting of gay leaders in Dallas to consider a national response to the AIDS situation. Their first recommendation was to lobby Congress for additional funds for the AIDS researchers: — throwing more bucks to the good doctors so they can cure us of our ills.

The crisis of 1981-82 is not simply, or even most importantly, a gay men's health crisis. It is a crisis of gay men allowing the medical moralists to reassert their power over us. The gay community today lies prostrate before the physicians. In 1978 we lost

the Dade County battle but won the war. We mobilized thousands of gays to come out, to open public discussion of gay issues, to defend our cherished institutions, including promiscuity. In 1981-82 we are winning some small battles — having an openly gay physician quoted in *Time* or *Us*, raising funds on the Pines boardwalk or at a big disco event called “Showers” or over cocktails in the elegant Southampton home of artist Larry Rivers — but losing the war. Why? Because we have misunderstood the battlefield.

When a young gay man, in 1977, read in his morning paper of the Dade County battle, he got an image of gays being open and proud. In 1981, that same young man reading the public press will see gays as panicky victims who raise money for doctors to cure what ails them. How many mothers, in 1981, have sent newsclips to their gay sons as a warning? How many, like Selma, have privately blurred the medical models of Bieber and William to blame themselves for their son's illness or death? Here lies the stuff of tragedy.

How was it that New York, that centre of our artistic and intellectual life, tumbled so easily and swiftly into the medicalization trap? We will debate this for years to come, but I propose two explanations now. The first I have mentioned already — deep within ourselves lingered a readiness to find ourselves guilty. We were ripe to embrace a viral infection as a moral punishment. The media nourished this readiness, but did not create it.

Perhaps we still mirror our larger culture in that readiness; we certainly do in what I propose as a second explanation — the gay community, like many other urban communities, simply cannot deal with sickness, dying and death in a humane way. Over the years we have become able to handle death by violence (Harvey Milk, the shooting outside New York's Ramrod bar, weekly gaybashing), but not death by illness. Unlike, say, the rural southern US town I grew up in, where several people of different ages were *always* facing cancer, our community is poorly equipped to deal with the taboos of aging, illness and death. Gay men drink and trick together, but die alone. We respond to illness by distancing ourselves — by not phoning, by yielding to medical mediators or by frenzied, irreflective fundraising. By turning to the doctors and the cocktail parties, rather than to our gay brothers themselves, we yielded our own powers to deal creatively with all aspects of our life, including dying.

Once we see this, we may take our lives and our self-definitions back into our own hands. We have to make illness gay, and dying gay, and death gay, just as we have made sex and baseball and drinking and eating and dressing gay. This is the challenge to us in 1982 — just when the doctors are trying to do it for us. If we address this challenge, I believe, we can begin to brake that darkening vortex that is about to drown us under this reconstituted medical model. There are, as Bill Lewis reports in the accompanying article, welcome signs that this has already begun.

3

I draft the final part of this article in Room 4104 of Duke University Hospital North, at the Carolina bedside of my mother. Two months after my interviews with Fred about living with Kaposi's, she was found to have an advanced, inoperable lung cancer. Three days ago, as I was transcribing the last of those interviews, I was called here. There's now a tumour in her brain, impairing speech but promising no pain. In these months I have felt anger and grief beyond any bounds I could have anticipated. Here at her bed, the I-V catheter dripping out the seconds, I find strength, affirmation, a sequence of moments of intimacy and clarity. She can articulate very little, but her eyes fix on me and speak. Her lower jaw juts out with magnificent fury. I have to guess at what she wants to say, but I'm becoming a skilled guesser.

“You're mad as hell that you didn't have more time?” I try. Um, her grunt affirms.

“You hate your body for trapping your this way?” Um.

“But you know that we're not going to leave you?” Um.

“Are you afraid?” She looks me clearly in the eyes and shakes her head firmly: no. Holding my hand. “Honey,” I promise her, “we're going to do our best to see you experience no pain. And we'll stay right beside you all the way.”

During these months I've needed more than a little help from my friends. It has come in odd ways. From Fred and Bruce, the honesty of their discussions with me has opened the possibility of honesty with her. We do not need to play our old mother-son games any more. From Roger and Selma, who described their helplessness when, as parents, they were used to being helpful, I feel an empathy. There is nothing I, the strong son, can do now to help the weakened mother. From a gay friend, whose own mother died a year ago after a long and painful cancer, have come practical favours

WE HAVE TO MAKE ILLNESS GAY, AND DYING GAY, AND DEATH GAY, JUST AS WE HAVE MADE SEX AND BASEBALL AND DRINKING AND DRESSING GAY. THIS IS THE CHALLENGE TO US IN 1982.

headline: “Center Warns Homosexuals about Disease.” Nothing else of substance from the two-day conference was reported. If the federal government warns us that we're in trouble because we're gay, and the national media warn us, and the local editors confirm it, well, why shouldn't a loving mother pass on the same warning?

The organized gay community across North America needs to be preparing for the “health crisis” onset when it leaves Manhattan, as it has already begun to do. Surely we must, as a community, continue to improve our educational and referral efforts. As in gay health care over the past decade, our intent must not be to frighten or to moralize, but to inform and to care.

We must launch an all-out campaign, of the scale that we undertook during the Bryant attacks, to fight the equations that gay equals pathology. We can only protest the inaccuracy and inhumanity of the anti-sexual straight press, but we can demand that the gay press give fuller human pictures of support groups and first-person experiences. We must challenge the medical profession whenever it attempts to regain its power to define us, or to cloak a moral programme in medical terms. Our money should follow our priorities. Before contributing to cancer research, we need a much fuller picture of the political terrain among researchers, and the availability of funds from other sources. Better, first, to spend money on our gay brothers who need expensive medical care. Second, to carry on the media campaign. And third, to make sure that money now available is being tapped for this research.

As gay individuals, we must come to see death and dying not as opposed to life, but rather as a part of living. In short, we must make dying gay — *in our own terms*. Morbid? Not at all. The only morbidity lies in turning our backs on our ill or dying friends, or abandoning them to die straight deaths within alien families or institutions. As a community, we must develop caring rituals not just as a support for weakness but as a way to make weakness a source of strength. We may want to demand gay space in hospitals — certainly, the sanity of the co-op care system that put Bruce in the room beside Fred should be extended elsewhere. We will surely want institutional recognition of our friends and lovers on a par with recognition of our families. We must widen our efforts at founding gay hospices and other forms of outpatient care.

The thrust of gay liberation, even if the term does feel nostalgic in 1982, remains that we make our own lives, that we do not sign ourselves over to the panic-mongering journalists and doctors. We did not acquiesce to Dr Bieber or Anita Bryant. The coming months of 1983 will show whether we will acquiesce to the physicians and the press. The choice is ours. □

Author's note: For their gifts to this article I thank Fred and his circle, Bill Lewis, Bert Hansen and its sponsors. For showing me how warmly and magnificently one can live with a terminal cancer, I dedicate it to the memory of Dorothy Lynch Lee, who died on 26 September one mile from where, in North Carolina in 1911, she was born; who taught me to treasure friends and dancing.

Michael Lynch dances at Stages.

and much-needed fellow-feeling. From the lesbian couple I'm closest to, much help: one of them, who knows my mother, has flown across the continent to be with us now. An ex-lover has explained various aspects of cancer to me patiently; another has run an errand I couldn't handle myself. In all these instances the gay community glows as I experience it.

But do I see this gay community reflected in the press? Today's *Time*, which my stepfather just brought into the room, carries a story on AIDS with this sentence, its implicit threat further sleazed by the callous quotation marks:

AIDS has been traced from sexual partner to sexual partner. In one Los Angeles study, nine out of thirteen patients had had sexual contacts with one another. In San Francisco, six pairs of “room-mates” have been stricken with Kaposi's Sarcoma.

So much of what I experience as wonderful in the gay community — from the pleasure of promiscuity to the irreplaceable support of friendship networks — is brutalized and dehumanized by that language. Almost in vain have I turned to the gay press to find better.

The day my mother entered her first coma, her final letter to me arrived in the mail. Enclosed was a clipping from her local newspaper on the National Gay Leadership Conference in Dallas. The

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●
AN ARTICLE BY
BILL LEWIS

The real gay epidemic: Panic & paranoia

Information & Misinformation

What do you do when faced with this bewildering array of rare and often fatal diseases: Kaposi's sarcoma, Pneumocystis carinii pneumonia, Cryptococcus, Candida, herpes virus, cytomegalovirus, Toxoplasma, tuberculosis? How do you handle the barrage of sensationalized misinformation — and much of it *is* misinformation — from newspapers, magazines, radio and TV?

The "gay plague" has become a story, and our sexual conduct and "lifestyles" are under scrutiny as never before. This time, though, we're running scared, and if reports from New York are to be believed, gay men are forsaking promiscuity and drugs as panic and paranoia spread. According to the New York Gay Men's Health Crisis Newsletter, "the fashion now is not to go out, to stay away from the tubs, discos and sex clubs. It is becoming terribly déclassé to be ripped to the tits." In San Francisco rumours are rampant that men diagnosed as having one of the diseases have been seen subsequently at the local baths, and "JO Night" has become the rage at the Caldron.

If, as *TBP* writer Ken Popert believes, "promiscuity knits together the social fabric of the gay male community," then the diseases, the way they are being publicized — and the way we are reacting to them — have the potential for weakening that fabric by pushing us towards a new era of sexual conservatism. In the face of such a crisis, each of us urgently needs to answer the questions posed above. We need to sift through the avalanche of information and reach an understanding of what is happening to us both medically and politically. With that understanding, we should be able to make clearer decisions about our individual sexual conduct.

The two most common of the new diseases have been the skin cancer called Kaposi's sarcoma (KS) and a pneumonia caused by the parasite *Pneumocystis carinii* (PCP). In the past two years, four hundred and seventy-one cases of these two diseases, as well as fifty-six cases of other related rare illnesses, have been reported to the Centers for Disease Control in Atlanta (CDC). Almost three quarters of the afflicted individuals have been gay or bisexual men. In Canada, Dr Gordon Jessamine, Chief of the Field Epidemiology Division of Health and Welfare, reports that, by the end of September, fourteen cases had been confirmed: ten in Montreal, one each in Windsor and Vancouver and two in Toronto. There are unconfirmed reports of an additional two cases in Montreal. Of the fourteen confirmed cases, ten have been gay men, and nine are now dead. Nor is the outbreak confined to North

America; there are at least a dozen cases in Europe and one in Argentina.

Despite the variety of diseases and symptoms, the common factor seems to be a failure of the body's immune defence against particular diseases — the underlying condition is now known as the acquired immune deficiency syndrome, or AIDS. People suffering from AIDS not only have very low numbers of protective white blood cells, but also are depleted of a special type of immune cell called the T-helper lymphocyte.

As the name implies, these lymphocytes aid other cells of the immune system to mount an effective defence against viral and parasitic infections. In their absence, normally harmless infections such as herpes virus or cytomegalovirus (CMV) can progress unimpeded to become life threatening. In addition, certain viruses probably cause a small number of human cancers. These include KS and several other types of cancer now showing up in AIDS patients. It is thought that when these cancer-causing viruses infect some types of body cells, they can endow the cell with the ability to divide continually. Under normal conditions our T-lymphocytes would recognize these infected cells and destroy them. In AIDS patients, however, these T-cells are absent, allowing uncontrolled growth of the cancer.

The types of immune cells circulating in our blood and their interactions both with each other and with foreign organisms are amazingly complex. Even the most sophisticated medical researchers are at a loss when it comes to actually treating the underlying immune failure in AIDS. Experimental therapies with the natural compounds interferon and thymic humoral factor (THF) are being conducted, but it will be some time before results are known. THF has been reported to increase the number of T-helper cells in children suffering from immune deficiency, and researchers hope that the compound will have a similar effect in AIDS patients.

At the present time, however, doctors can really treat only the diseases which crop up in AIDS patients, with the hope that eventually the immune system will recover on its own. The infections themselves often progress relentlessly, and despite treatment with various antimicrobial drugs they eventually recur, or another infection overwhelms the patient. Dr F Siegal of New York's Mount Sinai School of Medicine has estimated the long-term mortality of AIDS patients may be as high as sixty-five percent. Other physicians believe that the death rate will be even higher.

■ Until recently, the cause of the collapse of the immune system's T-cells was baffling, and everything gay men did that straight men didn't was dragged forth as a possible cause. Abundant sex, poppers, fisting, drugs, ingestion of too much sperm, staying up too late — all have been put forward as an explanation. However, it soon became apparent that for each of these possibilities, abundant exceptions could be

found. Some men with AIDS had only four sexual contacts in the year before becoming ill, some had never used poppers, other had never been treated with anti-parasite drugs or used recreational drugs.

Then, early this spring, CDC Atlanta announced that thirty four cases of AIDS had been found in Haitian immigrants to the US and Canada, ending the near monopoly which gay men had had on the disease. The new cases were in relatively young Haitian men who denied any homosexual contact. Some of the patients had been in the US for less than one month, and one man had actually experienced symptoms while still in Haiti waiting to emigrate. Struggling under the repressive dictatorship of "Papa Doc" and now "Baby Doc" Duvalier, the Haitian people have one of the lowest standards of living and health care in Latin America. Poor sanitation, crowded living conditions and malnutrition provide an ideal breeding ground for disease. It is quite possible that AIDS has existed in Haiti for years, unrecognized because of the poor quality of health care. Indeed, some believe that American gay men holidaying in Haiti could have carried back an infectious organism. Although it may be purely coincidental, a gay man from Windsor visited Haiti two months before coming down with swollen lymph glands. He eventually died of PCP. It is probably not coincidental that Montreal, with the largest Haitian immigrant population in Canada, has both all the Haitian AIDS cases and three quarters of the country's gay AIDS cases.

As a rule, sexual contacts of AIDS patients haven't developed the disease, at least not in any obvious form. This suggests that if an infectious agent is involved, it is either very difficult to transmit or else causes symptoms only in a very low percentage of cases. There has been, however, one cluster of cases in the Los Angeles area. Investigators there were able to compile data on the sexual partners of thirteen patients with either KS or PCP. Of the thirteen, nine reported sexual contact with other AIDS patients, a remarkably high number considering the estimated two hundred thousand to four hundred thousand gay men in the LA area. CDC Atlanta is continuing to investigate the cluster, and recent information indicates that the nine cases from LA may be directly linked by sexual contact to fifteen additional patients from eight other cities. Although strongly suggestive of an infectious agent, this kind of clustering may instead indicate that these men shared some other important contributing factor which remains unknown.

Further evidence that AIDS is very likely transmissible comes from two other groups of patients. Of the heterosexuals who have come down with the disease, a very large percentage have been users of drugs like heroin which are often self-administered with contaminated intravenous needles. Furthermore, in July, CDC reported that three cases of PCP had been diagnosed in persons with the blood disorder hemophilia A. To prevent bleeding, hemophiliacs require several injections of blood clotting factor per week, and this factor is prepared from the blood of many individual donors. This suggests that an infectious agent was acquired from the donor blood, and is spread in other cases by direct contact with blood, either by injection or by intimate sexual contact.

If AIDS is caused by a transmissible agent present in the patient's blood, it is possible that many gay men in large urban centres have already been exposed to the disease and have now become immune to it — without experiencing symptoms. Until some way is found to identify such an agent, there is no reliable way of knowing how many infected men will go on to manifest the severe symptoms which we now label AIDS.

Does the mystery of AIDS have no precedent in modern medicine? There is, in fact, a striking resemblance to hepatitis B virus infection. Like AIDS, those at greatest risk of coming down with hepatitis B are gay men, intravenous drug users and patients receiving multiple blood transfusions. Hepatitis B is also widespread in those areas of the world with poor sanitation. It is thought that virus particles are introduced into the blood stream either directly by injection or through tiny abrasions often incurred during sex. In urban centres, two-thirds of sexually active gay men show evidence of past infection with hepatitis B. The majority of these men will have experienced only mild symptoms or in many cases no symptoms at all, and, in fact, are usually unaware of having now become immune to further infection with the virus. It is still a serious disease, however, because perhaps one in twenty patients continues to produce the virus in the liver, a state which in a minority of cases leads to progressive liver damage and premature death from cirrhosis or liver cancer. Perhaps not all of us knows someone who has died from hepatitis, but most of us do know someone who has been very ill with it over a prolonged period of time. Even knowing how common hepatitis is, gay men have chosen to continue to have a variety of sexual partners — for the most part, the consequences of hepatitis have not been a major deterrent to having sex. I believe this is because gay men recognize that serious damage is relatively rare, and because the viral origin of the disease is known. In contrast, the causative agent of AIDS remains mysterious and the consequences of infection known only in the most serious extreme. True, the new hepatitis B vaccine promises to eradicate any fears we may have about this disease, but there are other common forms of hepatitis for which no vaccine will be available in the near future.

Studying the parallels between hepatitis B and AIDS, I am struck by a key contrast: the media coverage has been vastly different. From 1971 to 1980 the number of cases of hepatitis B reported per capita in Ontario rose more than fifteen-fold. Yet we read no reports of a hepatitis B epidemic. AIDS is deemed newsworthy because it is new and mysterious, but also because it has occurred primarily in gay men. Every year in North America a similar number of Kaposi's sarcoma cases are diagnosed in elderly men of Eastern European Jewish descent. Yet there has not been even a whisper of the "Jewish cancer." Clearly the AID syndrome is being singled out for special attention.

The choice and emphasis of the words "epidemic" and "plague" by mainstream and gay media alike to describe the appearance of fewer than four hundred cases in

gay men of a disease which is not readily communicated should make us all very nervous. Compare the actual figures to the way dictionaries define the two words:

epidemic: attacking many people in any region at the same time; widely diffused and rapidly spreading.

plague: an affliction, calamity, evil, scourge especially a visitation of divine anger or justice, a divine punishment.

Recent articles in the fundamentalist religious tracts *The Plain Truth* and *Chick Publications* explicitly link homosexuals with the threat of increasing venereal diseases. Because AIDS remains mysterious and untreatable, it is the perfect agent of divine wrath. Increasingly, the so-called "Moral Majority" will become the "Clean Majority," and they will exploit irrational fears of contracting deadly diseases from toilet seats, gay waiters and gay teachers.

On June 7 the city council of Columbia, Missouri defeated, by a five-to-two vote, an amendment that would have added "affectional or sexual orientation" to a city ordinance already prohibiting discrimination on other grounds. The defeat occurred despite strong endorsements from the city's Human Rights Commission and numerous other supporters. The public hearing to discuss the amendment began with the reading of a letter from the Medical Director for the County Health Department, urging rejection of the amendment not on moral grounds but on the basis that its passage would promote a *public health hazard*.

Members of city council and residents of Columbia were undoubtedly receptive to this fear-mongering. After all, last December *Newsweek* told them:

What worries epidemiologists is the probability that these diseases will spread even faster in the future... heterosexuals might also be affected, through contact with bisexuals... It's probably only a matter of time.

New York magazine in an article titled "The Gay Plague" told them:

A mysterious immune disorder is spreading like wildfire... and spreading with terrible swiftness to the straight population as well.

and *Us* magazine said:

The new victims (are) young, college-educated gay men earning \$25,000 a year. But the worry doesn't stop here. The number of cases among heterosexual men and women grows constantly.

There is *absolutely no evidence* for the "wildfire spread" of AIDS or the notion that the disease is spreading from gay men to heterosexuals. Sexually active gay men are being set up as a dangerous health hazard to the general population, despite all evidence to the contrary. But AIDS will not be used just to stigmatize the sexually active among us. Lesbians and less sexually active gay men are going to have their rights denied and infringed upon — all because four hundred cases of a disease have appeared among twenty million of us.

Risks & Decisions

Most of us know that we would live longer quietly snuggled away in an isolated rural setting. Despite this, many of us choose to live in crowded urban centres, choose to smoke, drink and ingest foods laced with chemicals, choose to identify ourselves as gay in a homophobic society, and choose to make social and sexual contact with other gay men. Each of us has decided that some of these risks are necessary to make our lives fulfilling. In the present crisis precipitated by the AIDS deaths, gay men are being urged to give up multiple sexual partners and a variety of suspect drugs. In an atmosphere of panic fed by the constant referral to the "epidemic," "plague" and "wildfire spread," sex and drugs have become equal to death. If, as is most likely the case, AIDS is caused by a communicable agent such as a virus, we can still attempt to evaluate risks in order to arrive at decisions about our own sexual conduct.

In the first six months of this year, fewer than two hundred new cases of AIDS were reported in American gay men. Although not enough is known to predict the long term outcome of these cases, the disease is serious enough that well over a hundred of these men will probably die within the next couple of years.

That is tragic, but those figures have to be put in the context of the death rate in the community at large. Estimating the size of the gay male community in North America is no easy task, but if we assume that homosexual males constitute five percent of the population and make a further assumption that perhaps one gay man in five is sexually active, then about two million North American gay men risk developing a sexually transmitted disease such as AIDS. If those two million men reflect trends in the North American population at all, we can estimate that, in the same time period that the two hundred AIDS cases were diagnosed, more than five hundred gay men died from lung cancer solely because they chose to smoke cigarettes and another four hundred or so died in traffic accidents because they chose to go outside.

Although the figures are not deemed important enough to warrant official compilation, the number of gay men who are murdered or severely beaten by queerbashers is probably not far from the number of AIDS deaths. Some of us may choose not to smoke in order to prolong our lives, but few among us would remain indoors or remain completely straight-identified out of a fear of death.

When discussing venereal diseases specifically, we are almost never informed of their relative prevalence. VD guides describe one disease after another, leaving the impression that we are just as likely to catch the drip as we are hepatitis. In the first six months of this year, four hundred and seventy thousand cases of gonorrhoea were reported in North America, overshadowing seventeen thousand cases of syphilis, ten thousand cases of hepatitis B — and several hundred cases of AIDS. Obviously, the consequences of these sexually transmitted diseases are not the same — we don't die from gonorrhoea. Nevertheless, such figures can help us appreciate the relative

frequency of AIDS cases.

Some gay publications have suggested that the AIDS cases diagnosed to date represent only "the tip of the iceberg," and that gay men are already walking "time bombs" ready to explode with fatal infections. A few recent medical studies have indicated that perhaps as many as eighty percent of sexually active gay men have fewer T-helper cells than expected, and that their immune cells respond less actively to stimulation by a foreign compound. It is difficult to interpret such studies, for it is not at all clear what significance the changes might have on an individual's immune response to infection. Furthermore, many agents are known to depress immune functions in a transient way, including infections such as herpes and cytomegalovirus (CMV), which are extremely common in gay men. Dr Michael Lange, director of such a continuing study of one hundred New York gay men, told *TBP* that he does not believe the men with low T-cell numbers have mild cases of AIDS. Indeed, some of the men have been followed almost a year and none has developed KS, PCP or other opportunistic diseases.

More significantly, the number of cases of AIDS reported has not risen dramatically over the past year — despite the far greater medical and community awareness of the disease. During the past year the number of cases reported in gay men has risen from about thirty a month to about sixty, but this still represents a relatively modest rate of increase considering the vastly increased awareness on the part of physicians and gay men themselves. Even Dr James Curran of the CDC Atlanta has said that "it is safe to say that the AID syndrome is not readily transmitted, it is not an explosive disease like influenza." Curran believes that the number of cases reported will continue to rise at a steady but slow rate for some time.

CDC Atlanta has assembled a team of twenty full-time and nearly seventy part-time investigators to study the disease. According to one spokesman, "AIDS has become a major undertaking of high priority for the agency. In the last twelve months, more than \$2,000,000 has been spent trying to track down a causative agent or contributing factor for the disease." There has been little progress. The results from an extensive study of fifty gay AIDS cases and one hundred and twenty gay male controls, undertaken to identify contributing factors, seemed to rule out both prescribed and recreational drugs as candidates.

From the beginning, gay men and medical researchers alike wanted poppers to be the culprit responsible for AIDS. Amyl and butyl nitrite, as they are known, were used far more frequently by gay men than by straight, became popular only in the mid-Seventies and therefore seemed prime candidates to explain the sudden appearance of the disease in gay men. The chemicals had even been shown in one study to cause mutations in bacteria, a property relevant to the causation of human cancer cells. Desperate for easy solutions, gay men have taken the claim seriously and sales of poppers reportedly are down dramatically in both New York and San Francisco. Even in Toronto, where *no* AIDS cases had been reported until very recently, Jean-Louis DeLanville, manager of Glad Day Books, reports that sales of the chemical have fallen significantly during the past six months.

After analysing the data from their case control study, CDC Atlanta has concluded that the use of poppers is not statistically correlated with the development of AIDS. A significant number of gay male cases and the vast majority of heterosexual cases *never* used poppers. Scientific studies are now underway to measure other effects that periodic inhalation of poppers may have on our bodies. Until the results of these studies are known, gay men may be just as wise to respond to the poppers debate as they respond to the similar, ongoing debate about marijuana.

The only finding that the CDC case control study did confirm was that men with AIDS had more frequent sexual contact with different partners than did most gay men. The AIDS patients reported having an average of sixty-seven different partners in the year before developing symptoms, while the control sample reported about half that number. There was a tremendous range in both samples, however, and among the AIDS cases the number of sexual partners in the previous year varied from only four to more than six hundred. This suggests that, while increasing numbers of sexual contacts is a factor in increasing risk, the correlation is not absolute. As with any sexually transmitted disease, having only a moderate number of sexual partners is no guarantee that AIDS will be avoided.

Attempts to isolate an infectious agent have so far been unsuccessful. Blood and urine samples, throat and rectal swabs taken from AIDS patients have not yielded any microorganism not also found in control samples. There has been speculation that the virus CMV, which is extremely common in sexually active men, could be responsible for both the immunosuppression and perhaps KS as well. CDC investigators have isolated CMV from a number of AIDS patients. However, sophisticated analyses of the DNA from the various virus isolates indicated that no new type of CMV was present in the AIDS cases. Indeed, the types of CMV were the same as those found commonly in the population at large. Increasingly, researchers are discarding the idea that CMV is the primary agent responsible for AIDS.

Viruses often are capable of infecting only certain cells from specific animal species. If the AIDS infectious agent can grow only in human T-cells, then the task of isolating and studying it becomes exceedingly difficult. To help investigators, the US National Cancer Institute announced in August that 2.2 million dollars was being set aside immediately to fund research projects studying AIDS. Because the disease provides a natural, conveniently studied example of a direct connection between

IN THE SAME PERIOD THAT 200 AIDS CASES WERE DIAGNOSED, MORE THAN 400 GAY MEN DIED IN TRAFFIC ACCIDENTS BECAUSE THEY CHOSE TO GO OUTSIDE.

cancer and immunology, it has attracted the attention of many large medical research labs in these two fields. Competition among these researchers for scientific recognition, and the grant money that flows as a result, is fierce, and may result in an understanding of the AIDS disease process within a few years. It may even be possible to prepare a vaccine, but this won't happen soon and probably not in this decade.

In the meantime, the gay male community will have to come to terms with a disease we know so little about.

While the chances of developing AIDS remain extremely small, gay men should be aware of the general symptoms.

Most often it has been diagnosed after a prolonged period of profound tiredness, persistent fever, or unexplained weight

loss. Some of the patients have had early symptoms of swollen lymph glands (especially around the neck and armpits). KS patients often develop purplish or discoloured new growths on top of or beneath the skin. PCP patients have a heavy, persistent, dry cough not caused by smoking cigarettes or by the common flu or cold.

If you have any of these symptoms for more than a month, go to a physician and tell her/him that you are concerned about AIDS. Many doctors will not be familiar with the disease, and it is important that you choose one that you have confidence in. It is difficult to diagnose, but most large Canadian cities will have research labs capable of conducting the tests. In Toronto, the staff of Hassle Free Clinic have been well briefed on AIDS, and procedures have been set up for diagnosis and referral.

In New York, San Francisco, Los Angeles and Houston, gay organizations have been formed to provide information and referrals concerning AIDS. The Gay Men's Health Crisis, a New York group, has been in operation for more than a year and has been particularly successful in raising money through benefit dances and donations. The group's thirty-four-page newsletter, issued in July, is one of the first attempts to distribute comprehensive information to the gay community. The newsletter provides a great deal of useful information. Unfortunately, it also contains several contradictory statements. Compare the newsletter's opening position: "We of GMHC have no wish to scare or coerce anyone. We take no stand on the issue of sexual behavior" to the advice given several pages later: "Be more selective about sexual partners... make a lifestyle switch. Find yourself some steady fuck-buddies."

The New York group has also emphasized financial support for AIDS research, and has given out nearly \$50,000 to established medical laboratories. I believe this money has been wasted. As those recent million-dollar grants from US government agencies indicate, there will be no shortage of funds to support AIDS research. The money raised by gay organizations should instead go back into the community for patient support programmes and for campaigns to counteract the panic and paranoia fostered by media treatment of the disease. AIDS is also not the only health-care concern for our community — that same \$50,000 could have provided hepatitis B vaccine for four hundred gay men who couldn't afford it. That at least would have saved gay lives.

In late September, the San Francisco City Board of Supervisors granted \$345,000 to fund gay male and lesbian health needs. Almost \$50,000 of this went to the fledgling Kaposi's Sarcoma Research and Education Foundation. This money will help provide information, referral and follow-up to gay men worried about AIDS. Ed Power, staff member of the Foundation, told *TBP*, "We can't expect to get the amount of money needed for medical research from individuals within the community. Instead, we must pressure government agencies and private foundations set up for this purpose." The KS Foundation has provided information to the city's gay community, and arranged for adequate diagnosis and treatment — particularly if the individual lacks health insurance. During August, their phone line received more than three hundred inquiries. Of the one hundred medical referrals made, twenty-two gay men were diagnosed as having a serious disease (not all were AIDS cases).

Sooner or later, every city with a large gay population will have AIDS cases, accompanied by overblown media treatment, rumours and paranoia. It will be important to establish information centres which gay men can quickly turn to for reassurance.

For most of us, the challenge will be to remain calm, though it will be difficult to remain completely immune to the present atmosphere of fear and ignorance. After returning home from a recent trip to San Francisco, my lower legs developed large reddish-purple blotches. Despite everything I knew, my first reaction was horror and panic. "I've got it. I've got KS."

Fortunately, it was not long before I discovered that, during my absence, my apartment had been colonized by some very hungry fleas. □

Author's note: While writing this article, I relied on Bert Hansen for many ideas and much encouragement.

Bill Lewis has conducted basic research into the genetics of cancer cells since 1972. A former TBP collective member, he is currently assistant professor of surgery and microbiology at the University of Toronto.

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FILM FEST

TWO VIEWS OF THE SEASON'S FESTIVALS, AND REFLECTIONS ON THE HAUNTED VISION OF GERMAN CINEMA

MONTREAL

TWO STRONG ENTRIES; ONE DRAMATIC EXIT

Limousines and Lana Turner retrospectives don't keep starving Quebec filmmakers happy, but the Montreal World Film Festival usually keeps gay moviegoers at least occupied. This year was a real high. Not only did we get the first ever gay (or rather lesbian) film from eastern Europe, the miraculous Hungarian *Another Way*, and the first gay feature out of Quebec in almost a decade, *Luc ou la part des choses*, but we were also treated to a sneak preview of Fassbinder's last film, *Querelle*, a dramatic exit if I ever saw one.

The Hungarians always did have the gayest of all the Soviet-bloc national cinemas, from the sensuous socialist-feminism of Marta Meszaros to the long-legged peasant-butch chorus lines of Miklos Jansco. Enough of ambiguity, *Another Way* is upfront. Set in the tense political atmosphere of the late fifties, it shows the love relationship between two women journalists. One of the women, Livia, is married. The other, Eva, has been around, so makes the first move — stealing Livia's panties. Wonderfully portrayed by Jadwiga Jankowska-Cieslak (she got the Cannes Best Actress Prize), Eva refuses to compromise either her lesbian identity or her political integrity. The two refusals seem one and the same: it is no accident that a bureaucrat, enraged at her insistently truthful reporting about peasant collectivization, calls her a "lesbian bitch." At one point the lovers are arrested for necking in a park and are told by the cop that they're not in America. This is far truer than he knows: when was the last time you saw a film from the West in which the lesbian set a moral and political standard by which all others were judged and found wanting?

Of course, it all ends tragically. But, as in *Bent*, quite similar in its images of underground survival and resistance, the dead queer is a martyr of history, not a victim of artistic bigotry.

Luc ou la part des choses (*Luc or His Share of Things*) is an engaging low-budget feature about a 20-year-old mechanic's crisis of self-discovery. Can you believe that this tender and positive film was co-produced by the Quebec Ministry of Education for the training of psychologists and social workers? It turned out so well that it will be opening soon theatrically.

It's a steamy summer in Trois-Rivières. Luc and his friend François, resisting familial pressure to get married, are spending a lot of time lazing around with their girlfriends, and even more time with each other. Stripped down to their jogging shorts, they work on a boat



Another Way: stealing panties as the first move in a positive, upfront Hungarian film

that is to take them out on a two-week escape. Or else they lie around on the roof drinking beer — Trois-Rivières comes across as a town of lyrical, hazy roofscapes, the kind of pretty little place gay people can't wait to get away from, though director Michel Audy views it with great affection. Louis, the obnoxious town faggot who keeps showing up when the two couples or the two buddies want to be alone, strikes the only note of discordance.

One day, Luc goes for a cycle ride with a blue-eyed, dark-bearded stranger and lets himself get carried away on the banks of a river where they've gone

skinny-dipping. Word gets out and things suddenly change. Luc is queer-bashed by two drunken co-workers and impulsively swallows a handful of pills. He spends the last half of the film listening to François's endless professions of support and tolerance. He also gradually opens himself up to Louis, who doesn't seem so obnoxious anymore and understands things that François cannot. Starting to rebuild his identity, Luc finally heads for Montreal, where the rooftops may not be so lovely but where there may be space to grow.

In a sense, *Luc* is a kind of working-class *Making Love*, without the glos-

ness and softheadedness, and with more willingness to leave the ending open.

I was afraid *Querelle* was going to be a mess. Neither Jeanne Moreau nor Brad Davis had had experience with Fassbinder's style of filmmaking. Furthermore, shooting this German adaptation of a French classic in English was asking for trouble. But I should have known: we couldn't have asked Fassbinder for a more magnificent testament.

Querelle is a faithful reworking of Jean Genet's 1953 novel of the existential sailor who murders, loves, and double-crosses. It is also a highly original work, Fassbinder's gayest and most passionate film and in some ways his most experimental one.

Fassbinder retains most of Genet's sexual iconography but adds a few contemporary touches, from the cop's Folsom Street leather get-up to Davis/Querelle's Nautilized biceps. And although Fassbinder drops Genet's head scenes to concentrate wholly on fucking doggy-style, he retains Genet's deliriously religious vision of sexual submission, transforming close up sweat and spit into sacraments. Fassbinder has always distrusted sexual passion, but here, in keeping with his source, he lets out all the stops. A final kissing scene escalates from the earlier fuck scenes, with Davis/Querelle unable to fuse completely with, nor pry himself away from, the lips of the fellow murderer he suddenly loves so much that he must betray him.

This electric combination of star presence and outlaw ecstasy is a milestone worthy of the decade, light-years beyond the nice characters and chaste, awkward embraces of *Making Love*. I repent all the contempt I've ever felt towards Brad Davis for his closety roles in *Midnight Express* and *A Small Circle of Friends*. Now, with this courageous and commit-

Luc ou la part des choses: an educational film which turns out to be much, much more, set in Trois-Rivières, starring (right) Pierre Normandin



ted performance, Davis can serve as our very own celluloid saint.

It's a film you will either love or hate, perhaps both. The sets are too gorgeous, stylized in the extreme, even for Fassbinder, with cock-shaped towers on the Brest sea-wall and orange day-glo skies. The slow-motion combat ballets and Marguerite Duras pacing are uncompromising to say the least. And of course there are the problems with casting and voices that I expected. Jeanne Moreau looks very unhappy and it's hard not to snicker as she tells Davis/Querelle in her deadpan voice, "I've dreamt a lot about your prick. You have a solid, heavy, massive prick, not elegant but strong." The lugubrious male narrator is no less distracting when discussing similar affairs in Genet's literary slang: "Querelle, having always been fucked, didn't know how to fuck a guy." But Fassbinder's power has always lain in his nearness to the ridiculous. *Querelle* is no exception.

My excitement about these three important films is tempered by the question of their distribution. *Querelle* will certainly get released — you're never hotter than when you're just dead — but will it last? I predict that the straight critical establishment just won't be able to deal with it: *Variety* is already warning exhibitors against the film's "tedium," its "pretension" and its "specialized chances." *Luc*, I'm afraid, is also doomed to a short commercial run. Critics have started pooh-poohing its "didacticism" and I have my doubts whether the producers will push for the subtlety necessary for exposure outside Quebec. Its most important career will probably be in the educational and alternative ghetto. As for *Another Way*, I haven't heard a thing, though its chances may not be too bad with its Cannes Prize and its slot in the upcoming New York festival. But don't hold your breath. If *Personal Best* can't break even despite its *Playboy* publicity, is there any hope for a Hungarian film that tells it like it is?

Tom Waugh □

TORONTO

A VIEW THROUGH THE LENS OF OBSESSION

Only two years ago, Toronto's international film festival, the Festival of Festivals, gave one of its few awards to Nicolas Roeg's new film, *Bad Timing: A Sensual Obsession*. This year, obsession was back at the Festival with a vengeance: it was the theme of film after film. In some cases, it was sensual — one example is a new American film, a paean to bikers and to all that repressed '50s style, called *The Loveless*. But overall the obsessiveness extended so far and to such a range and depth that the obsessive attender of Festival presentations could be left only cross-eyed and batty from the grating psychic workout.

Besides *The Loveless*, there was *Smash Palace*, a New Zealand film about one man's obsession with the daughter he may lose as his marriage breaks up; *Smithereens*, a hilarious tale of a young woman's obsessive attempts to stay alive in the punk rock world of Lower East Side Manhattan in 1981; *The Hes Case*, a Dutch film set in some future dystopia, about a civil servant who abandons his



Brad Davis in *Querelle*: finally, our own celluloid saint, in Fassbinder's "magnificent testament"

numbing social work to care for a lone "wild child" he's discovered; and *Marianne and Juliane*, Margareta von Trotta's sharp, emotional story about a woman's coming to terms with her sister, a terrorist, in modern-day West Germany. Capping them all is *Burden of Dreams*, Les Blank's exposure of the creative insanity of German director Werner Herzog and his crusade to make his latest film, *Fitzcarraldo*, realistically, in the Amazon jungle.

Obsession has its place. As with other dramatic devices — the Aristotelean unities, or Shakespeare's penchant for concentrating action in a limited time — the injection of obsession into a narrative serves to telescope attention, to zero in on one aspect of society. The meaning of the artwork moves out from the specific to the general. Further, because obsession distorts, witnessing it is an unsettling experience; seeing by its light is a forced, severe way of seeing.

Lesbians and gay men should recognize obsession's power. Many brand us with an obsession for sex, but everyone knows heterosexuals are as interested in the matter as we. No, we should understand obsession because it is a strong form of The Other. To have it injected into a normal course of things is similar to reminding the heterosexual majority about the reality of homosexuality. Both acts have radical power. Any act that causes people to set the everyday off against the so-called abnormal does have that power.

Searching for images of homosexuality in Festival of Festivals presentations is a minor obsession in itself. Eagle-eyed, we swoop down on any little suggestion of faggotry or lesbianism, winging it home to the confines of a critique like this one for examination and evaluation. This review can comment on only

four of the films featuring gay images.

Forty Deuce, by Warhol alumnus Paul Morrissey, most directly related to the search embarked upon. Its title, taken from the off-off-Broadway play of the same name, refers to Manhattan's 42nd Street; its focus is one segment of the denizens of the area, young male hookers. They're obsessed by cock, or money for cock, or denying a love of cock. In *Forty Deuce* they get embroiled in a bizarre blackmail attempt when they're suddenly saddled with the dead body of a young pick-up. Alive, he'd been fresh off the bus from Jersey, and is called, in the film, only "Fetus."

Forty Deuce was a wordy play and that same wordiness scuttles the movie. The soundtrack is a technical horror, its terminal muddiness complicated by the profusion of Bronx and other accents, as well as faggot jargon, which lace the patter. Its only saving graces are a rampant sense of humour (when you can make out the punch lines), its shooting of the drama with two cameras in one take (with the shot projected split-screen), one of its young star's posturing attempts to suggest he should be the lead in some future flick about Jim Morrison, and the idiocy of Orson Bean in the old John's role.

The remaining trio of films is more likely to show up on your neighbourhood screen. *The Clinic* is an Australian product that takes an Altmanesque look at the trials and tribulations (mostly humorous) encountered in one day at the local VD clinic. Obsessed with sex indeed, it takes a thoroughly enlightened view of the whole topic, and when the central doctor character is revealed as gay, there's cause for rejoicing. *The Clinic* is delightful.

The next-to-last Fassbinder work, *Veronika Voss*, is something else quite

again, though no one can deny its quality. Third in his trilogy that examines post-WWII Germany by telling the story of three separate women, *Voss* takes its insights from the title character's fading film stardom and her addiction to morphine, the latter an obsession induced, then prolonged by a preying female doctor character who is probably lesbian. We watch her personality dissolve; the torture and desperation she is put through is horrifying. A bitter, sadistic reality scrapes away all fantasy. Shot in beautiful, blinding black and white, *Voss* is not a nice thing at all, and neither is its image of homosexuality. What could Saint Rainer, that old speedball-loving faggot, have been up to?

One turns almost with a sigh of relief to something so recognizably a midnight-cult flick as *Forbidden Zone*. It's in black and white, like *Eraserhead*; it's full of hummable tunes, like *Rocky Horror Picture Show*; and it features some of the best, zaniest animation work ever, as inspired as any in cult faves *Fantasia* and *Betty Boop*. But *Forbidden Zone* doesn't have a single thought in its pretty little noggin. Lamed by dope and other dangerous leftovers of California flower-power culture, its makers were so obsessed with creating fun images they allowed *Forbidden Zone* to crap casually all over women, gays, blacks, senior citizens, and almost any other human you'd care to mention. A spoonful of sugar, to be sure, but what medicine.

Obsessions — people, preferences, pastimes, items, lifestyles, and discoveries — provided focus at the 1982 Festival of Festivals, proved a lens to society. The view was not always pleasant, but the mental exercise was always edifying.

Phil Shaw □



We should be grateful that Hollywood hasn't yet come up with the idea of setting a comedy in a VD clinic — it would probably have a title like *The Three Stooges vs the Monster Crabs*. The Australian film *The Clinic*, however, is refreshingly sophisticated about sex. It takes precisely that idea and, without belittling its occasional unpleasant side-effects, avoids playing on its audience's uneasiness with sex to get its laughs.

It's sort of like M*A*S*H minus the snickers. A young intern is assigned to a clinic as part of his medical studies, and is partnered with a doctor we later learn is gay. Through the intern's encounters with the staff and the men and women (such as the young man above who is fired from his job and commits suicide) coming in for treatment, we begin to realize that he is not only homophobic: he distrusts anybody's idea of sex but his own.

By the end of the film, however, he does begin to understand the need, even the desirability, for a plurality of sexual goings-on in the world, though his conversion is accomplished a tad too easily.

Some of the situations among the many patients and staffs who wind their way through the film are ripe for slapstick, but director David Stevens, fortunately, is going for different laughs.

John Allec □



Forty Deuce: young hustlers "obsessed by cock, or money for cock, or denying a love of cock"

CLOSE-UP



THE LONELINESS OF LOTHAR LAMBERT

While I don't much like the films of Lothar Lambert, the subject of a retrospective at the recent Toronto Festival of Festivals, they do demand a certain respect. With the exception of *I Berlin-Harlem*, which was made on a German state grant, the films (ten in all) were financed by Lambert himself, who not only directs but also photographs, edits and acts in them, and who has recently begun to supervise their marketing and exhibition in Berlin. Lambert sometimes makes impressively creative use of his limited technical resources. In the prologue to *Now or Never*, for example, he brilliantly exploits his inability to afford direct sound to produce one of the finest sequences in his work.

One of Lambert's main themes is loneliness, and Lambert himself works in almost total isolation, without the stimulus of critical recognition or the challenge of serious debate. Although his films have a cult following in Berlin, they have always been refused by the Berlin Film Festival, ostensibly because of their technical deficiencies, but in fact, Lambert feels, because "the official representatives of German cinema would hate that my dirty little films get to represent German culture." He added that he continues to submit a film to Berlin every year "to remind them of their politics," and spoke of the importance to him of the recognition represented by the Toronto retrospective.

At the same time, it is difficult not to feel that Lambert doesn't thrive on the "minority complex" of which he also complains. His practice as a film-maker, and his understanding of the meaning of his work ("If my films have a message, it is just 'be yourself'") affirm individualism: the films themselves demonstrate, without exactly dramatizing, the costs and limits of individualism. But they have nothing to replace it with, and it is even the case that the ineffectiveness of his characters' individualism is precisely what engages Lambert. Individual self-assertion may not achieve anything very much, but it continues to be curiously identified with integrity: alienation and defeat acquire a weird kind of prestige. The one Lambert protagonist who commits himself to collective action by becoming a revolutionary is presented in *Sein Kampf* as a deranged automaton, and while we may prefer to see the black GI Hero of *I Berlin-Harlem* as simply stupid, we are clearly meant to sympa-

thize with him *because* he is estranged from both the white world he tries to conciliate and the world of black activism he refuses to join. Lambert's "minority complex" is, perhaps, an essential component of his creative impulse: his film-making itself is an individualism which succeeds (the films *do* get made, against powerful odds) while it also provides the sense of being marginal and embattled in which he seems to invest so much.

Lambert's work, then, has very serious defects and limitations — limitations which are not a matter of the technical "imperfections," nor even, finally, of the individual sensibility of the director, but of a general cultural situation in Germany today. The meaning of this proposition can be brought out by comparing Lambert's films with those of two of his contemporaries: Rainer Werner Fassbinder, whose penultimate movie, *Veronika Voss*, was honoured by the festival with the glamour of a gala screening, and Margarethe von Trotta, whose *Marianne and Juliane* was the most distinguished film I saw in the whole fortnight.

Now that Fassbinder seems destined to be mythologized as the Young Werther of the 1980s, it is especially appropriate to take stock of the astonishingly inflated reputation he has managed to acquire: the trendy Fassbinder cult is at least as interesting as the films themselves. Fassbinder, to borrow a phrase from the Marxist historian Isaac Deutscher, "expresses the mood of his class in opposition to his class." His work allows the enlightened middle-class spectator to feel alienated from, and contemptuous of, the monstrous corruption of the bourgeois world without incurring the discomfort and embarrass-

1 Berlin-Harlem: exploring virility myths, images of erotic aggression and the alienation of Lambert's essential "minority complex"



ment involved in believing that it is in any way susceptible to change.

Fassbinder's characters, like those of the great Hollywood melodramas which influenced him, are the products of social forces of which they always remain unaware and which, therefore, they can never understand, criticize or attempt to change. But contemporary Germany is not classical Hollywood. Hollywood melodrama developed under conditions where it was impossible to voice explicitly radical criticisms of the status quo; such opposition could only be implied through films about people who are trapped or destroyed by bourgeois society. The great melodrama directors like Douglas Sirk, one of Hollywood's most subversive film-makers, and Fassbinder's avowed model, were able to turn the stringent limits of the Production Code to their advantage. If the code insisted that characters (and audiences) should not know of any alternative to the world in which they lived, Sirk's masterpieces of the '50s, such as *Written on the Wind* and *Imitation of Life*, suggested that it was this very lack of awareness which drove the characters into helpless complicity with their own entrapment and oppression.

In Fassbinder, this emphasis on the blindness of melodramatic characters has taken on a reactionary meaning. Fassbinder is apparently a more "political" artist than Sirk, but all he does, in fact, is take up Sirk's themes and style and put them at the service of a particularly indulgent kind of fatalism. The world is divided into fools and knaves; the knaves have power and the fools do not; the knaves destroy the fools. Fassbinder's famous "irony," and the much-vaunted battery of distancing devices, embody not a genuine critique of the enormities of the bourgeoisie, but the spurious substitute for one. The irony is the means by which, having asserted that the world is unchangeably

awful, Fassbinder accommodates himself to it. While seeming to confront the reality of bourgeois life, Fassbinder actually reinforces a feeling of impotence and complacent moral superiority. The ship may be sinking, and while we can at least pride ourselves on our critical eye for the rotten timber, nothing can be done about it.

Fassbinder's enormous output seems strangely uncreative — the product of compulsive repetitiveness rather than development. There seems no reason why *Veronika Voss* should not have been made ten years ago or, had Fassbinder



Fucking City: a world where "love ist kaput, and the only alternative is a relentless indulgence in oppressive sexual adventures"

lived, ten years hence — unless, perhaps, the fatalism is more glibly automatic than it was before. The film feels no need to explain why its top knave, who holds Voss in thrall by making her a drug addict, is a mythically monstrous lesbian; nor why Voss consents to her subjugation; nor why she so obligingly commits suicide, as her tormentor hoped she would, when the supply of drugs is cut off. The assumption that society's oppressed become, if not its victims, then its new oppressors, has become a given of the Fassbinder world, and he doesn't feel he needs to dramatize it. It is also inseparable, clearly, from his emphasis on the impossibility of struggle and transformation. For Fassbinder, the groups and classes whose interests are opposed to those of the status quo, and from whom the force for change would derive, are defeated or co-opted from the start. Given the director's homosexuality, this facile pessimism blurs into the self-loathing and self-contempt which emerge most clearly in *Germany in Autumn*, where Fassbinder's own relationship with his lover becomes the central image of exploitation.

Beside Fassbinder's flashy technical expertise and his aestheticized debasement of Brecht, Lothar Lambert's films do sometimes display a genuine inventiveness and vitality. But they are thematically sketchy in ways which can't simply be attributed to the limited technical resources, and present many of the same problems as Fassbinder's.

In watching *Fucking City*, Lambert's most recent film, and by far the most ambitious and fully realized, one is struck by the *compulsiveness* of the three central characters. The leading character, a film director, compulsively acts out, and renews, his sexual frustrations by making increasingly exploitative porno movies. Though she despises him, his lover compulsively collaborates in the production of the films. Their gay

friend (played by Lambert himself) proceeds compulsively from one dismal sexual encounter to another. All the characters find their obsession joyless and alienating; none is able to renounce it.

On one level, *Fucking City* tries to define a critical perspective on these obsessions. The characters, gay and straight, are in a world in which the traditional ways of organizing sexual relationships are no longer viable, and in which the only alternative they can imagine is a relentless indulgence in oppressive sexual adventures, in search of a fulfillment and sense of significance that are never found. As the compulsiveness reaches ever more pathological extremes, however, and as the characters plumb ever greater depths of abasement and degradation, this reference to social pressures looks more and more like an alibi rather than an explanation, and we begin to suspect that we are being invited to immerse ourselves in a sado-masochistic ritual by which the film is itself compulsively fascinated.

Obviously, no one denies the existence of sexual compulsiveness — everything in our society encourages it — nor its crucial importance as a theme: what is at issue is the way in which the theme is dramatized. What is disturbing in *Fucking City* (as in Fassbinder's films) is the sense of complicity with the behaviour the film appears to criticize, accompanied by an apparent indifference (amounting at worst to hostility) to all those forces in society which are really struggling to change the conditions that generate the behaviour.

Lambert describes himself as "an unpolitical man," and in a sense one is ready to agree: his political sense is obviously rudimentary in the extreme. At the same time, his work has the most insidious political implications.

He seemed unclear, when I spoke to him, about the political intentions of *Sein Kampf*, seeming to want both to endorse its satire on the German left and to suggest that the extremity of the satire reflected the interests of his co-director, Wolfram Zibus. Wherever the responsibility lies, it is obviously significant that the only Lambert film to engage directly with organized oppositional politics should identify the radical left with the radical right, as two equivalent forms of "extremism," and suggest that revolutionaries are merely acting out their sexual frustrations in a displaced form.

The films' attitude to the women's and gay movements is even more remarkable. They are largely ignored, and their absence, in works preoccupied with the awfulness of alienated sexual relationships in today's society, is itself suggestive. The only woman who is allowed a consciousness of her oppression, the director's lover in *Fucking City* is shown to be "trapped," for reasons which re-



Now or Never: Lambert (right) as the protagonist discovering his bisexuality in a film that "presents the transformation as disastrous"



main obscure, in a mutually exploitative relationship with her lover. Since the film shows her to be intelligent and articulate (and gives some weight to her criticisms of the power structures implicit in heterosexual partnerships), the decision that she should remorselessly collaborate in her own oppression appears as the most striking case of the film's use of "compulsiveness" to avoid any direct challenge to the world it depicts. In other films, the portrayal of women verges on the misogynistic, and there seems to be a clear distinction between the negative treatment of female characters who express desire (sexual or otherwise) for the male hero, and the more positive attitude to those who, like the hero, are shown to be helplessly alienated.

At the outset, *Now or Never* appears to propose as theme the male protagonist's discovery of his bisexuality; and indeed we see him, during his visit to New York, meeting and having relationships with other men. But the film is amazingly unclear about what the American experience is supposed to represent, about

the exact nature of the hero's sexual needs, and about the terms on which he is reunited with his fiancée at the end. When I asked Lambert about this, he replied: "I hope he stays with his girlfriend, and I hope she understands something about how, if he needs it, he may need different experiences than just her partnership." As neither the gay relationships nor the hero's final accord with his woman friend are substantially dramatized by the film, it's hard to know; the film doesn't bother to tell us how the woman feels about it, or whether she is to be permitted "different experiences" too. When it comes to portraying the experience of a character whose consciousness is transformed, and who feels compelled to make a radical break with the life he has previously led, Lambert either retreats into enigma or presents the transformation as destructive and disastrous. Significantly, the strongest sequence in *Now or Never* has virtually nothing to do with the main theme, but is concerned instead with the loneliness, isolation and eventual suicide of the hero's grandmother. The fact that Lambert can deal so powerfully and sympathetically with a character who refuses to change her life highlights the evasiveness and incoherence of the narrative which follows.

My conversation with Lambert tended to confirm my sense of the films. When I asked him what he felt about the gay and women's movements, and whether or not their existence had influenced his work, he told me: "I hate associations, parties — whatever you call them, because I feel that I have to give up some of my individuality, which I find hard to do. I've never enjoyed joining groups, whether it's political or just for playing cards. I hope that these groups do fine,

and reach their goals, my sympathy is with them; but I cannot force myself to do something, to join them, even if it might be very good for a career or something — things like joining a filmmakers' association or a press group. I never liked that."

This is almost incredibly naive, but it ties in obviously enough with Lambert's "minority complex": these remarks both trivialize political activity, and identify "integrity" with *not* engaging in it. Lambert seems primarily interested in creating dramatic situations in which hopelessness is built in from the start, and the fact that the dishonesty of his protests against it is, presumably, unconscious, doesn't make it any the less distasteful.

The blockage apparent in Lambert's work is re-enacted, in some form and to some degree, in the work of many of his German contemporaries (with whom, however, Lambert told me he feels no affinity). The nature of the blockage is clearest in Fassbinder's films, which are haunted by the continuity, political and cultural, between the modern German and the Nazi state; vaguely but intensely obsessed with the impossibility of exorcizing the past or changing the present, Fassbinder's work withdraws from active criticism into an endless meditation on its own "necessary" involvement in a society it despises. Nothing of value can be expected from such a position, and it is in the context of *Veronika Voss* and *Fucking City* that the work of Margarethe von Trotta assumes such peculiar importance. Here, at last, is a German director — surely the finest now working — who aspires ambitiously, like Fassbinder and Herzog, to offer an account of "the state of the nation," but who is struggling to break out of the sterile deadlock in which so many of her male counterparts are caught.

Marianne and Juliane is about the relationship between two sisters who are both political activists — one an urban guerilla; the other a socialist, but not revolutionary, feminist. At the outset, the women are violently antagonistic to one another. Juliane despises what she takes to be her sister's complicity with bourgeois institutions, while Marianne both resents Juliane's abandonment of her personal responsibilities and distrusts a "fanaticism" which, she feels, would have made Juliane a fascist thirty years earlier. Their conversations, and Marianne's discovery, at first hand, of the monstrous repressiveness of the West German state, force her to confront her own political priorities and the identity she has built around them, and to re-examine the cultural history which she and Juliane have in common, but to which they have responded so differently. Juliane is eventually murdered in prison, and the event finally shatters Marianne's sense of herself, leaving her, at the end, with the task of completely rethinking it.

It would be wrong to suggest that von Trotta has succeeded in breaking with her traditions, and absurd to suggest that she could. The weight of the modern German cinema is felt most acutely in the tendency, in the last part of the film, to privatize the meaning of the confrontation between the sisters and in the political stalemate which seems to have been reached at the end. But this is hardly the point to emphasize. *Marianne and Juliane* is an imperfect work, in which one feels continually the creative impulse to define the nature of political possibility for which the films of Fassbinder and, to date, Lothar Lambert, leave no room.

Andrew Britton □

Von Trotta's *Marianne and Juliane*: "the impulse to define the nature of political possibility"



Underestimated loves of a quiet companion

HD: *The Life and Work of an American Poet* by Janice S Robinson. Houghton Mifflin, 1982. \$24.95.
HERmione by HD. New Directions, 1981. \$9.25.

HD's writing, though as difficult to read at times as Gertrude Stein's, was the essence of her quiet and restrained temperament. Both her poetry and prose are personal statements about enduring active or impending conflict, both personal and military.

She was first drawn to my attention as the strange and quiet companion to Bryher in a biography on Bryher's husband, Robert McAlmon. Bryher (Winnifred Ellerman) was the daughter of one of the wealthiest men in England at that time, and to gain independence from her family, she married — several times. McAlmon was her first husband, and was given a great deal of money for both the marriage and the eventual divorce. (The settlement, by the way, subsidized his publishing firm, Contact Edition, responsible for Gertrude Stein's *The Making of Americans*. McAlmon was also a close friend of Ezra Pound — the circles never cease to amaze me.)

During this time and for over twenty years, Bryher was HD's closest companion, and I anticipated that Robinson's biography would shine new light on this relationship. She surprised me, however, by the minor role Bryher seemed to have played compared to the men in HD's life.

Or was it so minor? Stumbling through the awkward, badly edited writing, I kept bumping against over-simplifications and conjectured justifications.

The documented facts are few. HD (she was embarrassed by her real name, Hilda Doolittle) was born in 1886 in Bethlehem, Pennsylvania. Her religious background trained her to deal with the Bible as myth and to use symbols consciously, and contributed to the Imagist style of her writing. Ezra Pound, sweetheart of her late teens and early twenties, led her to England with false promises of marriage (the legality of which was insignificant to HD anyway; she sought only a spiritual and monogamous commitment). Robinson implies that Pound used HD as a "muse" symbol in his Troubadour fantasies, though his desired consummation of the roles never occurred. HD's subsequent estrangement from Pound forced his involvement with her into literary channels; he encouraged her writing and revelled in it as his own accomplishment.

She married Richard Aldington, a minor figure in Imagist writing, but the union was disastrous for them both. A relationship with DH Lawrence ensued, said to have inspired *Lady Chatterly's Lover*. In 1919, she had a daughter, Frances Perdita (she refused to name the father). By that time, all the men in her life had relinquished their support, and it was Bryher who saw her through the birth and the near-fatal bout of pneumonia that followed.

They remained dedicated to each other for many years afterwards, though Robinson asserts that HD was mostly seeking financial security for her daughter. Bryher did, in fact, legally adopt Perdita in 1927, making her heir to Ellerman money.

Bryher first wrote to HD in 1918, after



H(ilda) D(oolittle): "eyes that had the sea in them, the fire and colour and the splendour of it"

reading the poems in *Sea Garden*. She visited her in Cornwall, and of that meeting wrote:

The Phoenician path stopped at a grey cottage that faced the south-blue sea. Familiar yellow covers, French books, were piled at an open window. Better not try to find... oh, take a chance on adventure.

This was the place. She knocked.

She was too old to be disappointed if an elderly woman in glasses bustled out. Poets, of course, were not what they wrote about. It was the mind that mattered.

A tall figure opened the door. Young. A spear flower if a spear could bloom. She looked up into eyes that had the sea in them, the fire and colour and the splendour of it. A voice all wind and gull notes said:

"I was waiting for you to come."

Through Bryher's recommendation

and financing, HD was analysed by Freud in Austria just before World War II (at the same time he developed his "penis envy" theory — which HD disagreed with). She spent most of her later life in Switzerland and died there in 1961. *HERmione*, her autobiographical novel describing a half-crazed woman torn between a man and a woman, was released only after her death, due to the thinly disguised portrayals of individuals in HD's circle.

A very large part of Robinson's biography is an attempt to bolster the relationship with Lawrence. She links references to trees, blankets, cabins, onyx jars, and many other objects in HD's writing to similar references in Lawrence. Though most of Robinson's points are feeble in themselves, a strong case is felt after reading them succes-

sively for almost a quarter of the book.

Meanwhile, just over six pages are allotted to HD's 20-year relationship with Bryher.

Just as with my bias I cannot ignore the men who influenced HD's life, Robinson should not ignore the women. She perfunctorily includes but comfortably explains away the presences of Bryher and Frances Gregg (HD's companion in Pennsylvania, referred to in *HERmione* in passages as evocative of a bond between them as those exhibited by Robinson to support a relationship with Pound). Though Robinson writes: "To underestimate the significance of Bryher's friendship would be seriously to misunderstand HD's life as a writer," underestimate it she does.

In her foreword to *HERmione*, Perdita writes: "I had two mothers. My real mother, HD, who lived on an exceedingly rarefied plane. And her surrogate, Bryher, who took care of reality... Lacking any other frame of reference, I accepted that as the norm." She also reveals an intriguing domestic quarrel: "I was under a table, probably grooming the lions for their next public appearance, when I was startled to hear Bryher, 'Don't mention Frances Gregg, ever again. She is very dangerous.'" *HERmione* is dedicated to "F... for September 2nd"; Frances Gregg... her birthday.

A counterpart to Robinson's biography could be written emphasizing HD's female companions, but I suspect the true biography would dwell on the middle ground, that occupied by a woman reconciling her strict Victorian upbringing with the uninhibited way of life of the British literary set of that time. A Virginia Woolf-like tension was the undercurrent of her sexual obscurity.

Robinson presents her as the one changed by, controlled by, and dedicated to the men in her life, but in her writing she seems stronger and more of the feminist than Robinson asserts. HD describes the central character of *HERmione* as "...stronger than anything. She was too strong. She wished she were not so strong... She wished she could love George."

Fortunately, for those of us who question the accuracy of Robinson's interpretations, New Directions have reissued HD's *End to Torment*, *Helen in Egypt*, *Hermetic Definition* and *Trilogy*, and will also release her *Collected Poems* in 1983. Unfortunately, Robinson has been entrusted with the publication of her letters — forthcoming but scarcely anticipated.

Heidi Laudon □

THE LEFT

The end of the affair for "a full-fledged Cubophile"

Gays Under the Cuban Revolution by Allen Young. Grey Fox Press, 1981. (Distributed by The Subterranean Company, Box 10233, Eugene, OR 97440) \$7.95.

Allen Young's book tells us almost as much about Allen Young as it does about Cuba.

As a writer for Liberation News Service in the late '60s Young saw as his task producing a positive account of Cuba's 1959 revolution, to counterbalance the anti-Cuban propaganda (originating from the US State Department) which dominated the American media.

For the "new left" the battle lines were clearly drawn between the forces of good and the forces of evil. Castro and Guevara were romantic heroes tilting against the dragon of US imperialism to

rescue the oppressed and exploited masses with brave little Cuba leading the way into the monster's very maw. Young was in love with this vision, in his own words "a full-fledged Cubophile." But like most romantic infatuations, this love affair was destined for a bitter end. Young came out. The Cuban government's campaign to clean up Havana, the brothel of the Caribbean, took on heavy moralistic overtones. Faggots became parasites, a product of bourgeois decadence. As Young's politics became more libertarian, Cuba's Communism became more orthodox. *Gays Under the Cuban Revolution* is about a love affair gone bad and, true to tradition, the once-romanticized loved one is now vilified.

That is not to say that the book has

nothing useful to say about Cuba. For instance, while those Young characterizes as "apologists" often trace Cuba's official homophobia to a Latin American "machismo" which the revolution has not yet overcome, Young emphasizes the anti-homosexual ideology elaborated in the Soviet Union under Stalin and transported to Cuba through its Moscow-oriented leadership.

There are also detailed first-hand accounts of bureaucratic intolerance and brutal atrocities. And Young attempts, point by point, to refute arguments explaining away Cuba's record in the face of this evidence.

But Young fails to satisfy; he is both too close and too far from his subject. His book seems like an attempt to expiate the guilt Young still feels from when,



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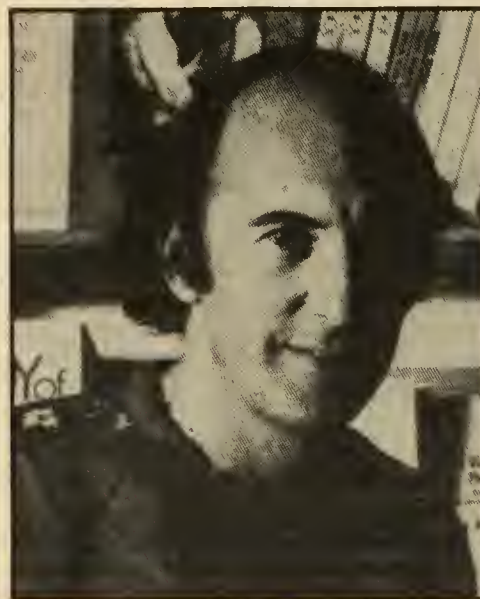
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as a member of the new left, he ignored and denied the often brutal repression of Cuba's gay citizens. What is sad is that his naive approach to politics has remained essentially unchanged. He deals in myths. Where Cuba once could do no wrong, now it can do nothing right. Where he once portrayed Cuba as the vanguard of liberation in the Americas, Young now paints it as virtually a slave state.

In Nicaragua two years ago, I spoke to a young gay man who had been sent to Cuba to study for six months. "That must have been difficult," I suggested. He replied by describing how much better gay life was in cosmopolitan Havana than in his native Managua in terms of cruising, sex and social life. Yet his stay there had coincided with the April 1980 exodus of refugees, many of them gay. Cuba is obviously no gay paradise, but the reality is far more complex than Young would have us believe.

Young's ability to mythologize may be related to his distance from the subject. The myth of "Cuba the good" emerging



Allen Young: both too close and too far

from the New York new left broke down after two visits to the island in 1969 and 1971. The new myth of "Cuba the bad" was formulated in rural Massachusetts, where Young settled down to work for a local "Republican-owned" newspaper after leaving New York in 1971. By his own account Young had little to do with Latin America or Cuba after 1971, until the 1980 refugee crisis sparked his interest.

"In the summer of 1980 the politics of Cuban homophobia and its consequences were far from my mind. International affairs in fact occupied little of my attention, despite my previous interests and training.... Cuban refugees in my own newspaper headlines, over wire service articles, brought back memories of political and emotional events of the previous decade."

As a book of memoirs of those events, *Gays* is a fascinating document. In the personal trajectory of Allen Young, it records the disillusionment which was the fate of many new leftists when their romantic vision collapsed. The book should also be required reading for those who still close their eyes to gay oppression in socialist Cuba.

But that is no longer enough. The world has changed since 1959, and even since 1969. Social upheaval and revolution are once again sweeping Latin America, and while Cuba is still seen as a beacon of change, many are as eager to learn from its mistakes as from its successes. Gay politics, almost non-existent in 1959 and just coming out of the closet in 1969, is today a political reality, especially within the solidarity movements in North America and Europe.

For those of us who need to under-

stand the dynamics of gay oppression in Cuba and its significance for the struggles now transforming Latin America, *Gays Under the Cuban Revolution* has little new to say.

Tim McCaskell □

PERIODICALS

Hungry for more

Lesbianics. Issue 13 of *Fireweed: A Feminist Quarterly* (Box 729, Stn B, Toronto, ON M5T 2W2). \$3.

As far as I am aware, there is no single literary magazine produced in Canada on a regular basis that deals specifically with the work of lesbians. While lesbians in the States can depend on regular editions of *Conditions* and *Sinister Wisdom*, or British dykes their *Sappho*, we in Canada have been deprived of such a publication. The reasons behind this I suspect are partly financial, probably political and most certainly organizational, but whatever the reason, the fact that such publications are occasional makes us appreciate the special lesbian issue of *Fireweed* even more. Reading the entire issue in a single sitting, I was convinced that if the Goddess in her wisdom granted Canadian lesbians their own magazine, *Lesbianics* would be an example of what is possible. Unfortunately, *Lesbianics* is a special issue and not an ongoing concern, and thus has space to touch only briefly on the tremendous talent available for the production of such a magazine. *Fireweed* has brought together poetry, prose, political writings and artwork from lesbians across the country. With the help of four regional guest editors (quite a feat in itself!) the special issue was published a few weeks past the proposed deadline, but the work contained in the issue made it worth the wait.

It would be impossible to comment on each entry, but a listing of a few of the offerings might serve to indicate the overall worth of the special issue. Frances Rooney provides photographs and journal entries in "Edith S Watson, Photographer and Victoria Hayward, Writer." These two women shared their lives and homes for thirty years, until Edith's death in 1943. In "Knowledge is Power," by Sue Golding, the reader is made aware of the "damned if you do, damned if you don't" situation many lesbians find themselves in when they face the split between feminist dogma and lesbian activism. Golding's style has a caustic sort of wit to it and does not distance the reader in the way much political writing does. Nicole Brossard's poem "My Continent" (translated by Barbara Goddard) shows the interactions between the body and the act of





Persimmon Blackbridge's "Portrait of an Artist": the honesty of a monument to floor scrubbing

creation. In "From Ms to S/M" by Susan G Cole, I learned that I am not a "nice" lesbian. And one has to see photos of the work of Persimmon Blackbridge to fully understand the honesty and power she brings to her figures. There is short fiction by Anne Cameron, an autobiographical piece by Jane Rule, poetry by Jane Creighton and much more, right down to the postcards of your favourite lesbian bars that conclude the issue.

I have only one complaint with the issue, although the fault lies with no woman who worked on the issue. I haunted Glad Day and the Women's Bookstore from the middle of July, waiting for *Lesbiantics*. I carried my review copy home tucked under my coat to save it from the rain. And yet when I finished reading the issue, I felt let down: I had got my quota of lesbian writing and who knows when I would get more. This is nonsense, because I know that *Fireweed* and a number of other Canadian literary magazines have published lesbian writing and will continue to do so, special issue or not. What a magazine that specialized in lesbian writing in this country could mean is hinted at in the great amount of talent presented in *Fireweed 13*. It is a powerful addition to the world of lesbian publishing. And now I'm spoiled, and want more.

Joy Parks □

AESTHETERA

- The onset of the 1984 Olympics, as well as the success of such movies as *Making Love* and *Personal Best*, are some of the factors involved in a renewed interest in filming Patricia Nell Warren's *The Front Runner*. The bestseller about the love between a college track coach and his star runner, now in its fifteenth printing and translated into five languages, has been through the hands of five film producers in the last eight years, including Paul Newman, who still says he will direct the film if a suitable screenplay can be found. According to Warren, previous scripts have been "terrible," one even adding a major female character to the story, a wife for the coach. The latest producer, Jerry B Wheeler is insistent that the screenplay should be faithful to the book, and discussions are underway with, among others, Barry Sandler, screenwriter for *Making Love*. Wheeler produced the pro-gay "mental wellness" TV commercials in California last year, and is also developing an idea for a film on the life and death of San Francisco's Harvey Milk.

- Lesbian mothers, especially from groups traditionally denied access to publishing, are invited to submit articles, stories, poems and visual art for *Lesbian Parenting Anthology*. Write Jeane

Vaughn, 217 Palo Verde Terrace, Santa Cruz, CA 95060, USA before August 1983.

- *Zoom Out* is the recently instituted newsletter of the National Association of Lesbian & Gay Filmmakers, available with membership of \$10 (students \$5) from 80 East 11th St, Suite 647, New York, NY 10003, USA.

- *The Directory of Homosexual Organizations and Publications, 1981-83*, with complete Canadian and American listings and selected international data, is available for \$5 (US) from HIC, 6758 Hollywood Blvd, No 208, Hollywood, CA 90028, USA.

Top 10 fiction books:

1. *The Boy Who Picked the Bullets Up* by Charles Nelson
2. *Cobalt* by Nathan Aldyne
3. *Tricks* by Renauld Camus
4. *Further Tales of the City* by Armistead Maupin
5. *A Comfortable Corner* by Vincent Virga
6. *Perfect Freedom* by Gordon Merrick
7. *A History of Shadows* by Robert C Reinhart
8. *A Brother's Touch* by Owen Levy
9. *Late in the Season* by Felice Picano
10. *This Is Not For You* by Jane Rule

Top 10 non-fiction books

1. *Flaunting It!* edited by Ed Jackson and Stan Persky
2. *The Homosexualization of America* by Dennis Altman
3. *Flesh* edited by Boyd MacDonald
4. *Anal Pleasure and Health* by Jack Morin
5. *Meat* edited by Boyd MacDonald
6. *Loving Someone Gay* by Don Clark
7. *Sons of Harvard* by Toby Marotta
8. *The Second American Revolution* by Gore Vidal
9. *Embracing the Exile* by John Fortunato
10. *Gay Fathers* by Gay Fathers of Toronto

(at Glad Day Bookstore, 648A Yonge St, 2nd floor, Toronto, ON M5Y 2A6.)

This issue's writers

John Allec recently discovered that "allective" is an old English word meaning "alluring".... Andrew Britton, currently teaching film in Toronto and Kingston, has written for *Movie and Gay Left*. Heidi Laudon's short story, *In Plain Words*, was published in *TBP* last winter... Tim McCaskell has travelled extensively in South and Central America... Since her article was written, Fay Orr has moved to Calgary, where all the salmon are in the frozen food department. Joy Parks is a Toronto student and regular contributor to *TBP*. Phil Shaw is a Toronto freelancer breaking down personal writer's block. Tom Waugh teaches film at Concordia University in Montreal

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Particular truths, simple dictions

While I usually try to discuss a variety of genres in this space, many excellent poetry books have been coming in and I just have to indulge myself. Talking with small-press publishers about the future of poetry is just plain depressing: no sales, no money to invest, and so on. But let's toss reality aside and celebrate some of the books that made it into print, despite incredible odds.

Strawberries, a thin book by Japanese-American poet Barbara Noda, combines a passion for the music of language and a need for simplicity in art, a concept rooted within the poet's cultural heritage. The poems in this collection run the risk of sounding naïve because they do not attempt to dazzle the reader with clever imagery, but depend on the simple sounds of the language to pose their message:

your outstretched arms
 and your first whisper
 are all I know of morning

The simple language allows the poet to show herself more closely in the poem. The distancing techniques of more complicated devices would distill Noda's message and weaken the work. Barbara Noda is not the poet for everyone, but important for readers interested in the purity of language and those tired of intellectualized polemics.

As readers will have noticed, much of the material reviewed in this column is not recently published. The small-press world works like that: distribution is slow and, fortunately, small books are seldom small-press remaindered. In other words, the works I talk about here should be available, in one place or another. Recently I visited a number of women's bookstores in New York State and found books that had been released in 1972. Just wanted to put you at ease.

For example, one that has been around for a long time — since 1972 — but which can still be found is *the immaculate conception of the blessed virgin dyke*, by Ellen Marie Bissert. It has come to be considered something of a classic, and not on the basis of the title alone! Bissert (who just happens to be the editor of *13th Moon*, a women's literary magazine that will soon find its way to this column) writes poetry that literally makes the reader putty in her hands. Reading this woman's poems makes me very angry. She is not afraid to use the strong language of her own anger, which rattles an anger in me, an anger that is in every woman/lesbian who has felt alone, unloved, felt hate for a world that forces us all to be angry. In her poetry, the world is a great game of rabbit and fox. And we all know who the rabbits are. Yet Bissert refuses to write as a victim; her voice refuses to become cynical; she does not go cold. For in losing that passion, we lose the ability to see pain outside of the context of ourselves.

you are a woman
 i have no defenses in love against you
 i cannot stop
 i cannot love you more than myself
 no as before someone calls
 she is leaving you
 i know
 i know this despair

as sex burns out love
 i hold you
 loving the blood that drips like wine from
 our bodies
 you kiss me hard
 & go to her

It is impossible to ignore the power that moves through Bissert's words, and the pain that is within. But it is even harder to ignore the wisdom of her pain. And in knowing and naming the fear, it is harder to be a victim. I don't call this



Bissert's Immaculate Conception: not afraid

book "classic" lightly: *the immaculate conception of the blessed virgin dyke*, as a classic should, brings a particular truth, a knowledge, to the poetry, making the book both important and necessary.

While I don't have enough space to say everything I would like to say about Alta, that great Californian publishing phenomenon, I received a copy of her *letters to women*, one of the first books published in her garage under the letterhead of Shameless Hussy Press. I'm not fussy on most homemade books, but Alta is somewhat of a pioneer in the second wave of home publishing. The volume has been produced in several colours on a ditto machine, and is illustrated with her kids' scribbles, making it a bit of a treasure. And inside, the words are pure Alta, the first lady of telling it like it is:

Hands on my yearning belly
 i watch you walk away
 holding your daughter's hand
 you don't let me touch you
 when others can see
 i don't turn away, i
 just get sadder
 it's true
 those men might harm us
 if they knew. □

Strawberries by Barbara Noda. \$2.95.
letters to women by Alta. Shameless Hussy Press, Box 3092, Berkeley, CA 94703, USA.
the immaculate conception of the blessed virgin dyke (1972, reprinted 1977) by Ellen Marie Bissert. 13th Moon Inc, Box 3, Inwood Station, New York, NY 10034, USA.

Leopard thighs and the rinse cycle

On a recent trip to Montreal, I dropped by Androgyny Bookshop (their new location, sunnier and, at least when I was there, friendlier than their old one) and picked up two new books by young Montreal poets: Ian Stephens's *Bad Reputation* (\$3 from Sidewalk Press, 3188 St Antoine St, Montreal H4C 1A6) and Thomas Renix's *Animaux Animus* (\$4 from Librarie L'Androgynie, 3642



Stephens: flashing images, uncertain sexuality

Boul St Laurent, Montreal H2X 2V4). Both writers deal in flashing, sometimes violent images, uncertain sexuality, the cruising and hustling scenes, glimpses through a glass stained dark with blood.

Night Runner

His heat glistening
leopard thighs
pumping around
the grey
circle eyes
that return
again

I wear these graceless poses and blow out the smoke impatiently, looking down, to the left, and back. I shift lips and watch another boy, two housewives in yellow-sprigged dresses, a black in a black hat. He stares at me; I look down and up, smile like I'm guileless and sixteen. As he passes I'm sensitive to signs. On the closing door the glass image I really wanted reaches for me — a lumped reptile in a fluorescent room.

— Ian Stephens

Animaux Animus

about aggression in the air
and toxic men attempting sex
with their reflections minus passion
in business suits i was screwing one
redundant specimen
and attracted insects
to mutilate head first
on the page i was wiring
at the laboratory table
between dat bitch and a raw red boy
with his mouth deformed
full of error and curse to kiss
a heavy head hanging down
from a younger boy's neck
less his body animal urges
on the street to a whore house
to get fisted by a sailor in a blonde dress
and you will ward robe it on your
wedding day
as the police man injects your long arm
with the removal of lights
and flowers on fire
and breaks the longer needle as it
comes out
with your vein like a monolithic worm
while in blindness you rehearse
the language of grunts and cries
as a slut and sleaze man after midnight
craves gutter in his throat
and the monster of a zoo up his ass

while in victimising voices of vicious
animaux animus
in a room disguised as hell

— Thomas Renix

Brian McNaught is a gay Catholic whose columns of comment and opinion have won a couple of awards after appearing in various gay and Catholic periodicals. *A Disturbed Peace* (\$4.95, Dignity, 1500 Massachusetts Ave, NW, Suite 11, Washington, DC 20005) is a collection of his pieces written between 1975 and 1981.

McNaught is, in many ways, a very conventional young man, with an ambivalent attitude to his own rather goody-goody image. He is very serious, and like many very serious people, believes himself to have a "great sense of humour." There is little evidence of it in these pages.

As I began *A Disturbed Peace*, I found the comments rather dull, sometimes platitudinous, and the author unappealingly stodgy and priggish. I also found his hypothetical speculations about one of Anita Bryant's sons unnecessary and tasteless — and counter-productive in an "open letter" to the opinionated chanteuse. But as I persevered, I found not only an unexpected personal honesty coming through (the revelation of an early suicide attempt, for example) but also a good deal of common sense, a willingness to question his own assumptions and tastes, and a refreshingly undogmatic concern.

In his complementary pair of articles on "Monogamy" and "Open Relationships," McNaught quietly makes the case — for himself and for others — without feeling the necessity to crusade for or against either option. This, alas, is a rare quality — especially among gays writing on this touchy subject.

His comments on family and on our attitude to older gays are particularly worth reading. And his meditations on being openly gay and remaining in the Catholic Church are of interest even to those like myself who cannot see his position as other than contradictory and self-invalidating.

What I like most about McNaught is his ability to share his own fears and confusions, without becoming strident or hysterical, and without allowing them to paralyze his thought or action. Perhaps this equanimity has something to do with his feeling about the importance of love in his life, something his religious background may be partly responsible for, in ways that could never have been foreseen.

He writes: "Whether or not I write the great American novel or replace Donahue is irrelevant. Successes don't make life successful. I think the essence of life is learning how to love. For me, at this point in my development, that means making a commitment to Ray, walking and feeding the dog, tending to the canary, listening for the rinse cycle, checking on the spaghetti sauce and watching 'Little House on the Prairie.' For Grandma, it means continuing to grow independent of Gramps (her deceased husband) and being occasionally nurtured by thoughts of the 60 years they shared." □

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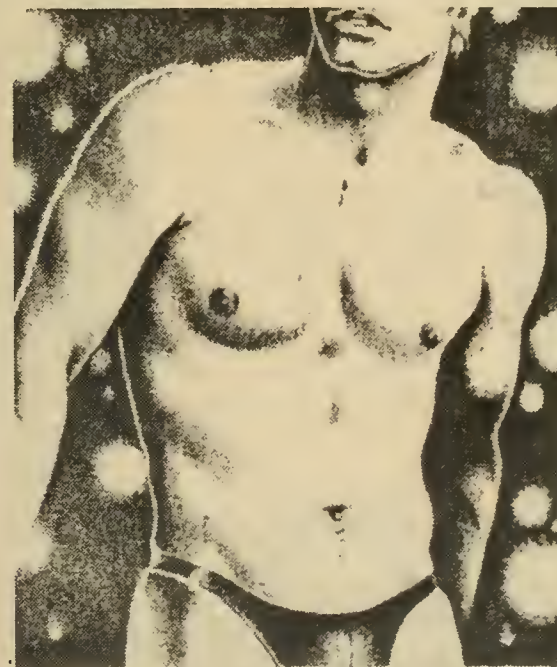
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Classifieds

Friends

Calgary

PASSIONATE MALE, BI, seeks sensual bi women and men for pleasure and friendship. Open to anything gentle and mutually acceptable. Excited by slender youthful partners with imagination! I am 30, 5'11" 175 lbs. Please reply with descriptive letter and phone. Box 715, Station M, Calgary, AB T2P 2J3.

Toronto

SINCERE, QUIET, PASSIVE, clean-cut male, 42, 5'6", 130 lbs, conservative dresser, office worker seeks dominant gay female any age as special friend and talk. Please help me. Toronto. Drawer D051.

Friends/female

Calgary

GAY FEMALE, 21, interested in hiking, photography seeks woman with similar interests for friendship. Please reply to drawer D091.

Barrie

YOUNG IN HEART and younger looking 56-year-old lesbian businesslady, very sentimental, romantic, likes to dance, travel, horses, wants friends, very honest and caring, possibly leading to relationship. Drawer C955.

HELP! Is there one lesbian under the stars who would be needed, wanted and loved by me? I am middle-aged, 5'3" 125 lbs, professional, very honest, caring, sentimental and romantic. I like all nice things in life. My favourites are dancing and travel. Drawer D095.

Toronto

ORIENTAL FEMALE, 26, average appearance, build, seeks sincere unattached gay women 26-36 for friendship, socializing. Brief note, phone appreciated. Drawer D098.

A TIRED SWIMMER in the waves of time: civilized, somewhat reclusive female, 28, seeks long-term relationship. Drawer D131.

Friends/male

International

W/M, 28, 6' 180 lbs, short brown hair/beard, vocational exile, seeks friends anywhere. Prefer over 30, heavyset, beard or moustache, affectionate. Please, no married. Box 2094, Lawrence, KS 66044, USA.

RUBBER HIP BOOTS aren't for everyone — just for those who understand! Details exchanged. Box 839, Stockton Springs, ME 04981, USA.

SWEDISH VIKING WANTS contact with gays in age 22-40. I am 35 years old. If you want, send a photo with reply in English to Jan Berggren, Maria Prästgårdsgata 27, S-11652 Stockholm, Sweden.

GAY WHITE MALE, 26 years old, brown hair and eyes, with moustache, glasses, false teeth, light chest hair. I'm heavyset, handicapped, 6'4" tall, broad shoulders, average looks, warm, understanding, kind, dislike drugs, pain, booze. I'm looking for relationships with white male 18 to 30 years, medium to slim build, small to 7" endowed, and shorter than I, he must be the working type, not rich! 5'6" is great. Photo a must! Farmer, Box 5059, Immokalee, FL 33934, USA.

GERMAN, 28, 6'0" attractive, sincere, wide interests, seeks Canadian friends for correspondence and holiday meeting in Canada or Europe. I answer with photo. Drawer D086.

SCOTLAND. STUDENT, 23, would like to correspond on a regular basis with other gays in Canada. I have many varied interests, mainly cinema, books, and music. I like bars and discos too. It would be nice to hear what's going on over the ocean. Write — John Townsley, 1 Buckingham Terrace, Great Western Road, Glasgow. G12 8EB. Scotland. All letters will be answered.

GOOD-LOOKING TENNIS pro seeks pro football or tennis players, bodybuilders etc. WB, 5811 Padua Dr, Huntington Beach, CA 92649, USA.

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National

FASCINATED BY JO? — So am I. Participate in a survey. Possibility of a monthly newsletter. Drawer D024.

DYNAMIC HONEST PROFESSIONAL, 37, seeks contact with other professionals, CA, LLB or MD, 30-45 for correspondence, friendship and more. Enjoy a wide variety of interests. Am warm, mature and fun-loving. Discretion assured. Drawer D093.

British Columbia

KELOWNA BC WGM, 36, 6' slender, clean-cut, educated, into travel, reading, science, computers, hiking, biking, wrestling, body contact and massage, desires to meet similar man 25-40 for friendship or possible relationship. Drawer C861.

VANCOUVER GM, 33, wants to meet men in Duncan, Comox, Courtenay, mid-island areas. John, Box 4948, Vancouver, BC V6B 3W2.

Vancouver

IF YOU'RE AN UNDER-30 GWM looking for sincere friendship with an over-50 GWM, the search is over. He's at 261-6504 (5-9 pm).

ATTRACTIVE ATHLETIC MARRIED executive, 41, just coming out, wishes to meet young university student to 23 years old for special relationship. Will offer you a lot as a friend and can provide you with your own apartment, rent nominal and negotiable. You must be good-looking, trim, affectionate, discreet and responsible. Please write with photo and phone, if possible, to: LP, Box 3534, Main Post Office, Vancouver, BC V6B 3Y6.

HANDSOME WHITE MALE, 5'9" 30, 150 lbs, new in Canada from Europe. Would like to meet other guys, under 35 for friendship and/or relationship. Photo and phone appreciated. Drawer D049.

WORKING STUDENT, 23, SLIM, good-looking, interests are science, arts, new and old music, politics (with a growing consciousness), desires correspondence (en français, aussi) and contact with responsible, intelligent, self-caring men. Snap, if possible. Drawer D089.

Alberta

NORTHERN ALBERTA gay male, 33, would like to meet other guys under 30 for companionship. Discretion appreciated. Photo and phone a must. No reply if no photo. Drawer D039.

Edmonton

ATTRACTIVE YOUNG MALE, 26, 5'11" 165 lbs, blond, blue eyes, masculine and athletic, well hung, seeks versatile, tall, muscular and masculine GWM, 24-40, aggressive, for occasional get-togethers. Photo and descriptive letter. Drawer C999.

Calgary

GWM, 5'6" 150 lbs, masculine, athletic, muscular, professional, skis, cycles, jogs. Looking for similar jock type. Picture please. Box 1587, Station M, Calgary, AB T2P 3B9.

QUIETER TYPE WOULD not mind meeting Mr Right, early thirties, not bad-looking, people who send photos will get faster reply. Write soon, OK? Drawer D090.

CALGARY GWM, 30, professional, 5'10" 165 lbs, well-established executive into fitness, music, skiing world travel seeks slim younger guys for good times, etc. Please send interests, particulars and phone number. Also am interested in working or silent partners to participate in setting up a new gay bar or a night club in Calgary. Discretion assured. Will reply to all. Drawer D092.

Saskatchewan

SASKATCHEWAN. 23 years, 5'9" 150 lbs. Would like to meet males between 20-35 from Saskatchewan, Alberta and Manitoba. Drawer D094.

Manitoba

BODYBUILDER, WELL-ENDOWED, 30, blue-eyed, good-looking (what more can you ask?) wants to meet other bodybuilders. Discretion essential. Drawer C657.

Winnipeg

DISCREET MALE, 35, SLIM, average looks. Have strong interest in corporal punishment as once applied in schools. Can still vividly recall boyhood sessions with the black rubber school strap. Would love to correspond with anyone who shares my interest. Will reply to all. Drawer D124.

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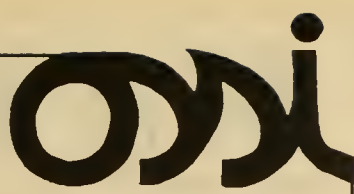
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Groups

PAEDOPHILE? The Paedophile Information Exchange (PIE) is a campaigning self-help group which seeks to promote, through its international English-speaking membership, a wider understanding and acceptance of the rights of paedophiles and young people. Write for full details to: PIE, P.O. Box 75, London E5 8AQ (UK).

Messages

CONGRATULATIONS Almerinda and Andrew on your premiere screening "Recorded Live." And to Margaret soon to be rich and famous also. Arlene.

DEAR PRUDENCE-WITHOUT-HER-PANTS: shame! Bruno says it's just what he would expect of you. (He's jealous.) As for the girls, we all miss you madly. PS: if there's room in the Black Hole, bring back Myknonos.

DEAR DEL: It was fun, but you left your umbrella. Call me at 977-6320. Rick.

Prisoners

A NOTE TO PRISONERS who wish to have pen-pals — Metropolitan Community Church is offering a pen-pal service to men and women prisoners through the church's prison ministry. The address is Prison Ministry, 730 Bathurst St, Toronto, ON M5S 2R4.

GAY INMATES and young prisoners threatened with sexual exploitation, in institutions throughout the USA and Canada, benefit from the work of the Prometheus Foundation. You can help by joining the Penpal Group or any of several other vital programmes. For information and a copy of *Fire!* the Foundation newsletter, send self-addressed, stamped envelope to: Prometheus, 495 Ellis St, No 2352, San Francisco, CA 94102, USA.

WRITING TO PRISON inmates has risks as well as rewards. Some prisoners are sincere, others are con artists. Proceed very carefully by checking with authorities or The Prometheus Foundation. Report rip-offs and attempts to Prometheus, which aids gay and young prisoners, and also protects against prison rip-offs. For information about the Penpal Group and other programs, send SASE (contributions optional) to: Prometheus, 2352, 495 Ellis St, San Francisco, CA 94102, USA.

LEFT BANK BOOKS sponsors a Books For Prisoners project. Through donations and a postage grant we are able to send free miscellaneous books to inmates everywhere, (provided an institution allows them in). We offer special order books at cost (usually 35-40% off). Prisoners and other interested person should write: Books For Prisoners, Box A, 92 Pike St, Seattle, WA 98101, USA.

I'M AN INTELLIGENT gay male seeking correspondence with sincere, caring individuals. I enjoy reading and music. I am 23, 5'11" with hazel eyes, brown hair, and a good sense of humour. My reasons for corresponding are to gain a few good friendships and to keep in touch with the outside world. If on the way I should meet that special person then that is all the better. My hobbies are sports, reading, music, fitness. I promise to answer all letters and pour my heart into them. Ron A Tannert, 153-355, Box 45699, Lucasville, OH 45699-0001, USA.

MY NAME IS CARLOS Maurice Brown. I'm a black male, 22 years old, 135 lbs, black hair, brown eyes and at present very lonely! I am housing in the Southern Ohio Correctional Facility. I have been incarcerated for the past 5 years. I am in dire need of finding a friend or companion with whom I can share my most desirable thoughts, wants, needs and ideas. Please don't hesitate to write. I assure you that your response will be deeply appreciated and warmly acknowledged. Box 45699, No 150-894, Lucasville, OH 45699-0001, USA.

WM, 5'10" BLOND HAIR and blue eyes, 165 lbs. I enjoy weightlifting and horseback riding, camping and several other interesting enjoyments. I will answer all that are kind enough to write me. Arthur Earl Taylor, No 98546, Box 97, McAlester, OK 74501, USA.

I AM TOO SWEET! Looking for a lifetime sincere lover or friend. I have 11" for every lover's dream. Write and send photo and embossed stamp envelope. Sweet I am. Come to me. I'll love you forever. Too Sweet Price, Box 45699-154269, Lucasville, OH 45699-0001, USA.

29-YEAR-OLD black and Indian Capricorn; 5'10" transsexual seeking secure and financially secure type male. I am very sexy and attractive and I am interested in persons from the age of ? to ?? Free! I will answer all letters. Your photo will get mine! Kellie Burrell, No 266957, Box 520 MSB, Walla Walla, WA 99362-0520, USA.

I AM SERVING A SENTENCE at the Matsqui Institution here in Abbotsford BC. I have no visitors so correspondence is my only way to keep in touch with the outside. I am 27, 5'8" masculine, 140 lbs, brown hair, blue eyes, fair complexion. John J Nowe, Box 4000, Abbotsford, BC V2S 4P3.

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Fay Orr writes on testing the waters in the salmon-fishing capital of the world

Making waves in Campbell River

I've never been very good at coming out. I didn't need to be when I lived in Toronto: I was surrounded by the largest gay community in Canada, and I could restrict revealing of my gay identity to other gay persons. To my fellow students, members of my family, and my roommates nary a word.

Coming out was never really stressed in Toronto. I recall sitting around kitchen tables and lounging on living-room couches with close friends swapping "nearly caught" stories. We wondered whether our parents "suspected" and thought our older sisters "must be catching on by now"; we described sitting silently through conversations with straights who'd made anti-gay remarks. To gay friends we commented on the irony of such situations.

Once, over coffee with a college friend, I kept silent when she spoke of her ignorance on the subject of homosexuality. She remarked that she'd never met a lesbian, then added that she wondered if she'd ever spoken to a lesbian without realizing it. I said "Yes, that's quite likely." And later I laughed about it with some gay friends.

Then I moved to the west coast and became a reporter for a twice weekly newspaper in the Vancouver Island town of Campbell River. The town has a population of 15,000 and is hailed as the salmon-fishing capital of the world; the townspeople work in the pulp mill or in nearby logging and mining operations. In effect, I moved from the gay capital of Canada to a town of right-wing rednecks. I'd moved into the midst of people I'd come to fear: beer-bellied baseball-capped loggers, miners, fishermen, small-business owners and doting stay-at-home wives.

In self-defence I simply forgot about being gay. I was alone; I lived a sexless life; I had no need to hide anything. But within a few weeks of my arrival I fell in love with Linda, a grade six teacher from Victoria. I began to see the importance of coming out to straights.

Until she met me, my lover had been unaware of her lesbianism. She had never had to lead a double life, to face persecution; she had not worried about the possibility of losing friends and jobs. But we've been together for nearly a year, and she still doesn't worry. She has come out to her mother, two brothers, a girl cousin, five straight friends back in Ottawa, fellow teachers, one of my co-workers, and the bus driver who drove her from Campbell River to Victoria on Sunday evenings.

"I feel uncomfortable not telling people about something so important to me," she says. "When I'm around straight people who don't know about me I feel I can't say anything, that I must watch every word." She hates the feeling of repression that such secrecy created, and has so far refused to put up with it. The consequences?

Her mother, who visited her last February, met me and has invited the two of us to visit her whenever possible. Friends report that mother has broken down in tears when discussing Linda's lesbianism, but to Linda and to me she puts on a brave telephone voice. The bus driver invited Linda and me to dinner

one night. We talked about bus driving and mothers. Once he used the word "queer" to describe a strange friend. He blushed and said "Sorry, I meant weird."

The teachers asked Linda lots of questions. A few became close friends. They cried when Linda announced she'd be leaving Victoria to take a higher-paying job in Calgary. One student, a bright grade-six girl, near the end of the year told Linda, "I think you are queer." Two days later the girl gave Linda a bouquet of flowers.

And of the friends, only one has lost contact. Linda and I were having dinner with two straight couples in an Italian restaurant in Vancouver. Her friend said to her, "So who is this guy you're madly in love with up in Campbell River?" Linda had written telling him of a love, but had not specified gender. She pointed to me and said, "It's not a guy, it's her." He may have choked a bit. I'm not sure. I know I did. I wanted to kick her for being so blatant. Later I asked how she could spring something like that on someone so suddenly. She said, "Why not? It's nothing to be ashamed of." He hasn't called or written since, and quite honestly neither of us regrets the loss.

Through all this marvelling at my lover's openness, I've begun to appreciate the importance of coming out. I've become increasingly angry at myself and at other gays who continue to play a game of hide-and-seek. I've realized that I have been the source of much of the repression I've experienced. And I know now that I have shielded untold numbers

of straights from education.

Coming out can never be stressed too much: it is the key to gay liberation. All the rallies, marches and gay journals in the world will never win acceptance for gay people in the straight world. Gay groups and newspapers are good and necessary, but unless accompanied by widespread individual actions will only serve to expand and perpetuate a ghetto mentality. Until each gay person is willing to act on both a personal and political level, there will never be gay liberation. How can gay people claim to be striving for liberation when they have yet to mention to their mothers that they are gay?

That last paragraph sounds heavy-handed and many of you might think I am preaching to the already converted. I know that many people have indeed come out to family and friends. I guess I'm just publicly telling myself off for failing to acknowledge my sexuality. For me silence in the face of straights has become tantamount to a confession of guilt. Granted, sometimes I fail to come out for fear of losing my job. But many more times I fail to speak up because I fear rejection and the thought of some straight finding me disgusting. In Toronto I solved the dilemma by avoiding straights. Outside Toronto that's not so easy. But whenever I fail to come out for fear of rejection, I'm contributing to the repression of all gays. Closeted and semi-closeted gays like me are the gay movement's worst enemies.

I was moved to write this by a small article I read in the Vancouver Sun. A Canadian Press story told of a recent gathering in Kingston of the Ontario wing of the Liberal Party. There, delegates rejected a resolution calling for the legalization of group sex. That didn't bother me — I had expected as much. What angered me was the comment of

an unidentified delegate who said he already had enough trouble trying to sell the party with Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau still the leader, and that he would never get elected if he had to defend a million queers as well.

I thought immediately of the gay delegates sitting in the room when he made that remark. At first, my anger was directed towards the unidentified delegate for making such a statement. But then my anger veered toward the gays in that room for failing to make their presence known. And I thought, until we each call attention to our existence, straights will continue to view gays as a mysterious group of queers numbering about one million living "somewhere" in Canada.

So what have I done? Well, aside from getting angry, I've come out to my sister. I told her in a letter, a cowardly method but nevertheless effective. She's since written back and told me of her own desires regarding women and soliciting my advice on how to find "a nice lady." She added that she'd long wondered if I was gay but failed to question me for fear I'd be offended if I wasn't. Her comments made me want to cry for having held out on her so long. When I'd written her telling of my sexuality I'd prefaced my revelation with an apology for failing to have confided in her sooner. I later realized I owed her an apology for much more. Because of my silence I contributed not only to my repression, but to hers as well.

So here I am, still in Campbell River, surrounded by the men and women I'd learned to loathe and avoid in Toronto. People I'd dismissed as red-necks and right-wingers. But I no longer fear them, no longer hate them, no longer avoid them, no longer feel anger towards them. After all, their ignorance is in part due to my failure to educate. □



Fay, Linda and Campbell River salmon: "It's not a guy, it's her — nothing to be ashamed of"



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